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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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WAITRESSES·ENO
TODD RUNDGREN
OI FOR ENGLAND
FEAR·CHIC·CABS

NOT SULKING BUT SCHEMING
THE ASSOCIATES COME OF AGE
by Adrian Thrills

Billy Mackenzie casts a giant shadow. Photo by Anton Corbijn

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**MY CAMERA NEVER LIES**	**Bucks Fizz (RCA)**	4	1
2	9	EBONY AND IVORY	Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)	2	2
3	2	AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	6	2
4	7	GIVE ME BACK MY HEART	Dollar (WEA)	4	4
5	3	SEVEN TEARS	Goombay Dance Band (Epic)	7	1
6	4	MORE THAN THIS	Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	3	4
7	5	GHOSTS	Japan (Virgin)	5	5
8	27	PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG	Pigbag (Y)	3	8
9	16	SEE THOSE EYES	Altered Images (Epic)	4	9
10	19	BLUE EYES	Elton John (Rocket)	2	10
11	17	FANTASTIC DAY	Haircut 100 (Arista)	2	11
12	6	JUST AN ILLUSION	Imagination (R&B)	7	2
13	10	DEAR JOHN	Status Quo (Vertigo)	4	10
14	24	ONE STEP FURTHER	Bardo (Epic)	2	14
15	12	NIGHT BIRDS	Shakatak (Polydor)	3	12
16	(—)	I CAN MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD	Shalamar (Solar)	1	16
17	15	DON'T LOVE ME TOO HARD	The Nolans (Epic)	4	15
18	13	IS IT A DREAM	Classix Nouveaux (Liberty)	4	13
19	22	REALLY SAYING SOMETHING	Bananarama And The Fun Boy Three (Deram)	2	19
20	8	HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	5	8
21	26	THIS TIME (WE'LL GET IT RIGHT)	The England World Cup Squad (England ER)	2	21
22	11	LAYLA	Derek & The Dominoes (RSO)	5	6
23	20	HOUSE ON FIRE	Boomtown Rats (Mercury/Phonogram)	2	20
24	(—)	EVER SO LONELY	Monsoon (Mobile Suit Corp/Phonogram)	1	24
25	21	A BUNCH OF THYME	Foster & Allen (Ritz)	5	18
26	18	DAMNED DON'T CRY	Visage (Polydor)	6	14
27	(—)	FREEZE-FRAME	J. Geils Band (EMI America)	1	27
28	14	QUIEREME MUCHO (YOURS)	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	7	2
29	25	CAT PEOPLE (PUTTING OUT FIRE)	David Bowie (RCA)	2	25
30	(—)	NOBODY	Toni Basil (Radial Choice/Virgin)	1	30

Monsoon in at No. 24 *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	(2)	**LOVE SONGS**	**Barbra Streisand (CBS)**	14	1
2	4	PELICAN WEST	Haircut 100 (Arista)	8	1
3	17	IRON FIST	Motorhead (Bronze)	2	3
4	1	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST	Iron Maiden (EMI)	2	1
5	3	ALL FOR A SONG	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	11	3
6	18	JAMES BOND GREATEST HITS	Various (Liberty)	4	6
7	8	THE GIFT	Jam (Polydor)	6	1
8	25	PORTRAIT	The Nolans (Epic)	4	8
9	6	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	13	4
10	5	TIN DRUM	Japan (Virgin)	15	5
11	9	SKY 4 — FORTHCOMING	Sky (Ariola)	3	9
12	14	FIVE MILES OUT	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	4	10
13	7	THE ANVIL	Visage (Polydor)	3	4
14	12	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	22	3
15	9	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Soundtrack (Polydor)	16	6
16	(—)	1982	Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	16
17	29	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	25	9
18	(—)	SEVEN TEARS	Goombay Dance Band (Epic)	1	18
19	15	ACTION TRAX	Various (K-Tel)	8	3
20	20	ASIA	Asia (Geffen)	2	20
21	13	BODY TALK	Imagination (R&B)	7	12
22	22	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	26	1
23	(—)	MUSIC OF QUALITY AND DISTINCTION	BEF(Virgin)	1	23
24	(—)	JUMP UP	Elton John (Rocket)	1	24
25	10	BLACKOUT	The Scorpions (Harvest)	2	9
26	(—)	THE FUN BOY THREE	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	4	6
27	11	THE NAME OF THIS BAND IS TALKING HEADS	Talking Heads (Sire)	2	11
28	(—)	HEDGEHOG SANDWICH	9 O'Clock News Teams (BBC)	8	10
29	24	KEEP FIT & DANCE	Peter Powell (K-Tel)	4	15
30	(—)	DR HECKLE AND MR JIVE	Pigbag (Y)	5	21

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag 12"**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(2)	**Smash The Discos**	The Business (Secret)
3	(3)	**I Hate People**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
4	(5)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
5	(8)	**Conspiracy**	Higsons (Waap)
6	(7)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
7	(6)	**The Missionary**	Josef K (Crepuscule)
8	(10)	**Revolutionary Spirit**	Wild Swans (Zoo)
9	(13)	**War Across The Nation**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
10	(4)	**See You**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
11	(14)	**Gangland**	Violators (No Future)
12	(15)	**Pure Punk for Row People (EP)**	Gonads (Secret)
13	(16)	**No Doves Fly Here**	The Mob (Crass)
14	(—)	**Look Know**	Fall (Kamera)
15	(11)	**Smash It Up**	The Damned (Big Beat)
16	(18)	**It's Been Hours Now**	Dead Or Alive (Black Eyes)
17	(19)	**Lest We Forget**	Blitzkreig (No Future)
18	(—)	**View From Her Room**	Weeekend (Rough Trade)
19	(9)	**Never Surrender**	Blitz (No Future)
20	(20)	**No Life No Future (EP)**	Expelled (Riot City)
21	(23)	**A Bunch Of Thyme**	Foster & Allen (Ritz)
22	(12)	**Amour, Amour**	Mobiles (Rialto)
23	(28)	**Long Live The Past (EP)**	The Pack (Cyclops)
24	(26)	**I Think I Need Help**	Farmers Boys (Waap)
25	(—)	**This Time We'll Get It Right**	England World Cup Team (England)
26	(—)	**I Will Love You**	Fureys (Ritz)
27	(—)	**In Rhythm**	Scream & Dance (Recreational)
28	(—)	**Suspect Device**	Stiff Little Fingers (Rigid Digit)
29	(17)	**Today's Generation**	Attack (No Future)
30	(25)	**Destroy The Youth**	Charge (Kamera)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(2)	**Chronic Generation**	Chron Gen (Secret)
3	(3)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
4	(5)	**4th Floor Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
5	(4)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
6	(6)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
7	(11)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins**	4 Skins (Secret)
8	(8)	**Shoot Out The Lights**	Richard and Linda Thompson (Hannibal)
9	(7)	**Drunk On The Pope's Blood**	Birthday Party/Lydia Lunch (4AD)
10	(9)	**To The Shores Of**	Various (Zoo)
11	(10)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
12	(12)	**Spizz History**	Spizz Energi 2 (R. Trade)
13	(13)	**Endangered Species**	UK Subs (NEMS)
14	(—)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (R. Trade)
15	(17)	**Live At The Jacquard**	Higsons (Chaos)
16	(15)	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (G/sleeves)
17	(16)	**Live In London — tape**	Fall (Chaos)
18	(18)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
19	(19)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
20	(28)	**Friends & Relations**	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
21	(21)	**Sextet**	A Certain Ratio (4AD)
22	(30)	**Two Bad Deejay**	Clint Eastwood and General Saint (Greensleeves)
23	(27)	**Swing To The Right**	Utopia (Bearsville)
24	(20)	**Live At 100 Club — tape**	GBH (Chaos)
25	(22)	**Live In Sheffield**	Pressure Co. (Paradox)
26	(23)	**Machine Gun Etiquette**	Damned (B/Beat)
27	(—)	**Tell It To The Children**	Jah Man (Jah Man)
28	(—)	**The Plateau Phase**	Crispy Ambulance (Factory)
29	(—)	**Litanies Du Satan**	Diamanda Galas (Y)
30	(25)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Div (Factory)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record shops

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Promise Is A Comfort To A Fool**	Barry Biggs (Afrik)
2	**Daughter Of Zion**	Winston Reedy (S&G)
3	**Smiling In The Morning**	Caroll Thompson (Excalibur)
4	**Cool Down Amina**	Keith Douglas (Fashion)
5	**Why Do You Make Me Wait**	Riot Squad (Sparkside)
6	**You've Got A Gift**	Chanel (Mass Media Music)
7	**Key To The World**	Rudi Thomas (Hawkeye)
8	**Where Are They Now**	Erika Gale (Santic)
9	**Make Up To Break Up**	Delroy Wilson (Plantation)
10	**I've Fallen In Love**	Donna Rhoden (Santic)
11	**If Leaving Me Is Easy**	Lloyd Chalmers (KRT)
12	**Wicked She Wicked**	Billy Boyle (Greensleeves)
13	**Roots Man Skanking**	Freddie McGregor (Greensleeves)
14	**Pillow Talk**	Tex Johnson (Discolex)
15	**Ghetto Man**	Papa Michigan & General Smiley (Greensleeves)

REGGAE LPs

Reggae Albums

1	**Capricorn Woman**	Janet Kay (Solid Groove)
2	**King Of Dub Rock Volume 2**	Sir Lloyd Coxsone (Regal)
3	**Super Showcase**	One Blood (N.K.)
4	**D.J. Clash**	Nicodemus & Toyan (Greensleeves)
5	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (Greensleeves)

Charts Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2

US SINGLES

1	**I Love Rock'n'Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
2	**We Got The Beat**	Go-Go's (I.R.S.)
3	**Chariots Of Fire**	Vangelis (Polydor)
4	**Freeze-Frame**	J. Geils Band (EMI America)
5	**Make A Move On Me**	Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
6	**Don't Talk To Strangers**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
7	**Do You Believe In Love**	Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
8	**Key Largo**	Bertie Higgins (Kat Family)
9	**Open Arms**	Journey (Columbia)
10	**That Girl**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)

US LPs

1	**Chariots Of Fire**	Vangelis (Polydor)
2	**I Live Rock'n'Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
3	**Beauty And The Beat**	The Go-Go's (I.R.S.)
4	**Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
5	**Freeze-Frame**	J. Geils Band (EMI America)
6	**The Concert In Central Park**	Simon & Garfunkel (Warner Bros)
7	**Asia**	Asia (Geffen)
8	**Get Lucky**	Loverboy (Columbia)
9	**Physical**	Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
10	**Escape**	Journey (Columbia)

Courtesy Billboard

SWEDEN

1	**Oh Julie**	Shakin' Stevens (CBS)
2	**Halla Hela Pressen**	Chattanoogo (My Label)
3	**Don't You Want Me**	Human League (Virgin)
4	**Ogon Som Glittrar**	Freestyle (SOS)
5	**Die Fogel-Song**	Kvack Kvack (Mariann)
6	**Popitop**	Dag Vag (Silence)
6	**Dag After Dag**	Chips (Mariann)
8	**Blinkar Bla**	Adolphson-Falk (Eldorado)
9	**Centrefold**	J. Geils Band (EMI America)
10	**Cambodia**	Kim Wilde (Rak)

Courtesy GLF/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Knowing Me Knowing You**	Abba (Epic)
2	**Free**	Deniece Williams (CBS)
3	**Red Spells Danger**	Billy Ocean (GTO)
4	**Have I The Right**	Dead End Kids (CBS)
5	**I Don't Want To Put A Hold On You**	Bernie Flint (EMI)
6	**Sir Duke**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
7	**Pearl's A Singer**	Elkie Brooks (A & M)
8	**When**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
9	**Going In With My Eyes Open**	David Soul (Private Stock)
10	**Whodunit**	Tavares (Capitol)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Amazing Grace**	Royal Scots Dragoon Guards Pipes, Drums and Bands (RCA)
2	**Back Off Boogaloo**	Ringo Starr (Apple)
3	**Without You**	Nilsson (RCA)
4	**Sweet Talkin' Guy**	Chiffons (London)
5	**Run Run Run**	Jo Jo Gunne (Asylum)
6	**Come What May**	Vicky Leandros (Philips)
7	**The Young New Mexican Puppeteer**	Tom Jones (Decca)
8	**Deborah**	Tyrannosaurus Rex (Magni Fly)
9	**Heart Of Gold**	Neil Young (Reprise)
10	**Until It's Time For You To Go**	Elvis Presley (RCA)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Puppet On A String**	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
2	**Somethin' Stupid**	Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
3	**A Little Bit Me, A Little Bit You**	Monkees (RCA)
4	**Ha! Ha! Said The Clown**	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
5	**Purple Haze**	Jimi Hendrix (Track)
6	**Release Me**	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
7	**Bernadette**	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
8	**I'm Gonna Get Me A Gun**	Cat Stevens (Deram)
9	**Seven Drunken Nights**	Dubliners (Major-Minor)
10	**Dedicated To The One I Love**	Mama's And Papa's (RCA)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Wonderful Land**	Shadows (Columbia)
2	**Hey! Baby**	Bruce Chanel (Mercury)
3	**When My Little Girl Is Smiling**	Jimmy Justice (Parlophone)
4	**Dream Baby**	Roy Orbison (London)
5	**Hey Little Girl**	Del Shannon (London)
6	**Twistin' The Night Away**	Sam Cooke (RCA)
7	**Speak To Me Pretty**	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
8	**Nut Rocker**	B. Bumble (Top Rank)
9	**Wonderful Land Of The Young**	Danny Williams (HMV)
10	**Love Letters**	Ketty Lester (London)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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Injured fan could lose his sight

Jam bodyguards face prosecution

AN ENGLISH Jam fan suffered serious eye injuries at the group's Stockholm concert last weekend, when Paul Weller apparently sent two bodyguards into the crowd to pull out someone who was spitting at him.

Stuart Darkin, 20, who is currently living in Sweden, was dragged backstage — where, according to local press accounts, he was badly beaten up. He spent the rest of the night wandering through Stockholm vomiting, until he was found asleep in the subway and taken to hospital.

Swedish police later arrested the two bodyguards, but they were released the same day to rejoin the tour.

According to a report in Monday's *Sun*, the police say that the men will, in fact, be prosecuted: "They could have killed an innocent person," added a spokesman. Indeed, another twist to the *Sun's* story is that Darkin was hauled out by mistake, as Weller had actually pointed out somebody else.

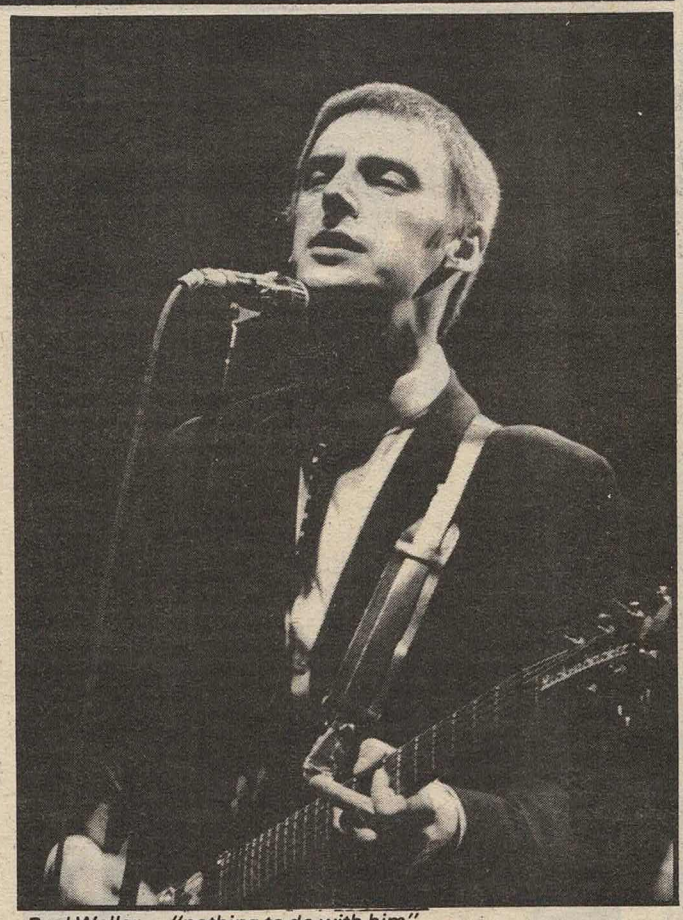
Meanwhile, Polydor UK maintain that the bodyguards responsible for the attack had nothing to do with The Jam, and that the *Sun* report was "blown up out of all proportion".

"Paul is always upset at this sort of incident, where somebody gets hurt," the record company spokesman told *NME*. "But The Jam aren't about to issue any statement, since it really has nothing to do with them." The men arrested, according to Polydor, were purely part of the local security set-up.

One eyewitness was Lars Nylin, a Swedish journalist from the rock paper *Schlager:* "I saw Weller pointing in the direction where the kid was and two bodyguards came over, drew him over the stage and took him backstage. I suppose they thought he was a skinhead, but he was just an English guy with short hair."

He also believes that the two bodyguards *were* English and, so far as he knew, belonged to the tour. He added: "In the dailies it said that the bouncers only stopped knocking Darkin when two policemen arrived backstage."

The concert, at Stockholm Ice Stadium, also attracted trouble from Swedish skinheads. Apparently, 200 of them turned up and robbed mods of their tickets.



Paul Weller — "nothing to do with him".

Pic: Kevin Cummins

Van Morrison pic: Anton Corbijn

Van, U2 top at Glastonbury

THIS YEAR'S Glastonbury CND Festival has assembled the biggest array of star names in its history — with **Van Morrison, U2, Richie Havens, Aswad, Steel Pulse** and **A Certain Ratio** among those already confirmed. The event takes place on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 18-20, at its usual site in Somerset — Worthy Farm, Pilton.

Also set are **Judie Tzuke, John Cooper Clarke, Climax Blues Band, The Thompson Twins, The Blues Band** and **Talisman.** Further names have still to be announced, including a top American act which can't yet be identified for contractual reasons.

From the world of theatre and cabaret, there's **Alexei Sayle, David Rappaport, Incubus, Greatest Show On Legs, Attic Theatre, Ekome** and **Freeform Theatre Trust.** Films to be screened include *Dr Strangelove, Being There, Airplane, Secret Policeman's Ball, China Syndrome* and Toyah in *The Tempest.*

The usual camping, refreshments and toilet facilities are again available, and there are special entertainments for children — who are admitted to the festival free if under 14.

Advance tickets at £8 are available by post from CND (Festival), 227 Seven Sisters Road, London N4 — make cheques and POs payable to "Glastonbury CND Festival", and enclose SAE. Admission on the gates will be £9.

Echo in the Highlands

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN have arranged a short Scottish tour to promote their new single 'Breaking The Back Of Love'/'The Subject', released by Korova Records on May 7. Their Highland travels take them to Dunfermline Glen Pavilion (April 29), Aviemore Osprey Rooms (30), Tain Duthac Centre (May 1), Wick Assembly Rooms (3) and Dundee Maryatt Hall (4). The band then go into the studios to start work on their third album, due for release in the autumn — and that's when they'll be undertaking their next full-scale UK tour.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS begin a new series of dates at the end of this month, tied in with the release of their album 'Still From The Heart' on EMI's Zonophone label. So far set are Derby Lonsdale College (April 30), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (May 1), Sheffield Marples Club (3), London Marquee (5) and Bristol New Yate Entertainment Centre (6). Support is The Toy Dolls, whose single 'Everybody Jitterbug' is issued by EMI next Monday (26).

AU PAIRS

THE AU PAIRS have lined up an eight-venue tour next month to preview their upcoming album and, as forecast last week, the highlight is on May 23 when they headline at London's Lyceum Ballroom. Rest of their schedule is Edinburgh Valentino's (May 16), Glasgow Night Moves (17), Newcastle Soul Kitchen (18), Bradford University (19), Leicester Polytechnic (22), Liverpool Warehouse (28) and Manchester Polytechnic (29). They then travel to Holland to appear in the annual Pink Pop Festival.

TOUR DATES

● **The Au Pairs, Dolly Mixture, New York trio UT, Fast Relief, Margo Random Band** and **Mistakes** are among the many women's acts lined up for the latest special season to be staged at London's ICA Theatre in The Mall. From May 7 to 15, there are eight nights of bands, comics, cabaret acts and theatre groups with the overall title of "Kitsch'N'Sync", and it's been organised by the ICA on behalf of Women Live '82. Full running order will be announced shortly.

STEEL PULSE

STEEL PULSE are undertaking their first UK tour for almost two years, and they've chosen the recently re-opened Zig-Zag Club as their only London Venue. Dates confirmed so far are Bradford University (April 30), Norwich East Anglia University (May 1), Chippenham Goldiggers (4), Brighton Top Rank (5), Plymouth Polytechnic (6), Dunstable Queensway Hall (8), Lancaster University (9), Edinburgh Coasters (10) and London Zig-Zag Club (16). Then they're off to Lagos to start a tour of Nigeria.

THE FALL

THE FALL, who start the second leg of their UK tour at North London Polytechnic tomorrow (Friday), have added another batch of dates to their schedule — at Reading Top Rank (April 25), Oxford Scamps (26), Bury The Derby Hall (27), Manchester Band On The Wall (May 3, 4 and 5), Manchester Fagins (15) and Burnley Football Club (17). Support act is Icelandic group Purrkur Pillnikk. With The Fall's album 'Hex Enduction Hour' already on release, Kamera Records this week issue their new single 'Look, Know'/'I'm Into CB' — written and produced by Mark E Smith, and not included on the LP.

Break the sound barrier.

Maxell (UK) Ltd., 1 Tyburn Lane, Harrow, Middlesex HA1 3AF. Tel: 01-423 0688.

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Don't look now, but I'm sure those two funny looking blokes are following us . . . Cabs in Tokyo L-R; Mal, Olive, Richard, Richard, Yoshi, Mal, Richard, Aneka, Mal.

STREET WAR IN TOKYO

"WELL, THIS should seal the coffin of that grey industrial image," reflected Mal of Cabaret Voltaire, as he and CV collaborator Richard posed with the best of them down Tokyo's own "Kings Road", Harajuku.

The occasion was the Cabs' recent trip to Japan, where they've got a more-than-respectable following, and where they recorded (and mixed) a new live album. Entitled 'Hai' (Nipponese for "yes"), the record should see the light of English day some time in the summer. But it'll have to join the queue: before then, the Sheffield pair release a double 12" ('2x45'), a video cassette *and* another album. That Jap work-ethic must've got to them.

Whether you'll ever hear 'Hai' blasting out of the massed cassette machines down Harajuku is another matter. Fifties rock'n'roll is the local kids' consuming craze. Come Sundays, they all dress up to utter perfection and then, in their thousands, they'll line the street and jive the day away. But not the night — every week, at 5pm sharp, the police cruise in, re-open the road to traffic, and everyone goes home.

Mal and Richard, however, can always console themselves with two memories: fellow-tourist Bill Wyman passing by and taking their picture, and then being mistaken for Rolling Stones themselves. It doesn't, they assure me, ever happen to them in Sheffield.

Words: PAUL DU NOYER
Pictures: ANTON CORBIJN

CABARET VOLTAIRE play a string of British dates next month. So far confirmed are London Victoria The Venue with Eric Random (May 13), Liverpool Warehouse (15), Manchester Hacienda Club (22), Nottingham Rock City (26) and Bradford University (29) — with more still being finalised, including a show in their home town of Sheffield.

As the Killing Joke saga enters its 27th exciting week...

Now Jaz calls in Connie

FROM HIS hastily-assembled NME outpost, a makeshift tent high on a suburban Reykjavik volcano-side, our special Icelandic correspondent lays down his flask of warm reindeer milk and files another episode in the Killing Joke saga. This week: Jaz and Geordie get homesick . . .

DEAR LONDON. As per instructions, I am following events here with an ear to the ground and an eye to my telescope — but have to report that things are more confusing than ever.

As revealed in previous instalments, Jaz defected to this country, soon to be followed by fellow Joke Geordie, severing all ties with their former Killing colleagues. Claiming rights to retain the Killing Joke name, the prodigal pair announced their intention of staying in Iceland, working with top local group Peyr, and opening a new "barbaric" club.

It now transpires that Jaz and Geordie have returned to the UK for a brief business visit, after which they'll come back to Iceland to live in a tiny village outside Reykjavik. They intend to make an LP with Peyr, to be produced by Connie Plank some time next month.

As for the new club, situated inside Reykjavik University, the opening night turned out to be an anti-climax: Peyr played, Jaz watched, then naffed off after five minutes.

Jaz has already recorded three tracks with Peyr — 'The Catalyst', 'Guess Again' and 'That What's Mine' — but the Icelanders themselves are unsure about future collaborations. We learn, for instance, of "personal differences" between them and their English guests, and of conflicting attitudes to their mutual interest, the occult — Jaz's concern is thought to be more sinister and malign than Peyr's. In fact, Peyr have written a song called 'All That . . .', dedicated to Jaz and less than flattering in content.

Peyr's 'As Above' LP

Peyr, meanwhile, have lined up a summer visit to Britain on their own account, and have an LP, 'As Above', to be released by London label Shout Records on May 3. Peyr also feature in a film called *Rokk i Reykjavik*, which Shout would like to get screened in England as part of their efforts to popularise Icelandic acts in that market.

First expenses chit follows by next courier.

— DENVER SWEETLY

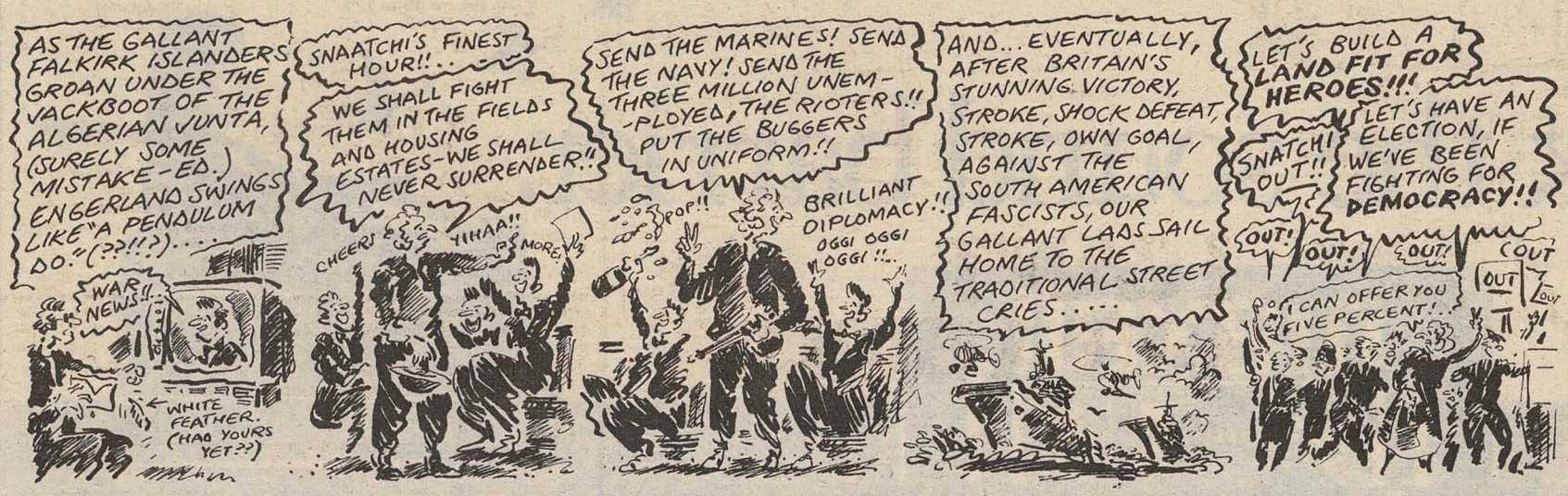
(Hey Denny, where's all the black magic puns then? — Ed)

(Well actually, Ed, things are getting a bit eerie over here and I was hoping we could lay off the occult angle this week. Oh, and Ed —)

(Yes, Denny? — Ed)

(For Christ's sake DON'T CALL ME DENNY! — D Sweetly)

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry


AS THE GALLANT FALKIRK ISLANDERS GROAN UNDER THE JACKBOOT OF THE ALGERIAN JUNTA, (SURELY SOME MISTAKE-ED.) ENGERLAND SWINGS LIKE "A PENDULUM DO."(??!!?)....
WAR NEWS!!
WHITE FEATHER. (HAD YOURS YET??)
SNAATCHI'S FINEST HOUR!!...
WE SHALL FIGHT THEM IN THE FIELDS AND HOUSING ESTATES-WE SHALL NEVER SURRENDER!!
CHEERS!
YIHAA!!
MORE!
SEND THE MARINES! SEND THE NAVY! SEND THE THREE MILLION UNEM-PLOYED, THE RIOTERS!! PUT THE BUGGERS IN UNIFORM!!
POP!!
BRILLIANT DIPLOMACY!!
OGGI OGGI OGGI!!..
AND... EVENTUALLY, AFTER BRITAIN'S STUNNING VICTORY, STROKE, SHOCK DEFEAT, STROKE, OWN GOAL, AGAINST THE SOUTH AMERICAN FASCISTS, OUR GALLANT LADS SAIL HOME TO THE TRADITIONAL STREET CRIES....
LET'S BUILD A LAND FIT FOR HEROES!!!
SNATCH! OUT!!
LET'S HAVE AN ELECTION, IF WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR DEMOCRACY!!
OUT!
OUT!
OUT!
OUT
OUT
OUT
I CAN OFFER YOU FIVE PERCENT!..

UPHEAVALS DEPT

Saxa quits —it's official

THE BEAT have recruited saxist Wesley Magoogan to their ranks to replace Saxa — who, at the age of 52, is suffering from recurring cartilage trouble which makes constant touring too strenuous. Saxa will, however, remain closely involved — notably in the recording studios.

Magoogan's most recent stint has been as a member of Hazel O'Connor's Megahype, and he is probably best known for his sax solo on her single 'Will You'. He'll continue to work on his own material, and plans to record a new solo single with Tony Visconti producing.

The Beat have a string of American dates in the near future, followed by the recording of a new album with producer Bob Sergeant. They'll be touring Britain extensively in September, to coincide with the LP's release.

There's no truth in suggestions that The Beat have signed Magoogan mainly for his soccer prowess, though he has already been named as goalkeeper in the band's football team.

Out of Pigbag

PIGBAG have lost one of their members, just at the time when they're enjoying chart success with both their single 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag' — No 8 this week — and their album 'Dr Heckle & Mr Jive'. Roger Freeman — who plays keyboards, percussion and trombone — has left the band, for undisclosed reasons.

The other members have no obvious replacement in mind, and are inviting applications, though they say that anyone seeking the job "should be able to play a multitude of instruments and things". Applications should be sent by post as quickly as possible to Y Records, 70A Uxbridge Road, London W12.

XTC cancel

XTC have had to call off their revised British tour dates, which had been re-scheduled to begin on May 21. It now seems that Andy Partridge's illness is too serious for him to consider going on the road in the near future — with an ulcer or stomach inflammation as the most likely diagnosis. The band apologise for the inconvenience to all ticket holders, who are now advised to claim cash refunds from their point of purchase.

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

PETE SHELLEY

Pic: Kevin Cummins

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Technics SL7
Sony TA-F30
Teac V-9
Goodmans XB-45

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Granada VHS XH3
RV — Granada, Finlandia Teletext, both rented
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Aramis Pre Electric Lotion
Aramis Aftershave
Denvitt Toothpaste
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Colston Ariston 850 XD
Ariel Automatic powder

HEATING SYSTEM
Gas — Potterton Boiler — the Diplomat (55/68)

COOKER
Gas — Sauter (French)

OVEN
Moffat 20 20

MAGAZINES
Omni
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BUBBLE BATH
Dettol Deep Fresh

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Colour — Santiago
Hair by Joe Wella

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Rightguard Roll On

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MARGARINE
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BREAD
Allinson Brown Wholemeal

SUPERMARKET
Safeways
O'Connors Deli

RECORDS STORE
Virgin in Manchester

RESTAURANTS
Gaylord — Tandoori
Woo Sang

ERROL

1961-1982

IT IS APPARENT from the amount of mail received that many readers missed our original news story six weeks ago regarding the tragic death of our columnist Errol Golddust. Errol was shot dead, apparently without reason, as he left Horsio's Bar in Brooklyn whilst on one of his regular Stateside visits.

His relationship with the readers of this paper inspired more love/hate feelings than any columnist we can recall. At the beginning Errol was thought to be a figment of our imaginations, so potent were his views on modern living. Many readers held the view that he symbolised all that was wrong with the 'new romantic' scene. But even his bitterest critics would not have wished him such a terrible end.

Always a loner, Golddust would simply drift in to our Carnaby Street office, deliver his copy, and then leave without so much as a 'hello'. But our Ian Penman was the closest to him and is "completely and absolutely stunned" by his violent death.

On the fatal night Errol had been to Horsio's furthering his 'Alternative New York' report that *was* due to be run in the Easter issue. Patrons of the bar that night have spoken of "a great resentment" of Errol, particularly of his avant-garde style of dress and his 'holding court' style of loudly delivering his, not always popular, views. He was gunned down whilst waiting for a chequer cab and no culprit has as yet been detained.

SHE LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING SPECIAL... THE KIND YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND... SHE HAD A CERTAIN STYLE, BUT SHE WAS ALWAYS THE GOODBYE GIRL"
GOODBYE GIRL!!
SERGE CLERC

Errol leaves no family. Though perhaps not the most popular *NME* writer, there are few who could deny his panache — and he was certainly not without some enthusiastic fans. A compendium of some of Errol's more outspoken works is planned for an Eel Pie book, possibly available in the summer. Errol Golddust was 20.

I CAN'T GET A GIRL!

Name: Paul Morley
Problem: Paul's got the chat, but he hasn't got the knack of ending up with a girl!

Found by keen ***NME*** *and* ***My Guy*** *reader Big Raymond of Dumfries.*

★★★ CONCERT TRAVEL CLUB ★★★

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Many more pick-up points are also available. Phone 02372 6219 for further details. Should you also require concert tickets for the show please add £9.00 to all the above prices.

Cheques made payable to Concert Travel Club. Send with S.A.E. to: "Queen" NME, Concert Travel Club, Bideford, N. Devon, EX39 2NF. Allow 3 weeks for return.

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Depart morning 11th June.
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Price of £58 includes Ticket for the concert ● Return luxury coach trip ● Cross channel ferry ● Accom. in good hotel. Box 2.

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Live in Brussels 9th May
Departs morning 9th.
Returns morning 10th May.
No accom. **Price £44.**
Box 3.

Live in Paris on May 16th.
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Returns 17th May.
2 nights accom.
Price £85. Box 4.

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Price of £37 includes Cross-channel ferry ● Luxury coach trip ● Tickets for the concert ● No accom. Box 6.

A deposit of £20 per person will secure a place please tick box for trip reqd. ☐1 ☐2 ☐3 ☐4 ☐5 ☐6

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IN ADDITION EVERY ENTRANT WILL GET
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The greatest soul show of the 60's captured on cassette by the world's greatest music paper, New Musical Express, in conjunction with Atlantic Records.
NME

Yeah, yeah — spare us the excuses. You missed last week's announcement of the latest incredible NME cassette offer, so after seven days of social ridicule you want to know the score, right? Well, here it comes . . .

From the caring, sharing concern that brought you the legendary *C81*, the world-famous *Dancin' Master*, there now comes . . . the *NME Jive Wire!* Once again we've compiled a full fat tape's worth of highly-collectable and ultra-listenable items, all exclusively available to *NME* readers — and only *NME* readers — at a ludicrously low price.

The *NME Jive Wire* carries 21 specially-selected tracks, each one capturing the finest aspects of modern music, 1982-style. And it's all yours for a pathetic £1.99. We'll be giving you complete details of how to order (like where from and when) in the weeks to follow. Meanwhile, all you've got to do is start collecting the coupons we're printing with each issue. There'll be six of them, you'll need to send us three (from different weeks, naturally) and *this week* we've printed Coupon Number Two. So make with those scissors.

Coupon Three is coming up next week. But just to re-cap.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET

ALTERED IMAGES: Happy Birthday (Dance Mix)
ASWAD: Ghetto In The Sky (Dub Mix)
THE BEAT: Get A Stand-Down Job Margaret (Live)
BLACK UHURU: Happiness (Live)
BUZZZ: Tonight's Alright (Dub Mix)
CARMEL: Storm (New Version)
DEFUNKT: Illusions (Unreleased)
DAVID GANSOM: No Stop On Red (Dance Mix)
VIC GODARD AND SUBWAY SECT: Just In Time (Unreleased)
GUN CLUB: Ghost On The Highway (Album Track)
KRAFTWERK: The Model (German version)
LEISURE PROCESS: Love Cascade (Dance Mix)
PANTHER BURNS: Ms. Froggy (Unreleased)
PABLO: Madelaine (Unreleased)
PIGBAG: Live Orangutango (Live)
RIP RIG AND PANIC: Billy Eckstine's Shirt Collar (Unreleased)
SCRITTI POLITTI: Asylums In Jerusalem (Unreleased)
SUICIDE: Dream Baby Dream (Unreleased)
THEATRE OF HATE: Dreams Of Poppies (Unreleased)
THOMPSON TWINS: In The Name Of Love (Dub Mix)
GIL SCOTT-HERON: B-Movie (Special Mix)

WAIT! THERE'S MORE

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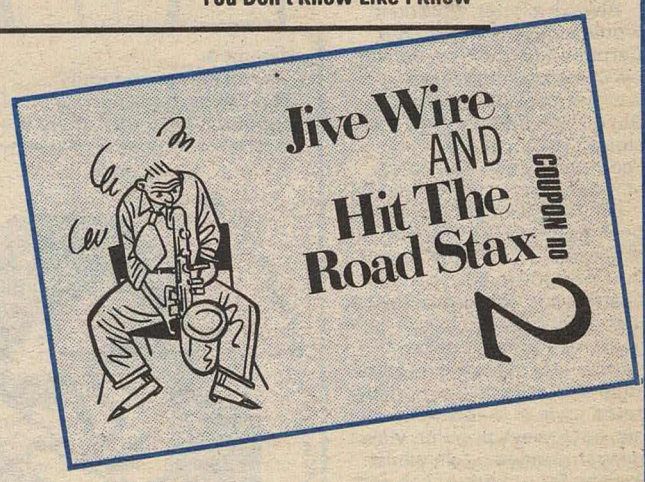
Once again, the deal is simple: just collect three of the six special coupons, add a remittance of only £1.40 and the cassette is yours.

And if you'd like to get *Hit The Road Stax and* the *Jive Wire* (and why not?) there's no problem. You can make a joint order at the bargain price of £2.99, including post and packing. The price, inevitably, has to be slighly higher in the case of overseas mailing. Like this:—
Ireland: 'Jive Wire' — IR£2.59; 'Stax' — IR£1.82; both tapes — IR£3.89.
Other countries: 'Jive Wire' — £2.05; 'Stax' — £1.46; both tapes — £3.05.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET

BOOKER T AND THE MGS: Green Onions
Red Beans and Rice
ARTHUR CONLEY: Sweet Soul Music
EDDIE FLOYD: Raise Your Hand
Knock On Wood
CARLA THOMAS: B-A-B-Y
THE MAR-KEYS: Last Night
Philly Dog
OTIS REDDING: Respect
Try A Little Tenderness
SAM AND DAVE: Hold On I'm Coming
You Don't Know Like I Know



SCALLING THE HEIGHTS OF NORMALITY

AS A DOCTOR, I am often asked, "Doctor, what are scallies? Are they dangerous? And can I catch them in public lavatories?"

For the answers to these and other important questions, I generally refer people to a magazine entitled *The End*. A fine journal, *The End* offers definitive insights into the lifestyle of North-west England's biggest youth-cult, those fearsome characters known as scallies, or simply scals.

Loosely defined, a scallie could be described as any young layabout born within the sound of a River Mersey foghorn (or, alternatively, within the sound of Pete Wylie's voice). But the cult has, in addition, a distinct dress-code, vocabulary and philosophy of its own. For enlightenment, we turn to Phil Jones, co-editor and founder of *The End* with his mate Pete Hooton. Well, how *would* you describe a scallie?

"Very hard," ponders Phil, "as there are a few different types. The younger scals tend to have flicks, wear their jeans too tight and too long, short-collared shirts, Slazenger jumpers, Sovereigns and trainees (footwear) 'zapped' from Europe. And if it's cold they either wear sheep-skin coats or anoraks — nearly always green — and maybe sheep-skin mittens, borrowed off their sister.

"The older scals are different. They dress very 'sensible', short 'sensible' haircuts, tweed or corduroy jackets, checked shirts — and shoes, so they can quite easily get into the poshest clubs in Liverpool.

"Scals are very very cocky and arrogant. They're nearly all unemployed, but they don't give a shit about that! They *hate* paying for things, but they're very funny, and clean. They represent the real youth of Liverpool in these terrible Thatcherised times."

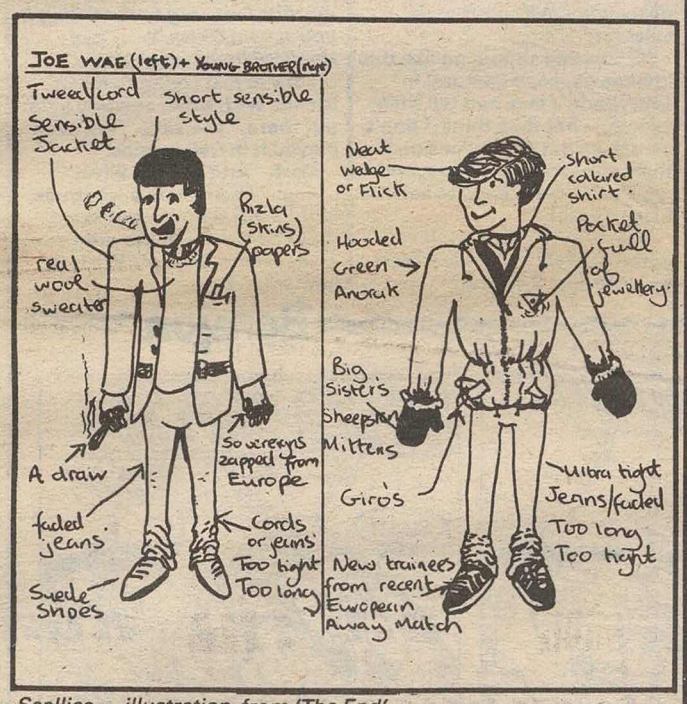
So now you know. But the scene changes fast, and to avoid looking like a divi (or worse, a "bad-dickhead"), regular study of *The End* seems essential. One of the country's most (one of the few) entertaining fanzines, *The End* comes out about every six weeks, and has so far run to four issues. Apart from local music news and interviews, ingredients include pub guides, stories, (un-wet) poetry, and invaluable scal dictionary, and a regular two-column page of crucial 'Ins' and 'Outs'. Recent In-things have been sauce butties, "not being invited to parties", Theatre Of Hate and "walking around town with fly undone". Meanwhile, 'Out' go "talking with a Cockney accent after two pints", Muscle sweatshirts, saying "totally weird" and "everything that was in the previous 'In' column".

Phil Jones' account of *The End*'s origins might be useful to any aspiring fanziner. First, find your audience: "As there were so many scals in Liverpool, with nothing to cater for them, the market for something like *The End* was tremendous. Present circulation is about 1500 per issue.

"We asked around all the Liverpool printers for advice on the best way to go about doing a fanzine, and where to go about grants and adverts. We came up trumps with Impact Printers, who told us everything we need to know about printing, so we could do all the artwork and layout ourselves — which cuts the cost in half right away. Then we had to get all the record shops we knew of to sell them in. But it's worth pointing out that we still sell the majority of our mags in pubs and on the streets outside Anfield and Goodsion on match day."

However, *The End* is just as easily obtainable from the comfort of your own fall-out bunker. Just send 25p plus a large SAE to Phil Jones at 16 Steerscroft, Cantril Farm, Liverpool L28 8AG. This offer is even open to Arsenal supporters, "woolybacks" (unfortunates from the Lancashire suburbs) and natives of "Birkenhead" (scallanguage denoting foreigners in general).

— E I ADENOIDS



Scallies — illustration from 'The End'

Cook The Books *Pic: John Stoddard*

Pop piggies in the middle

HOW'S THIS for a political pop dilema?

An aspiring young group from Liverpool produce a single commenting on the riots. They take it to John Peel, champion of the independents. He refuses to play it because it has a standard pop tune. He doesn't listen to the words.

Undeterred, the group attempt to get daytime airplay — but the Radio One chiefs decide in their infinite wisdom that it is too political for daytime radio. They don't notice the tune.

Such was the problem that faced Cook The Books. Their mysterious fifth member John Smith, who doesn't play anything but co-wrote the single, is suitably incensed.

"When John Peel did his week's broadcasting from the city, ours was the best selling local single, but despite loads of requests for it he wouldn't play it. Then he goes and pretends he's spearheading some sort of openmindedness on the radio. It's ridiculous."

Ironically the single is called 'Piggy In The Middle Eight'. It's about Toxteth and the difficulties in providing easy answers, but it seems as if Cook The Books themselves are piggies in the middle of some sort of ridiculous tussle between supporters of hipness and guardians of respectibility.

Personally, I don't particularly like Cook The Books. I prefer my groups slightly less smooth, more aggressive if you like — but I do respect what CTB are doing. The single is a good pop song in that kids in the street whistle it; it's a valuable song because it says more about the riots than a million government reports; and it's especially worthy because it's on Probe Plus Records, a company based in Liverpool and run with admirable dedication by Geoff Davies.

The production on the single is particularly good, done as it was by the masterful Dennis Bovell. How did that come about?

"Well I knew Dennis so I played the demo of 'Piggy' to him down the phone and he liked it so much that he said he'd produce it.

"So we all went down to the studio in London and he produced it. While we were doing it people in the studio kept on humming themes from police series, so we incorporated that idea into the B-side of 'Piggy'. It's basically a dub version but it's built around snatches of all these tunes like *The Sweeney, Z Cars,* etc. The only thing is that we've got to pay royalties to all the people whose tunes we used. I mean we owe John Barry 0.2 pence or something!"

Have the group come in for much flak for the subject matter of 'Piggy'?

"Yeah, people have asked us what right we have to sing songs about Toxteth when we don't live there, which is stupid. Toxteth was just the flashpoint of trouble that had been bubbling all over the city. We were originally going to call it 'Toccy On Tass' cos we heard on the radio that Tass, the Soviet news agency, had mentioned the riots in Toxteth. If people from so far away were commenting on it, it's pathetic to slag us off for not being close enough to comment. We only live a mile or so away!"

Cook The Books (Owen Moran vocals & bass, Peter Deary vocals & guitar, Tony Prescott keyboards, John Leggett drums and percussion) have got better songs than 'Piggy', namely 'Soho' and 'Art Of Fire', and it might not be until they are released that they can firmly establish themselves. The present single stands little chance of gaining exposure.

Meanwhile for Probe Plus Records another release is imminent. 'Toxteth' by Public Disgrace begins with a rhythm beaten out on riot shields and develops into a vitriolic, full-blooded punky roar. It's brutally frank without pretensions at "pop" or subtlety, and as such it is unlikely to encounter the difficulties experienced by CTB.

John Peel will play it, the hard core hordes will buy it in huge numbers, they might even make a *Snouds* front cover. 'Piggy In The Middle Eight' will probably be forgotten, which is a shame. But that's the wacky world of modern music for you. Isn't it?

—PAUL MATHUR

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Fire attack hits anti-nuke HQ

ARSON HIT a major anti-nuclear organisation this past weekend. Just days before they were due to give evidence at a public enquiry into power lines from the Torness nuclear station, the Edinburgh office of the Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace was badly damaged by a deliberate fire attack.

SCRAM is one of the country's leading anti-nuclear groups and producer of the country's only regular alternative energy bulletin. Without the current issue (No. 29) we wouldn't know for instance that the Vatican will begin building its own £1.6 million bomb shelter in June . . . or that our government has just come up with a new nuclear waste-disposal programme which involves 're-classifying' high-level radioactive waste to 'low-level' and then just dumping it in the sea!

Much of the equipment which makes monitoring such developments possible vanished in the weekend fire, which SCRAM say destroyed about £1,500 in documents and books alone. Various other bits of office equipment — including copiers and the telephone lines — were put out of order by the unidentified arsonists, who scaled four flights of scaffolding to enter the offices, where they ransacked rooms and then started the blaze amongst the Campaign's archives.

Copies of SCRAM's mail-order list are still available, as are copies of the Alternative Energy Bulletin (40p plus large sae). And I'm sure donations towards the repairs which can be effected in the offices will be most welcome. Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace, 30 Frederick St, Edinburgh, EH2 2JR.

☐ Congrats to *The Leveller*, whose issue 79 is just entering a trial run in London's W. H. Smith chain. A good issue to get to a wider audience too, as it features Paul Weller and Bruce Foxton under the political scrutiny of two from the *Leveller* collective (Weller: "I'm interested in this feminist thing . . . You see these feminist women, they look like they purposely make themselves look horrible . . ."). Yes, like many rock stars, Paul seems in favour of "women who dress nice" . . .

☐ The East Hertfordshire Peace Group announce plans for a Peace Festival at Hartham, Herts, on May 3 — with CND General Secretary Bruce Kent and World Disarmament Campaigner Michael Harbottle as main speakers. A peace walk will leave Ware station car park as 12:30, headed for the rally. Fuller info from 1 Duncombe Rd, Bengeo, Hertford.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

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RICHARD GRABEL walks with Fear — the band with an offence for any occasion

A MOUTHFUL OF BAD TASTE

Fear — they still get a thrill from having their pictures taken! Pic: Joe Stevens

WE LEAVE Hollywood, driving out on one of those endless freeways, heading into the unrelenting sameness of the San Fernando Valley. Commuter sprawl stretches as far as the eye can see. In the town of Van Nuys we drive past hundreds of condominiums, fake Spanish architecture, slapped-down stucco. The rows of flats, the supermarket, even the church on the corner all have the same tacky look.

We turn off the main drag into a complex of storage garages. And there we find the funkiest, most decrepit pit of a punk rock rehearsal garage imaginable. Beat up instruments and amps blend in with broken old furniture and odd junk scattered over the floor. The walls are covered with rude graffiti and pages torn from lesbian porno mags. This is the den of Fear.

Fear — they call themselves Lee Ving, Derf Scratch, Philo Cramer and Spit Stix — look as broken down as their garage. They greet us with a friendly indifference that soon gives way to mile-a-minute wisecracking. "Yeah, we know why you guys came out here today. You wanted to get out of the house while they installed the jaccuzzi."

Right. Hi guys. Uh, nice place.

"Home sweet homo," says Lee Ving.

To say that Fear are notorious in their hometown Los Angeles is no stretch of a cliche but simply a fact. Bassist Derf was well known to be a regular partying partner of late comedian John Belushi. Lead singer and songwriter Lee is quite a comedian himself. He's known for baiting his audience with tirades of abuse, mostly along the lines of calling them "a bunch of queers". Fear may or may not be the world's most avowedly homosexual punk band, but gay-baiting and lyric lines about "homos" are certainly a part of their act. The amazing thing is that, with his impish grin/sneer and his eyes popping out of his head, Lee manages to make it all genuinely funny.

"We make them hate us so much they can't forget us" is how Lee explains the Fear method. "So when they see the name in print they'll come back a second time.

"I couldn't understand why early on people wouldn't see that there was a lot of humour happening. That there was a joke in there somewhere. Most people just thought we were so negative, they couldn't understand why anyone would even bother."

Fear's music is mostly thrash-and-burn punk bashing. But on their new album 'The Record' (reviewed this issue) they bring a ferocious bite to the form, blasting it out with more than enough flare and craziness to make a distinctive sound. They finish the job with a hilarious set of lyrics, guaranteed to offend every sensibility. They make a few serious points as well, with songs like 'Let's Have A War' (*"We need the space"*) and 'Foreign Policy'.

But Lee, doesn't all this obscenity spell commercial suicide?

"Someone should go like this (makes obscene gesture) in everybody's face and tell them exactly what they think. I don't care if we get airplay or not. I think the attack is strong, and we'll sell it if we have to sell it piece by piece."

My favourite Fear song will unfortunately probably never be recorded. Set to an approximation of country music, it's called 'Hank Williams Was Queer', and they won't record it because they're afraid of being sued by the Williams estate. Believe me, you haven't lived until you've heard Lee Ving singing out in a country twang,

"Hank was a homosexual/Every cowboy asshole knows/Let's go to some fag bar like the Palamino/And all you red-neck morons listening to Fear/Sing it you stupid Okies/Your idol Hank Williams was queer."

"We're just trying to make friends with them cowboy hats out there," Lee says. "We even played it in Dallas once."

Derf: "And got out alive."

Lee: "There were a few guys in the back who looked like they didn't love it. We didn't wait around, though. We left immediately."

How would they sum up what Fear is about?

Philo: "Fear is about liberty, equality and homosexuality. Three words, right. We all agree on that. Riberty, eqwality and homosexwuality. We're rilly tough guys here too."

Lee: "It's about being whacked to the max."

Derf: "Fear is the reason everyone does everything."

Fear's gigs attract the usual L.A. hardcore audience of slam-dancing crazies. Are they a hardcore band?

Lee: "I don't know about that. We just keep doing what we've always done. We're not aiming at anything. I like Black Flag. I think they're warm and sensitive boys."

Other things Lee Ving said in the course of our conversation:

"Boy, Budweiser tastes good, don't it? Do they sell Budweiser in England? If we brought some over there could we sell it? They sell every kind of English beer over here."

"You know what it would take to get The Beatles back together? Three more bullets."

And a real Southern California joke:

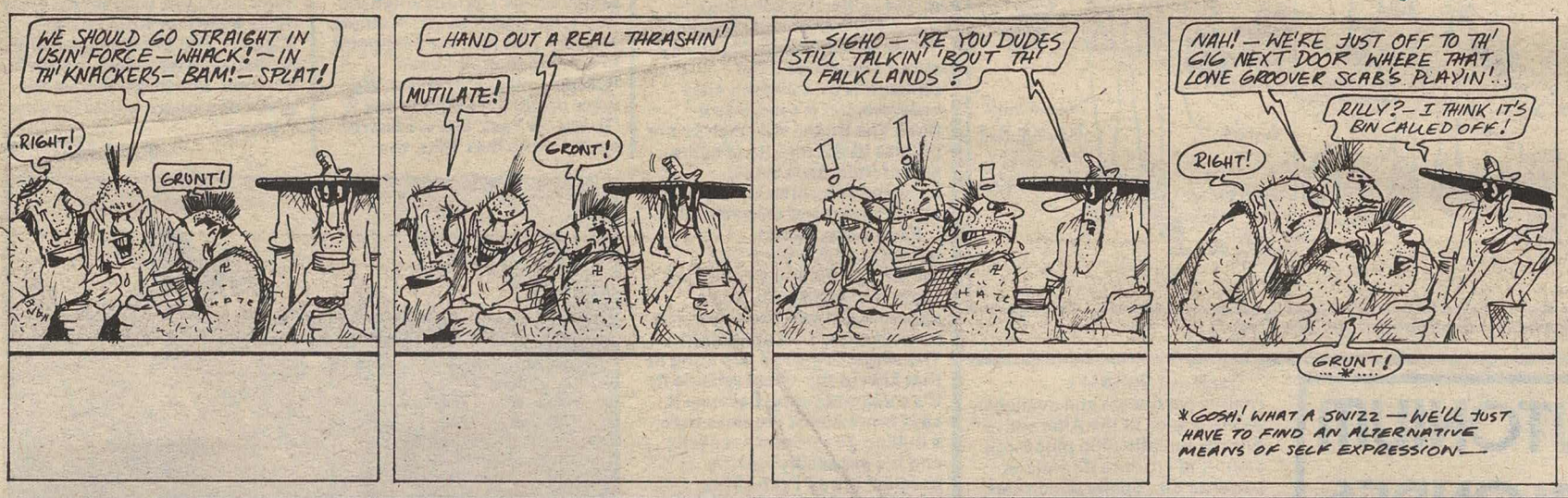
"You know why they only had two thousand Mexicans at the Alamo? They only had two cars."

But don't let their bad taste put you off. Fear are a riot to watch and their album is a shot in the arm.

For a last, serious question, I explained the expression "taking the piss" to Lee, and asked him whether Fear's running joke about homos was taking the piss, or trying to say something.

"Well . . . we hope you'll never know."

The Lone Groover — Benyon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RIGHT!
GRUNT!
— HAND OUT A REAL THRASHIN'
MUTILATE!
GRUNT!
— SIGHO — 'RE YOU DUDES STILL TALKIN' 'BOUT TH' FALKLANDS?
NAH! — WE'RE JUST OFF TO TH' GIG NEXT DOOR WHERE THAT LONE GROOVER SCAB'S PLAYIN'...
RILLY? — I THINK IT'S BIN CALLED OFF!
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AROUND THE SOUNDS WITH BASF.

9. HEAVY METAL

Admit it.

You're the owner of at least one Heavy Metal album.

Lurking round the back of that impeccably trendy record collection of yours (doubtless in a sleeve sporting a scantily-clad female, a muscle-bound Viking or an expensive motorcycle) is a recording that relies for its brain-curdling effect on the sheer intimidating weight of numerous electric guitars, generously over-dubbed and cranked up to and beyond the pain threshold.

And when the cares of job or school or finance or the opposite sex seem past endurance, that's when you release it from its jacket and let it loose on the turntable in the sure and certain hope that its monstrous appetite will simply devour your worldly cares.

Heavy Metal is the sound of technology run amock, of expensive guitars run through fuzz boxes and miscellaneous pedals and oddly shaped devices, of pure blind electric abandon.

The man to thank for originally uncovering this correlation between volume and intensity is Eric Clapton, the guitarist whose mid-60s Blues forays coupled extraordinary invention and slickness with liberal applications of distortion, sustain and feedback.

After forming Cream, the first of a flood of power trios, he tore through the 4-minute song barrier and went on to explore other more psychedelic landscapes.

The only man truly capable of matching him in this new terrain was Jimi Hendrix, whose intuitive grasp of the new possibilities afforded by the electric guitar (as opposed to the electrified guitar) led him into unprecedented areas of expression.

But the first people successfully to market hard rock were Led Zeppelin.

Building a fearsome arsenal of riffs upon a Blues bedrock, they ignored the hit 45 as an avenue of advancement, choosing instead to tour incessantly in both Europe and America until they had gathered together a vast fan following for whom the fickle shifts of fashion had no meaning at all.

Deep Purple trod the same path but concentrated more energy on putting together a truly arresting live show.

Thunderflashes, extravagant lighting and dry ice were intended to take the audience right out of its workaday world into a new dimension where larger-than-life heroes righted wrongs with just one mighty chord on their all-powerful axes.

And just when the first generation seemed to be running out of steam and riffs, along came a second wave.

New outfits like Iron Maiden and Saxon, longer-established but equally feisty groups like Motorhead and Whitesnake, all sought to match the dynamism of The Pistols and Clash with yet more vehement noise.

And so it goes on.

Although the likes of Rainbow, Iron Maiden and Gillan are regularly to be found in 1982's singles charts, it's in the City Halls and Odeons of industrial Britain that Heavy Metal finds its truest expression.

Down in the front stalls where young heads bob in a communal dance of shared release, where the cry still regularly goes up: "Stoke-on-Trent, you're the greatest audience in the world!"

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PAUL DU NOYER dishes up the pasta The Waitresses — exponents of that good old Cleveland Akron Chicago New York Delaware sound

GARCON! WE KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE . . .

The Waitresses — Chris Butler and Patty Donahue on the left. Pic: David Corio.

IT WAS a memorable day. A day on which I . . .

HELD **open a door for Val Doonican. He wouldn't walk through . . .**

NEARLY **bumped into Melvyn Bragg, but just avoided him . . .**

SAW **Rick Wakeman go into the gents' toilet, accompanied by Stray Cat Brian Setzer and Suggsy of Madness.**

Yes, a visit to the BBC TV studios in Shepherds Bush is never without its quota of famous faces and magic moments. Yet these events, dramatic as they were, were only incidental to the purpose of my outing — which was to view an American group, name of The Waitresses, in the filming of their guest-spot on the *Old Grey Whistle Test*.

And so to Studio Two, where this talented six-piece performed three songs off their recent LP, 'Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful?', including that wonderful single they had out last year called 'I Know What Boys Like'. And when they were done, and Annie Nightingale had agreed with her auto-cue that, yes, these Waitresses really were jolly interesting, then I went down to their dressing room and met them.

Introductions, therefore: The Waitresses are not, as their name might imply, an all-girl group, although they do include two females — Patty Donahue, who sings (in a fascinatingly dry, knowing drawl) and Tracy Wormworth who plays the bass. For the rest, there's Mars Williams (saxes and stuff like that), Billy Ficca (drummer, once of the renowned Television), Dan Klayman (keyboards), and one Chris Butler, who plays guitar and writes the songs.

It's to Chris Butler, in fact, that the bulk of my interview is aimed, since he's sort of The Waitresses' leader, and spokesman, and probably one of the songwriters I admire most at the moment. Butler it was who brought the group into this world, first emerging among the crop of bands based in Akron Ohio (remember the Stiff compilation?), then taking them to New York City — where, some months ago, they finally arrived at the current line-up, whose personnel make what they describe as "that Cleveland Akron Chicago New York Delaware sound", a label that I don't imagine will catch on in any big way.

Over in New York, it was the people at Ze Records (you may have seen the name before in *NME)* who picked up on The Waitresses, leading to the 'Boys Like' single, a cut called 'Christmas Wrapping' on Ze's Xmas album, and then to the debut LP — which, in Britain, comes out through Polydor. As you read this, the group are completing a mini-tour of the UK, their first so far.

If you've seen them, then lucky you, because The Waitresses' poppy, lumpy, shuffling, bustling rock noise does have an insidious appeal.

And **it has those lyrics . . . Laced with a literate wit, and much droll sanity, Butler's songs seem like very acute dissections of life in modern America. Especially intriguing is the way that he, a male writer, obviously, offers such credible material to his female vocalist Patty — an ideal medium, as it happens, one he's fortunate to have — ending up with songs which offer a feminine perspective with refreshing authenticity, and humour.**

The 'Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful?' LP has a girl coping with personal life in a tough-but-vulnerable way.

For the *next* album (being written right now) Butler says: "I think we're gonna expand on the characterisation. I think we're gonna get her out more into the world. It's the hardest thing in pop music to write good, positive, happy songs. It's so easy to go on about death, doom and destruction — cheap emotions. But to do something which leaves you with a feeling of encouragement, that doesn't sound stupid, that is intelligent, is really hard to do. And I'm trying to go for that. It's not sappy-happy, oh-everything's-wonderful, but it's like, yeah, *that* was nice . . ."

But adapting your songs to a girl's viewpoint, isn't that a difficult thing to attempt, even audacious? (The Waitresses' unanimously glowing UK reviews always focus on this aspect).

"Well yes and no. I don't see what the fuss is about — otherwise there wouldn't be female characters in plays, y'know? You've just got to psyche yourself up a bit, ask a lot of questions. I know it's audacious, and I don't claim to get it right all the time, it *is* a built-in difficulty. But I just try to avoid the traps by asking a lot of questions: does this really happen like this? Could Patty legitimately sing this? Would these be her feelings in a particular situation?"

Sharp, funny and observant as Butler is in his cameo-sketches of "relationships" (to use the US jargon), and life's little ups-and-downs, it's not hard to detect a wary idealism, a broader concern, running through most numbers. Perhaps the album's last track 'Jimmy Tomorrow' hints at this most strongly — even if, line for line, its message is more obscure than usual.

"Yeah, that's my favourite. It takes about as long to explain as it takes to sing! I went to college at Kent State University, where those kids got shot (the gunning-down of four students by the National Guard during an anti-war demo in 1970). I was there at that incident, a really horrible incident. And I went back there to see my friends in 1980, the tenth anniversary of that. So you go back and you see people you haven't seen in ten years, and you wonder how they're doing now, and how much of that we're - gonna - change - the - world mentality you can retain, or how much of it got kicked out of you, or bought out of you, how you've changed.

"And the gist of that song is somebody trying to hold on to that idealism, even though it doesn't seem to make much sense in the modern world any more — but not wanting to go and give up, like so many other people do, and get depressed. The character is trying to fight all that. It's a problem to hold on to those things, you're going against the grain of the rest of the world. Like now in America it's all Moral Majority, and right-wing revival, and the military build-up, and it's directly the other way from the '60s mentality . . ."

Butler, in fairness, isn't comfortable with the interview-imposed role of know-all and pundit, spacing his thoughts with self-deprecating shrugs which say, hell, what do *I* know about it?

But I think he knows enough to get by, and write many more fine songs. And I *know* that when he does, that I'll be listening, with pleasure.

● Postscript. Technical problems with another item on last week's OGWT — film of Maze live in the UK — caused a last-minute cancellation of the show. Screening has been re-scheduled for the week after next.

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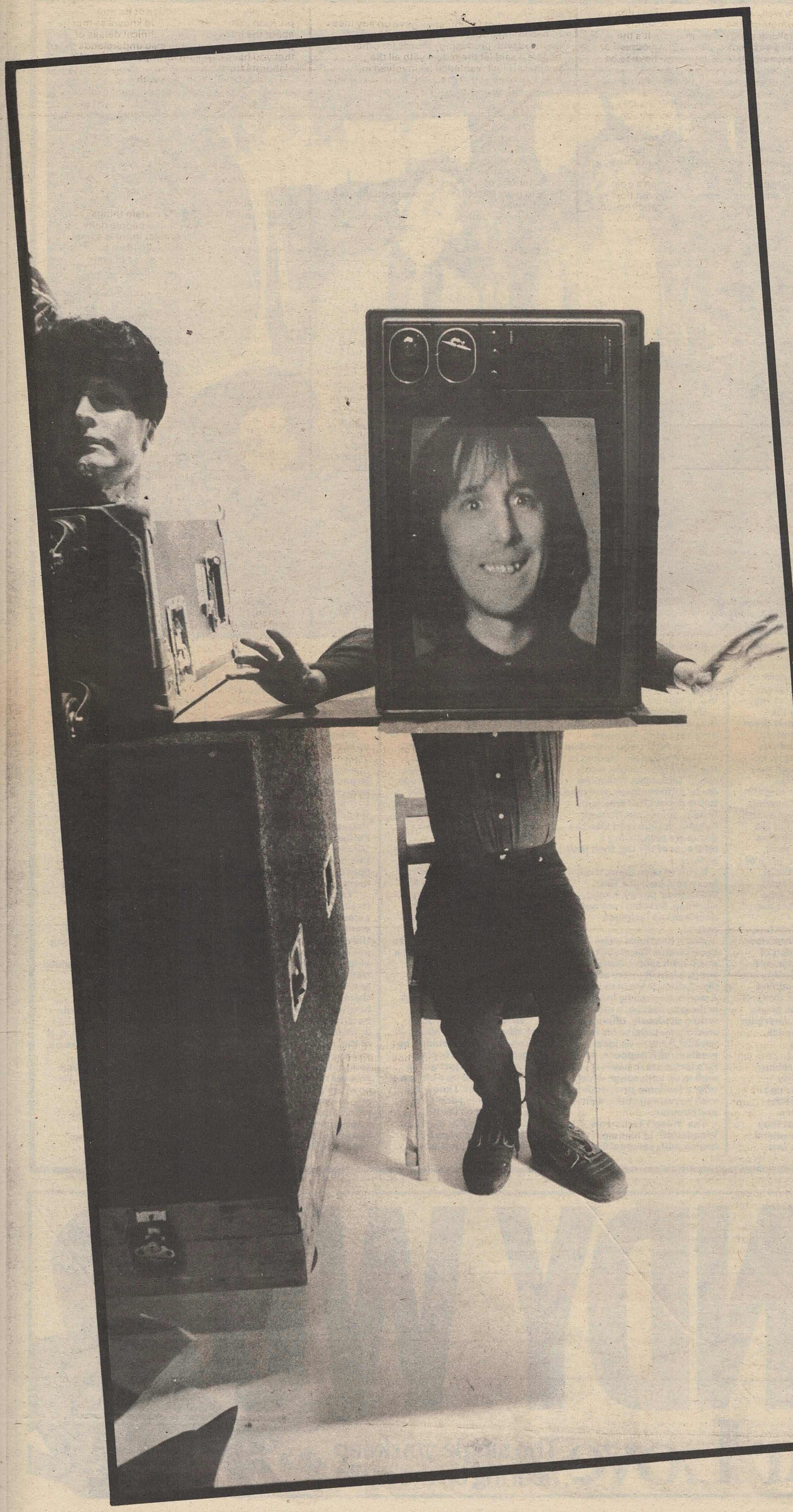


. . . he was the first writer to write about the Beat Movement as a literary movement rather than a bunch of switch blade crazies. . . Pete Hamill once credited Al as the man who taught him how to write. John Lennon once credited Al as the man who turned him on to marijauna. Bob Dylan once joked that Al was the only man who could save the world. . . Al was one of the influences who pressed Dylan to go electric, who encouraged Carole King to sing her own songs, who talked Miles Davis into playing the Fillmore, who gave Dolly Parton her New York debut, who discovered Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground and put them together with Nico . . . (from Vincent Fusco's preface to The Blacklisted Masterpieces Of Al Aronowitz.)

IF I AM the last writer about pop music, of any standing, Alfred G. Aronowitz was the first.

He was matchmaking, twitching and joking from the '50s through to the '70s: spotting the connections, playing games with the names, playing tag with the cheats, inventing his own truth and reason, setting the whole thing up for its punchline.

Any film that wanted to treat the '60s as something more than a swing of gossip and funfire and bikes and daisychains would use Aronowitz as a central character. Al and his ego, the lowly ghost of the '60s, opening hotel doors and introducing Allen Ginsberg to Bob Dylan and Bob Dylan to The Beatles, inviting Mick Jagger to meet Miles Davis, riding into the '70s paranoically resting on a cloud of dope smoke.

Dylan, Bruce, Monroe, Lennon, Reed, Miles. . . what could the punchline possibly be?

Aronowitz always guessed it would be worthwhile. He's waiting around to have his last laugh, waiting in Bearsville near Woodstock in New York State, sitting opposite me in Albert Grossman's improbably impressive snow-surrounded Chinese restaurant, setting up for me a plate of sickly-green noodles.

Al is always amused: after all, he wrote about pop and connected bubbles for 20 years, was nearly killed doing it. . . and, as I well know, anyone who writes with graceful imagination about pop music for even four years is as close to God — or The Light — as anyone can dare decently hope. It's a sort of reward for transforming trivia and excess and the odd freaks of genuis into comic, collectable, caressable blocks of words.

I ask Al how he spends his days in Bearsville: a mountain resort where time and energy drifts, where much of the soul of the '60s seems to have drifted. He's had some new teeth put in that morning, so his voice sounds different from the day before. In the '60s he was tubby: in the '80s he is bony. He wears a red wooly hat so that cars and trucks can easily spot him as he makes his way round the narrow lanes of Bearsville and Woodstock.

"I get up at 5.30 to have a piss and even though I'd like to go back to bed once I'm up I have to stay up. I roll up some joints and I smoke them and then I start to write. I always find that the best time to write is before midday."

He talks his way through a day, making its peacefulness appear to be an attractive pressure.

"I fall asleep in the evening and then I might wake up about 1AM and it's cold and dark and all my writing stuff is there next to me on the

Paul Morley pops his head in the clouds and picks up some divine vibrations. With special reference to his patron saint, Al Aronowitz (above left).
Photos: Joe Stevens.

bed so I don't have to move. I can just carry on."

I see my own future: a quiet village in Wales, a crazy past to draw from, the world a far away silliness. . . I'll be wating for the punchline too, but chuckling all the while anyway.

TODD SITS next to a window that looks out over a large light grey fragment of Columbus, Ohio. He's dressed in black and his voice reminds me of Jack Nicholson's. We pretend to perform an interview but we both know that really we're preparing for the punchline. We joke with each other, but it's nothing toilet or slapstick. I'm drinking scotch, and Todd isn't.

"I was actually just thinking last night that it really doesn't matter in the long run whether people remember specifically what I did.

"What is valuable to me is that during the course of doing it all the vibration got refined a little better, and that people, for however long or short a period of time after the event, personally felt better or more relieved or more uplifted. . . Which enabled them during the course of their own interaction with other people to somehow get to a place that they might not have got to otherwise. Whether they're even aware of the fact that it was a show of mine or a record I did that was an element in that is not really of prime importance to me. I've touched on so many things that whether people remember what I've done or where I've been is almost an academic exercise."

Is it a surprise for you to look back over the past 15 years and realise the scope of the body of your work?

"Well, as a matter of fact I rarely listen to my records. . . the body of work doesn't weigh down on me. I'm not aware of the scope of it really. What happens is that when I've finished a record I listen to it endlessly, 20, 30, 40 times, so that I can see what I did wrong. Not necessarily what I did wrong, but so I can perceive a formula in there that I musn't repeat."

Is the contextual coating of what you do fundamentally a pursuit of quality for it's own sake?

"I think that if anyone tries to analyse quality they'll struggle. . . I mean people consider what Barry Manilow and Billy Joel and Journey do to be quality. I don't consider it quality. . . I consider it. . . erm. . . efficacy, but not necessarily quality. Because it's like production line, a Japanese transistor radio or something. It may have been manufactured well, but it isn't necessarily designed well. It isn't state of the art design."

So distinguish between your designs and their manufacturing.

"Well, I think that in most of that music there is this. . . um and maybe it comes naturally to them. . . I don't really want to cast disparaging remarks on other people because I don't know what their creative process is . . . but it may come naturally to them that there is an element of what-are-people-going-to-think-of-what-I'm-doing? Y'know? Are they going to be able to understand it the first time they hear it, will the idea that I'm trying to put down not upset them?

"They care about an easy acceptance. I'm not self-conscious about that. I'm not self-conscious about what the general public will accept. At the same time I never underestimate the intelligence of a potential listener, I never ever presume that they won't understand what I'm doing.

"So who is to say whether this is merely a pursuit of quality for it's own sake?"

I ask, barely suppressing a giggle, why Todd is so conscientious about involving meticulous details, great discrimination and comparative speculation into his work.

"For personal satisfaction. I don't know during the course of devising a show, or making a record, or writing a song, or doing any of the other things that I'm involved in, what the ultimate impact is going to be. I'm most concerned about being happy with it myself, being able to feel that I did a thorough job, that I explored possibilities without regard to the consequences.

"Sure, you'll tell me that I could be a lot more extreme, but what I do is a fine balance between some degree of commerciality, which allows me to continue to do what I do, and experimentation. I don't want to be the tortured artist who has nobody listening to him running around screaming, I have integrity and to prove it I have no commercial potential whatsoever! But what I do *is* for personal satifaction."

Is there also a factor of orientation involved?

"Yeah, well, when I say satisfaction I don't mean something that is purely sensuous. . . I'm not talking about masturbation. It's the same thing as building a house for yourself or growing your own food. It doesn't have to be something that is 'art'.

"It's setting a goal, something that for me has to move into a grey area at a certain point. It can't be like when you have total confidence in something. Something like taking a shower. . . I will step into the shower, I will step out of the shower. . . there's not a lot of grey area in there. You want what you're involved in to extend slightly beyond the borders of your comprehension.

"Actually it's more a direction than a goal. . . and what's important is measuring out how much energy you can expend in that direction. Then you begin and when the gas runs out you've either moved well into that grey area or maybe you've just touched it or maybe you've done a really lame job and not got to the grey area. You start from a place you're familiar with and move to a place you're not familiar with. Most of the projects that I'm involved in, in order to be satisfying, it has to extend into that grey area."

What was the grey area with Meatloaf's 'Bat Out Of Hell', which Todd produced?

"The hardest thing with that record was getting Meat to sing in tune."

What about Tom Robinson's second LP, which Todd produced?

Todd stares out of the Columbus window: his comic timing is superb. Eventually. . .

"I got involved with Tom. . . erm. . . erm. . . erm. . . I'm trying to remember cos it was a while ago. . . um. . . exactly why I got involved. . . . y'know . . ."

IT SLOWLY occurs to me that Albert Grossman, this creased old man with the crotch of his jeans hanging round his knees and the dusty grey hair tied into a long pony tail, is a music business millionaire. Money is what the '60s did for the chosen few.

Grossman used to manage Bob Dylan, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, and now he's president of Todd's label Bearsville. It quickly occurs to me that Grossman's Bearsville empire was probably funded by the selling of Dylan.

Grossman drops a few hints about how to solve the world's problems that reminds me of the ones Jerry Garcia dropped on my head. Because we're snowbound in Woodstock and won't be able to get to New York for a day or so Grossman unexpectedly plays host and drives us up the hills to his estate to place us in a guest wing for a few hours.

Vaguely aware that in Britain things are not overtly calm, I drink cognac and Jack Daniels, chew some fruit bread that Grossman has flown in from California, watch *Bewitched* on the tube, and listen to some records: Keith Jarrett, Carly Simon, Todd, Steve Martin. . . different ways to drift towards the punchline. . . very soon I stop pacing around and settle down. . .

"Hey!" says Steve Martin, and I look out of a window and spot two young deer on the edge of some woods, hungry for something to eat. "Hey!" says Steve Martin, and I sip some more Jack Daniels. "Hey!" says Steve Martin, and I wonder what the punchline will be this time. "Hey! Why am I so fucking fine?!"

I know just what Steve Martin means. And so does Todd.

DO YOU THINK that your music and your involvement with other artists has given you a certain kind of detachment, a kind of confidence?

Todd uses the question to look over his shoulder. "My confidence in terms of making music. . . when I first got into music I was in a band called The Nazz and when I was in The Nazz I had the same idea as almost everybody else when they get involved in music. I wanted to be really big and popular and rich and have people chase me down the street and have people like me for no good reason than just the fact that I had a hit record. They don't know the first damned thing about me, but they like me. Kiss my ass, all of those things.

"For a year and a half we just laboured under the illusion that it was going to happen. . . and that if you do all the formula things it will all come to pass. At the same time, even more than that on top of it, I wanted artistic integrity. I wanted everything possible. Artistic success and huge popularity. Then with being associated with the business I got real disgusted with that side of it. It actually made your personal life real unpleasant. Being involved with the business side of it, you lost the feeling that you could be comfortable with your life.

"At that point I completely gave up any idea of becoming a successful artist and I got involved with producing records for other people. I said let them deal with all the business. I just wanted to be involved in musical ideas and sound. And then I just made a solo LP that was more or less intentionally experimental, 'The Runt', where I applied some of the things I'd learnt producing and engineering for other people. The record company who paid for the LP didn't really expect anything to happen at all, but there was one song on the record that was a hit and this started the whole thing up again, having those expectations of success, being told that you have to have hits, that you have to do things a specific way.

"I made 'Something/Anything' and that again was pretty experimental and the record company got really rabid about it: why was I sacrificing commercial success by experimenting? Why didn't I just write the hit song over and over again? That was never my intention.

"I ended up having the advantage of producing other people and being financially secure through that and therefore being able to put my music in a place where I could do it or not do it depending whether I felt inspired or not. Ever since then that's how I've done records."

So what to you is a 'record'?

"The term record is literal to me. It is a very literal thing. . . You put out a record and you're letting it be taken over by the commercial side of everything. You go to a lot of trouble, and you try and be creative, and you put all these ideas together. It doesn't necessarily mean automatically that it coincides with the state of consciousness of the general public or the people who have to market records. You're ususally forced to make a record that matters only for now, it's unfortunate that the way records are marketed is that they're only allowed to have a lifespan for as long as they're being marketed.

"This doesn't mean that what I did is in any way invalid, but . . . they only put a push on it for a couple of months after the record has come out. Even though a few years on the record could have a lot of potential or be a really relevant or important work. It's too late then, they won't bother to push it.

"My records haven't dated because they didn't respond to the assumed pressures of the time. It's like you say, the body of work, that's important to me, and the fact that the records were never really big commercial successes doesn't matter. The important thing is that I'm still around, I'm still able to make records."

AL, I JUST know, has been smoking dope for 2,000 years, and he's gone past the stage where everything is soggy and foggy and he's ready to leap out into the air, grasping at the punchline. He sits next to me on a sofa in Albert Grossman's house, hunched up tight, sucking hard on a pin-thin roll up. We're figuring each other out, and it'll take another four years of a type of touching and smooching before we're close to nailing each other's motivations.

But I like him: he's a comedian, and his timing is faultless.

"Hey," he suddenly says, grinning playfully, "someone said this English journalist must be something else. He comes out to Bearsville and he gets recognised in the restaurant!"

We'd been eating in Grossman's Chinese Restaurant, The Little Bear: Grossman's overriding passion these days is food, and he plans to open a French Restaurant soon. I'd had enough vodka and cokes to feel that I could conquer the hearts and minds of even my worst enemies. As we're leaving a little figure with ragged black hair drops a soft hand onto my shoulder and cries out my name.

It's John, the guitarist with unknown English group The Psychedelic Furs, whose third LP is to be produced by Todd. We go and sit at his table. The Psychedelic Furs singer Richard Butler, currently courting the famous Bebe Buell who in her time has been close to Todd, Elvis, Bators, groans mock-majestically.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

I must admit it's very odd: it would be more likely that I bump into Jaz in Iceland. But we order saki, fall down, and think of England.

Todd is obviously acting like a schoolmaster to these tear-aways. It's not difficult to smile at the mixture. The Psychedelic Furs and their tragic subjects — dear me, what a bore: Todd regarding the too solemnly ambitious with a certain scorn. You see, Todd knows how to balance a romantic dedication to pop's divine mobility and drastic mysticism with a classically casual perspective of its true position in the universe. Todd knows as much about the intangible and technical details of pop music as anyone: he also understands that you have to invent its importance, and elaborate from there.

Todd does what he does with uncompromising seriousness: and he doesn't take it seriously.

Todd is a comedian: sometimes he even tells jokes.

THE LP 'TODD', one of four Todd masterpieces, is about what different people think of 'God' . . . people's deification concepts.

"Even atheists will deify certain things . . . some people deify sex, some people deify chaos . . . they also figure that there is some gigantic overriding principle in life that ultimately determines the course of your personal existence or the existence of everything. . ."

Your faith, from a western point of view, is not conventional.

"I think I have what people would consider an Eastern bent, but even then it doesn't accommodate the accoutrements and dogma of most religions. I don't think that existence is accidental and I don't think that it's purposeless, but beyond that I can't define it for any other person.

"As far as God is concerned, if you consider God as a personality, then if I can't see some reflection of that in my self then it doesn't exist in any greater proportion anywhere else in my perceptible universe. That concept of a bearded man somewhere, or that God is out there somewhere, is totally bogus. Or that some other person knows more about God than I do, that is totally bogus as well.

"It is my opinion that if there is such a thing as a devil or someone who is antithetical to whatever you consider God, the way they manifest themselves is by telling you what God thinks. They try and get between you and God, they try to filter and modify everything that God says and everything that you have to say to God. So I don't believe in anything that resembles organised religion. I don't believe that people can get together and have a religion. I think that religion is a purely personal thing.

"To . . . me . . . I don't want to say beyond me. Like I say, I don't want to say God because I don't consider myself different from God. I consider my ignorance to be God's ignorance and my enlightenment to be God's enlightenment . . . and you know hopefully that attaches itself to other people and maybe there's a common denominator in there. But I don't want to even think about it."

Is this particular pursuit of a personal serenity some kind of cop-out?

"I feel that it is my responsibility to live a life that reflects a philosophy that I have striven to arrive at. I don't feel that I live it closely enough, that too often I succumb to the desire of participating in a system that consciously I reject. A system that I say is not right, that is bullshit, yet I habitually get sucked into it."

Taking this participatory role, isn't this a profound compromise?

"That's life! Who has the perfect life? Life's like that. In fact it's an important aspect of life.

"I think that it's a mistake for people to think that they will somehow arrive at a point where they won't have to make decisions any more about what the better course of action to take is. I think that if that happened it could make your life less worthwhile, less worth living. The whole idea of if you're born again then you've got a free ticket to heaven, and you don't have to do anything anymore, no matter what, this seems to make your life less worth living."

So the participation, considering the greater context, is what goes towards making your life worthwhile?

"I think so . . . a lot of it has to do with that greater context, where you are. I cannot jump over time and space and circumstance to be in another place. So wherever else I might want to be and whatever else I might want to do I have to start from where I am in order to get there. I have to clean up my business behind me or else it will all come back to haunt me!

"I guess it's another part of my philopophy . . . I do believe that no matter how chaotic life appears there is some kind of circuitous path, some spiraling way, that goes through all the circumstances of your existence, and that there is a way that you can do it all that can make it easier for you to progress rather than harder."

How does you producing a variety of other people fit into this grand scheme? Do you just

Continues page 47

IS TODD GOD?

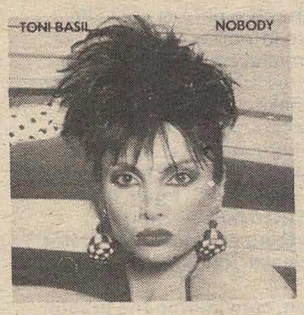
SINGLES

Reviewed by Paul Du Noyer

QUEEN: Body Language (EMI).
Very revealing thing, body language. Listening to The Fall, for instance, the reviewer's posture is upright and alert, the eyes bright, feet and hands move in rapid, rhythmic manner. Hearing Queen's 'Body Language' — slick, sexy disco-ish business — reviewer's forehead rests on typewriter, nose emits noise like faulty motor cycle, limbs are still, eyes are shut. Get the message?

KIM WILDE: View From A Bridge (RAK)
The Wilde bunch revert to formula after 'Cambodia's comparative deviation, as Ricki and Marty set Kim up with another likely hit: fast, snappy, glamourised rock-pop.

BEN WATT (WITH ROBERT WYATT): Summer Into Winter EP (Cherry Red)
THE PASSAGE: XoYo (Cherry Red)
THE NIGHTINGALES: Paraffin Brain/Elvis The Last Ten Days (Cherry Red)
There's something worthy and reliable about the conscientious Cherry Red label. These three new additions slip inside its prolific stream with no lowering of quality. Ben Watt, collaborating with the great Robert Wyatt, has made two long sides of quietly enchanting music that commands respect as much as affection. The Passage, in an absurdly bright ditty called 'XoYo', manage surprising commerciality, and swing appealingly. The Nightingales, for their part, are just as brisk, but with a brasher, Fall-ish edge — and two very good songs.



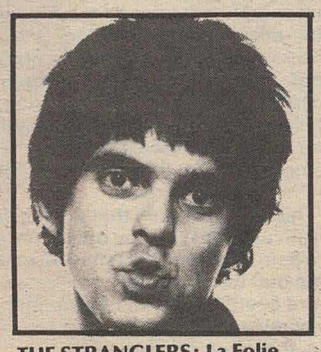
TONI BASIL: Nobody - (Radialchoice).
One lunchtime, about a year back, I sat in an empty *NME* office. Suddenly, through the door frolicked several scantily-dressed women, wearing cardboard boxes on their heads. The box-fronts were cut out in the shape of TV screens. They demanded I come with them to a video-screening by a new act called Toni Basil. I hid in a waste-paper basket until they'd gone. And then, alone again, I resolved to forget the name of Toni Basil. As it turned out, this has not been possible.

TALK TALK: Talk Talk (EMI)
EURYTHMICS: This Is The House (RCA)
Two pieces of clean, conventional major-label music. Young newcomers Talk Talk (recent supports to the flashier Duranners) play the catchiest song in their repertoire, and could snatch the odd hit. The more seasoned Eurythmics (ex-Tourists) meanwhile, glam-up an unexceptional number with electronic treatments and trendy Japanese touches.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE FALL: Look, Know / I'm Into C.B. (Kamera)
What is Mark Smith on about? As usual, I'm thoroughly unsure and more than reluctant to hazard a guess. What's crystal-clear, however, is that these two tracks are The Fall at the same brilliant best displayed on the 'Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul' 45, and that means welcome proof the group have hauled themselves clear away from dull ruts and the predictable "anti-fashion" trap. In short, they're sharp as ever, humorous and worrying at the same time. Noisewise, 'Look, Know' is all thud and bump with a stark and springy upbeat, with Smith's sardonic drone-ah snapping at the ankles of your mind with pitiless repetition: *"Do you know what you look like/Before you go out?"* Your mirror's image will never feel comfortable again. Likewise, 'I'm Into C.B.' pushes a Northern non-comformist stream of consciousness around and around and around. You can picture the truckers' convoys piling up along the whole M6.

SHAMBEKO! SAY WAH!: Remember (Eternal).
In which Pete Wylie expands Wah's name, and cuts back its line-up — just him and Washington again, and anyone else is a guest. 'Remember' sounds the most commercial single the group have done, even if it's far from my favourite. Vocal heroics and resounding chords establish the identity instantly, and whatever reservations I've got about this record's inner strength, if it wins the group some overdue success I'll be pleased because Wylie has lots to offer.



THE STRANGLERS: La Folie (Liberty).
Half-sung, half-spoken, the French lyrics deal in sombre existential melancholy, over a prettified musical backdrop in that same vein of born-again romanticism deployed on the hugely successful 'Golden Brown'. An odd combination, not without some haunting charm.

THE CLASH: Know Your Rights (CBS).
Orator Joe storms back with a bitter-edged pep-talk for the troops, and The Clash make their best single in a long time. 'Know Your Rights' is easily as strong as the best bits of 'Sandinista', whatever you thought they were. Hard and economic, instead of laid-back-flat and sprawling, tough and direct and properly thought-out instead of indulgent, sloppy or confused, and won't it be good if everything else they do this year is just as right, bright and tight?

LAURIE ANDERSON: Big Science (Warner Bros)
CARMEL: Storm (Red Flame)
These two come with "recommended" written all over them, two of the most alluring performances I've heard in ages. Anderson's is subtly strange, as opposed to gratuitously weird — an eerily primitive chant with lyrics that yield up a little of their mystery with each successive hearing, but never, happily, altogether. And, yes, it's better than 'O Superman'. Similarly hypnotic and persuasive is Carmel's single, another version of which you'll get on *NME's Jive Wire*. Seductively blending mellow blues and jazz, her voice is gorgeous.

JOHN COOPER CLARKE: The Day My Pad Went Mad (Epic).
Modesty (or rather, embarrassment) prevents me mentioning my part in the original recording of this work, on the *C81* tape. Given the added presence of producer Hannet and the melodious Invisible Girls, JCC's newer version of this poem marks a great improvement, and a worthy addition to his catalogue. Delightful delineation of domestic disaster.

JUNIOR GISCOMBE: Mama Used To Say (Mercury).
Yeah, well, Junior's song *is* a modern classic, even to a non-dancing funk-ignorer like me — so let's hope it finally cleans up in the man's home country hit parade. All the same, this 12" disc has *three* versions of the thing — American remix, US instrumental mix, and British party mix — implying that it's about time we were treated to one or two *new* Giscombe jivers. Or must we first wait for 'Mama Used To Say' Israeli *bar mitvah* mix, Bulgarian-language dub version, Welsh Eistedford remix, etc, etc?

THE SCOTTISH WORLD CUP SQUAD: We Have a Dream (WEA).
It might not be saying much, after atrocities like the England team's 'This Time We'll Get It Right', but I genuinely doubt if you'll hear a better football record than this one. Reasonably funny lyrics and a half-decent tune by B A Robertson, lovely accent and over-acted vocal by *Gregory's Girl* star John Gordon Sinclair, and competent choir-singing (Dalgleish, Souness and Hansen making the finest contribution, to my unbiased ears) all render it entirely bearable. Which, as World Cup singalongs go, is hyperbolic praise indeed.

QUARTERFLASH: Find Another Fool (Geffen)
STEVIE NICKS: Edge Of Seventeen (WEA)
FOREIGNER: Urgent (Atlantic)
How can these people possibly be so popular? As the man said, it boggles my mind. Quarterflash are the latest identikit rock outfit to coast to success on the inherent conservatism of US tastes, and 'Find Another Fool' is yet another of those exercises in bland anonymity — no redeeming features. Stevie Nicks stands slightly higher, thanks to her slightly superior material, but in this company, standing out can't be difficult. Finally Foreigner, whose 'Urgent' isn't remotely aptly-named, push out a record that can boast Junior Walker on saxophone, but should remain modest about everything else.

THE FARMER'S BOYS: I Think I Need Help (Waap).
Hicks from the sticks, or what? Actually, the Norwich-label Farmer's Boys are the acceptable face of English independence, and 'I Think I Need Help' is wonderfully upbeat, with just a winning hint of clumsiness, and a few more from them as good as this and it'll be one hell of a job keeping them down on the farm.

MALARIA: Kaltes Klares Wasser (Crepuscule)
SNOWY RED: I'm Hurt (Dirty Dance)
Monsieur Snowy Red comes recommended to me, by one Mr Bohn, as "a sort of Belgian Gary Numan". Not one of the most tantalising descriptions I've ever heard, Chris! — not the most gripping record, either. Buzz, clatter and drone, all with a funny accent. Malaria fare better: tough and punchy, repetition used to some good effect; vaguely DAF-fy, perhaps, in the breathless vocal, evoking what could either be emotional urgency or else over-strenuous physical jerks. Really, I like it.

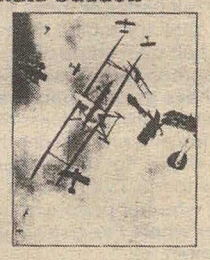
GODOT: Extended Player (Pinnacle).
A two-man off-shoot from Merseyside electro-doodlers Dalek I, Godot must resign themselves to lines like "Godot — the band you've been waiting for" and so on. This is inevitable, but not strictly true, as their four-song sampler suggests music that's pleasant and polite, but somewhere short of compulsive. Still, we can wait.

THE BLASTERS: I'm Shakin' (F-Beat)
MAGIC SLIM AND THE TEARDROPS: Teardrop (Rooster)
JOHNNIE ALLAN: Promised Land/TOMMY McLAIN: Sweet Dreams (Oval)
CAROL GRIMES: Ain't That Peculiar (Polydor)
Let's get traditional — with five cuts proving there's no dishonour in doing so, so long as you know (and *feel*) what you're doing. America's Blasters make a UK debut with some impulsive rock'n'roll, while Chicago's Magic Slim gives an object lesson in real blues guitar. Both are worth a piece of anybody's time. Oval Records, meanwhile, weigh in with re-activated US tracks from '72 and '66 respectively: Johnnie Allan's scorching, cajun-ised treatment of Berry's 'Promised Land', and McLain's version of the lump-in-throat country number later covered by Costello. Keeping the home-fires burning is Britain's Carol Grimes, putting on the soul style to good effect, helped out by sundry Blockheads and other UK musos of quality and distinction.

ROOTING TOOTING'S ROCKING WIMP-OUT

1	Theme From *High Noon*	Peter And Gordon
2	Theme From *Exodus*	Peter And Gordon
3	Dream Magazine	Svensk
4	Exerpt From A Teenage Opera	Keith West
5	Venus	Shocking Blue
6	Days Of Pearly Spencer	David McWilliams
7	New York Mining Disaster	Bee Gees

nikki sudden



NIKKI SUDDEN: Channel Steamer (Abstract).
Ex Swell Map Sudden, as singer, may be nobody's idea of the new Sinatra, but this knockabout T Rex homage is likable and rough, in about equal quantities.

VICTIMS OF PLEASURE: Jack And Jill (Rialto).
A wispy-light pop confection from the group behind that neglected gem 'When You're Young'. Synth and strings are used prettily, and sparingly, in a new tune of high likability and sweet simplicity.

THE LAMBRETTAS: Somebody To Love (Rocket).
On street-level, so to speak, the mod movement hasn't gone away. It was only the mod *bands* who died. The Lambrettas have clung to their name, maybe unwisely, but have jettisoned all the other trappings of parka-dom. 'Somebody To Love' is Grace Slick's song, but the perfomance here is too brittle and prissy to match the full-blooded original.

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS: I'm A Wonderful Thing (Ze).
Silky wit and pleasing whimsicality, as ever, from Darnell and gang. That said, 'Wonderful Thing' treads tropical water a trifle aimlessly, and I'd rather rely on the upcoming album and summer tour to break the Coconuts open over here.

VICE SQUAD: Stand Strong EP (Riot City/EMI)
BLITZKRIEG: Lest We Forget EP (No Future)
VIOLATORS: Gangland/The Fugitive (No Future)
Wake up! Three of the more individual, distinctive offerings in the current crop of new-punk row-makers. Lots of fast noise and healthy rage, in each case with just enough imagination to lift the songs above the rut of utter predictability. Vice Squad are maybe the poppiest, Blitzkrieg the bleakest, while The Violators' 'Gangland' builds impressively to a great raw climax. Dunno, though, if their singer's fondness for *Clockwork Orange* costume — whatever his lyrics' indignation/idealism — means he's lining up as part of The Problem, or the solution. . .

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: Talk Back (Chrysalis).
SLF, meanwhile, go on straying away from early punk speedthrash, toward solid, stolid four-square rock — okay with a number that's epic and memorable, like 'Listen To Your Heart' was, but wearying in more mundane matter such as this distressingly ordinary song.

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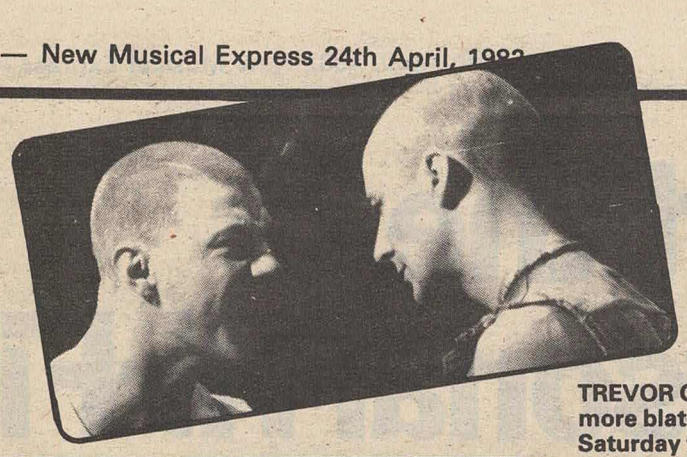
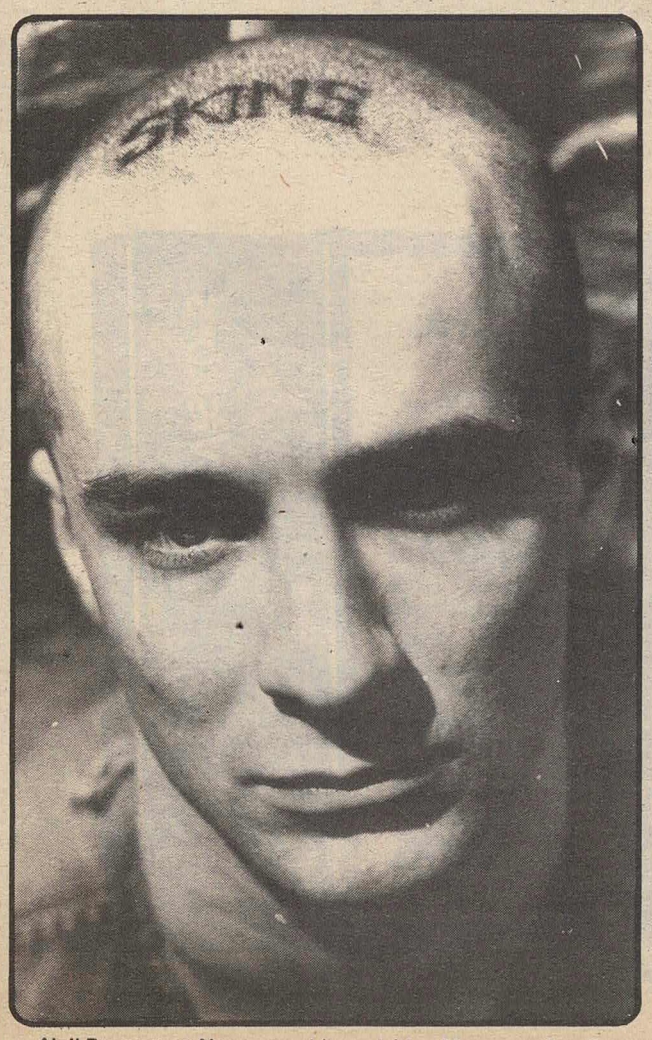


Popping the boils of bigotry



Neil Pearson as Napper and (top pic) Ian Mercer as Swells in 'Oi For England'

TREVOR GRIFFITHS did a more blatant job on Saturday than he usually does in sticking two fingers up to convention. He also put a cut finger on the reason why hoi poloi nIOse is treated as a disease of some terrible extremity by the sterile pop music writers. With *Oi For England* (ITV), Griffiths became nOlse's best friend and worst enemy: or, perhaps, he could see a point in nOlse but couldn't hear it for all the nOlse.

Griffiths perceived, rightly, that the nOlse has nothing to do with pop tradition — if it belongs to any musical past it can only be stark scratching mad folk. It isn't a music as such, is can't be dismissed on the sinking grounds of fashion, or decried just because it stinks, or haughtily derided because it drowns in the dreariness it purports to fight. Yet it can't be ignored, because of its tangled, confused antagonism. Maybe it has to be carefully watched over, speaking as one who has never been involved.

Griffiths grabbed out of thick air the vain inglorious hopes of the exponents that nOlse will be an effective expression of frustration, and fused that with the reality of the nOlse's easily exploitable crudity and the exponents' inability to escape their brutal imprisonment of inarticulacy.

This had nothing to do with how nOlse operates within the rock-pop network of sins — Griffiths plucked nOlse

DANGEROUS VISIONS

PAUL MORLEY on 'Oi For England'

completely out of that context. *Oi For England* dealt with how the nOlse works against, or underneath, the social disorder it claims to be a valid expression of — and how the only chance it has of sneaking into everyday everybody lives is if it gets snagged on to a blanket of sinister forces. Griffiths didn't use nOlse as just a skinhead music, or a punk music, but as an authentically unpoetic inevitability: the cracked calls of condemned souls driven down a cul-de-sac by circumstance, condition and contempt. Sweet, in a way.

Griffiths viewed nOlse both dispassionately and compassionately. He didn't just see the nasty and the grotesque and the greedy: there were flickering glimpses of humility and hope. It was felt that nOlse could be the best way for many to reflect a profound dismay with their given lot, if only via its boisterous grossness and satisfying stupidity; and also that because the nOlse is what it is it can never escape the poisonous boils of bigotry, whether through association or otherwise; and that because it presses noses hard against the stench of futility and the great deadener of habit, it will encourage hard-line bigotry and merely underline diminishing prospects.

Approaching the play from where I'm comfortably sat, the handling of the conflicts, values, desires, manners of nOlse and its exponents was a lesson of sorts to commentators like myself who have reacted to the coarse, illiterate, smelly craze or cause in a way that is purely stylistic. Its implications as an energy have been badly neglected: perhaps some of us are scared, or have sensitive noses. *Oi For England* applied nOlse as a factor in disintegration. Songs (that reminded me of a posh Worst) had lyrics that smashed blindly against all manner of rapidly disintegrating rules, regulations and disciplines.

Riot smashes and sirens were a constant background noise, as Manchester was broken to bits. The silences and realistic swearing that laced the loud conversation of the skinhead group were a troubling 'testimony' to the mutated standard of literacy that the skinheads had inherited. Everything, including rage, was set into place to suggest that all surroundings — physical buildings, moral codes, necessary expectations — were falling down. Noise was not going to fill in the cracks.

Even the group, when offered their first gig by a friendly fascist at a National Front rally, fall to pieces as it becomes clear that just to escape the shit-hole is only the first step. Once you're supposedly on your way, then come more intricate moral problems.

The play ended with the skinhead with his vision less messed up breaking up the group's equipment. NOlse is a failure, a gesture as enfeebled in its way as accepting the decaying grey ways.

Far more disturbing than the language was the evocation of futility and finality: the language was mere words, a surface snap of uneasiness, whilst the feelings of weariness and barbaric inevitability went far deeper and were far more unsettling. But the fact that the language has caused more comment, indicates that it will be a long time, if ever, before the general state of consciousness can even perceive much sense in such a play, let alone respond to it.

As a statement that our retreat into silence will not be poetic or mystical but bloody bloody, *Oi For England* was pretty average. Amidst the gently warming waters of an ITV Saturday night schedule it gained much more force.

"What are you going to do now?"

"Nowt."

"Story of our lives."

"Yeah."

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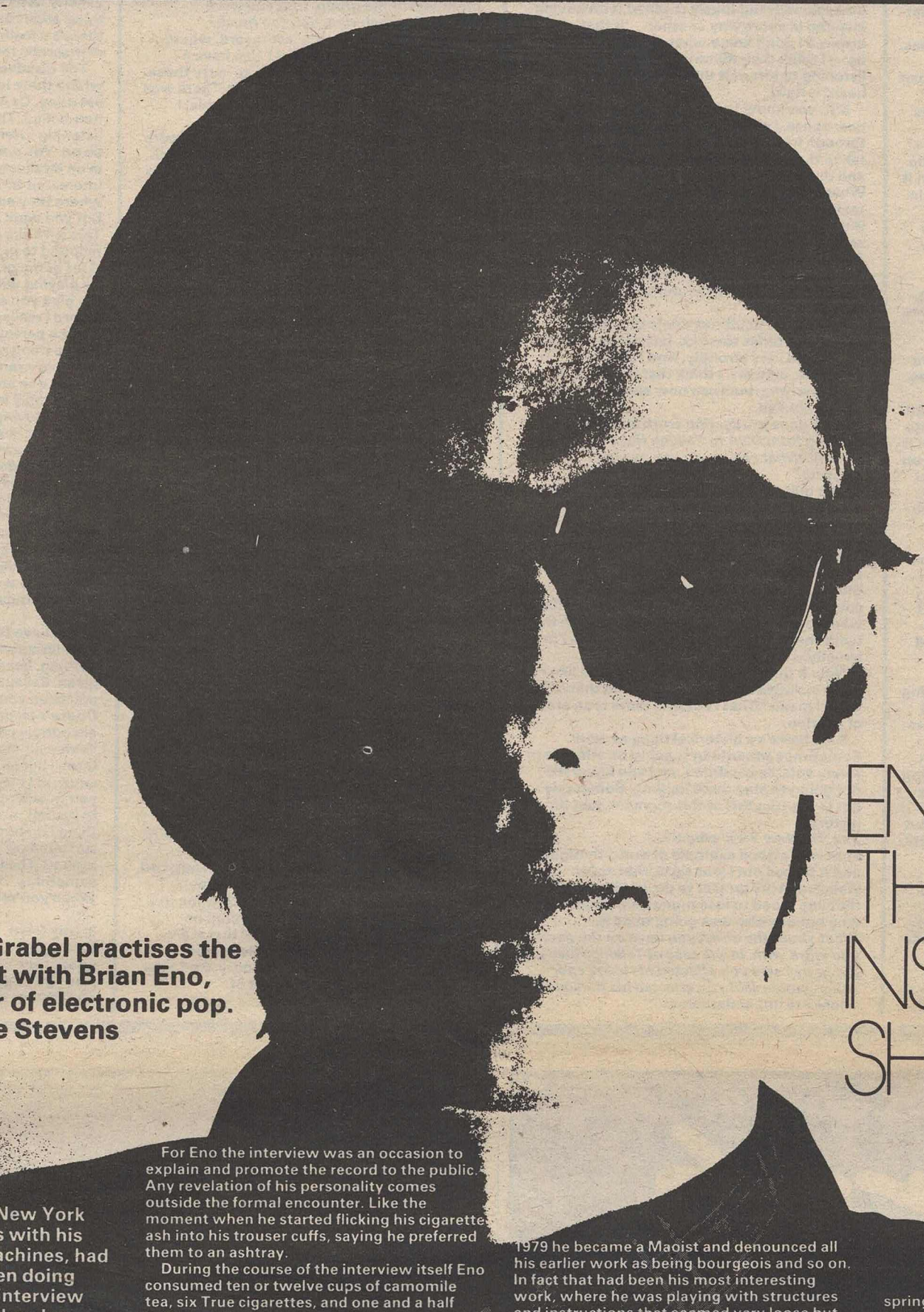


Richard Grabel practises the pussyfoot with Brian Eno, the father of electronic pop. Photo Joe Stevens

ENO: THE SOUL INSIDE THE SHADES

BRIAN ENO's SoHo New York loft, where he plays with his videos and light machines, had been invaded by workmen doing remodelling, so the Eno interview takes place at photographer Joe Stevens' studio. Eno arrives at the door wearing shades, a beret, carrying a copy of the *Wall Street Journal*, and smiling. He's friendly, definitely not cold, not pretentious in the more obvious ways, not like the promoted media image.

As he faces the camera pressed close up to his face, he says:

"Is that a wide-angle lens? Don't make my nose look too big. Photographers always make my nose too big. Ever since I got to New York the photographers have been making me look progressively more Jewish."

Eno cracks jokes — I wasn't expecting this.

In fact, after reading so many interviews in which Eno went on endlessly about his musical theories, Oblique Strategies and technological expertise, discoursing at length and seemingly setting himself up as God's intellectual gift to modern music, I was prepared to believe he was something of a prat. He isn't.

My copy of 'On Land', Eno's new album, came with an essay by him about the record. The last time this happened was with Talking Heads' 'Remain In Light', with which David Byrne sent along a press release-essay about African music advising critics to consult the works of John Chernoff, a writer introduced to him by Eno. Eno's own essay explains that 'On Land' is an attempt to apply some of the methods of painting to the creation of music, to create a kind of aural landscape in which there is no strict distinction between foreground and background.

My own reaction to 'On Land' is that it is more interesting as an idea than as something to be listened to. Its sounds are intriguing, but not compelling: the sounds drift on without event. This, apparently, was Eno's intention.

For Eno the interview was an occasion to explain and promote the record to the public. Any revelation of his personality comes outside the formal encounter. Like the moment when he started flicking his cigarette ash into his trouser cuffs, saying he preferred them to an ashtray.

During the course of the interview itself Eno consumed ten or twelve cups of camomile tea, six True cigarettes, and one and a half C-90 cassettes.

GRABEL: *Are you concerned with the ability to get accurate information?*
Eno: Yes. Especially here, because this place is so insulated. In New York you get the feeling that the world ends at the piers. This is the most parochial place in a way. It has its own values, its own stars and its own villains, and they mean absolutely nothing to anyone else. There's something nice about living in a place like that, there's a sort of buzz of gossip about things. Which isn't the case in London, London doesn't have anywhere near such an intact sense to it. Not in my experience, anyway. Maybe upper class London does.
Some of your music — 'Remain In Light' or 'My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts' — presents fragments of information about various places in the world, and editorialises about the information.
They also have a political idea in them, which is an idea of inclusiveness rather than exclusiveness. It's an idea of music being a cauldron where you can draw things together, and hopefully come up with some useable synthesis, with the idea that this exercise might be extended to your everyday life.

Actually music is always political, there's no doubt about it. Most of the music which is described as 'political' is called that because of the lyrics, but to me that's the least important part. Lyrics don't matter. I think the real political material of music is at a structural level and a level of procedure. Most of the people who espouse political music in an obvious way, what they've done musically has been completely reactionary. Heavy metal. That politically is a very old message. It's a message of simple power and domination.

The people who have made interesting political music have often been unaware of it, or argued that wasn't what they were doing.

For example Cornelius Cardew, an English composer who died around last Christmas; in 1979 he became a Maoist and denounced all his earlier work as being bourgeois and so on. In fact that had been his most interesting work, where he was playing with structures and instructions that seemed very loose but would in fact come out a certain way. Later he was writing pieces that had lyrics about working people and just like The Clash. The classical version of The Clash. 'Classical Clash', that could be another hit album. *Hooked on Clashics.*
From that moment on his music was uninteresting, it was just Lisztian piano heroics, whereas before it had been so odd and strange.
You seem to feel that the process by which you create something is a part of what the creation is saying.
They're so intertwined that I don't even separate them now. Actually one of the reasons I've become less and less interested in pop music is that I can see the limit to the amount I can mix those things, procedure and result, and I'm just not interested anymore. I don't listen to pop music anymore, and I have no inclination to make it. Everyone says to me, When are you going to make another one of those records? When are you going to make another album with songs? Well, I'm probably not, so I'll make it clear here and now that I shall probably never do another one. Then maybe they'll stop asking me about it. They're going to be stuck with this funny ambient stuff or something like it for the rest of time.

The main reason why an area like that of this new record interests me is that I can't see a limit to it. The territory is always unfolding. It seems to be able to contain everything I want to put into it. For a long time I've been involved with odd bits and pieces, these inventions of mine-light machines, videos, visual art type things, environmental things — as well as making ordinary records. Very ordinary records, some people say. And, it's a thrill to find myself in an area where these concerns naturally come together, where they are not forced on each other.

I know a lot of people will find this record cold and all the usual rubbish — unemotional, blah blah blah. But for me, this is really my first soul record. Soul music is music that springs from a deep part of you. Electronic music usually springs from a shallow, or narrow level. This record for me is as interesting as finding a record I like very much by someone else would be. It's as strange to me as that.

There's a way of making music where you specify exactly what is going to happen, you handcraft everything, so when the record is finished it isn't full of surprises for you anymore. This record was made a different way. It's more like a number of actions carried out near microphones. It's apparently a very bland territory at first, but in the way it yields itself it has considerable depth and slowness.

By depth I don't mean profundity, but physical depth. My image was of sitting somewhere, and of hearing sound all around you. Sometimes the sounds would fit together in a musical way and at other times they wouldn't.

That's why I called it 'On Land'. I wanted this feeling that you were sitting in the middle of something rather than sitting in front of something. The typical rock and roll production is some human adventure being played out very close to you. The more sophisticated rock and roll production is some human adventure being played out against a backdrop. But there's a strict separation between foreground and background. Well, over the years I was getting more interested in the detail of this background, and trying to sink the foreground into it so that the edges became hazy. 'Another Green World' was the beginning of that, where things are phased together a bit.

YOUR ESSAY *mentions ideas about sound that came to you sitting on a patio in Ghana. How much does travelling affect your work?*
It's hard to say. I don't think travelling has affected my work more than staying home. The things that affect my work are so peculiar, you never really know what they are. The really deep channels of your work, the things that are so ingrained you don't even

OVER

◗ CONTINUED

notice them, have always been there. All that seems to happen is that new experiences offer you new ways of presenting those ideas, other formats. So you take one basic approach and see how it rubs against this part of the world or that part of the world.

Do you romanticise the process of including foreign cultures in your work too much?

It's a dicey thing at the moment, because it's called cultural imperialism to do that. But the strange thing is that it isn't called that when it happens the other way around. When people go to Africa and they find someone who's been heavily influenced by Jimi Hendrix, for instance, of whom there are many, they say, Isn't that great?

That isn't cultural imperialism, that way around. So I think that's rather a red herring, that issue. When people are very happy to see the flow go one way, but they're very cautious about it going the other way.

We are in a position where we can't ignore the rest of the world. You've got two choices. You either try to deny the rest of the world, which can be a useful way of working. I'm not saying it can't be. Or you try to accommodate it. And one way of trying to accommodate it is by saying, Does that fit me? Just like trying on clothes. People don't consider you a cultural imperialist if you go to a Chinese restaurant. Why should they think you are if you nourish yourself on African music?

Perhaps our attitudes interfere with our understanding more, the way a lot of us look at the objects of foreign cultures as being more pure than our own.

And probably the reason for that is we don't understand them as well. For instance, you see tourists in Accra, in Ghana, looking at all this work that is done for tourists, African statues and so on. They say, Wow, it's beautiful, and they buy it. Now, I'm not saying it isn't beautiful, but unless you understand the form you won't notice distinctions. So, to you it will all be one thing.

Like can you imagine a Chinaman coming here, and he puts on the radio, and everything he hears sounds the same. He doesn't make any distinctions of quality, it all sounds odd and maybe interesting or non-interesting, but he sees it all as a monolithic intact culture. He couldn't be more wrong. All ideas of purity are based on not seeing a thing properly.

Another romance you may have carried too far is the romance of the studio.

Certainly. My main crtiticism of most recent records is that they use the studio in precisely the way I used to advocate. The material is made in the studio. The problem is that it's dead at every stage. It's dead at inception it's dead at execution. I think that all the English synthesizer bands — with which I am occassionally dubiously credited with having inspired in some way or other. . . if that's inspired I don't know what depressed must be — I think their material is empty. I keep listening to bits of it thinking I must not have heard it right.

But, you know how I was saying I want to hear space, I want to be able to wander through it? This stuff is paper thin. They've taken the grossest forms of the simplest ideas and done them in the most unsubtle ways. What isn't there is the feeling that this mattered to the person who made it. Mattered in a real way, not mattered in the sense of whether they can get on *Top Of The Pops* but mattered in the sense that they put themselves at some kind of psychic risk there, that they made an investment with their mind.

And as you point out this is the result of certain attitudes towards technology that I advocated very strongly. And I still do advocate, actually. I think that the attitude wasn't wrong, but I can now see how easily it can be abused.

You've done production work for people ranging from DNA to Talking Heads to Jon Hassell. What criteria do you use to choose projects?

That's quite difficult to answer. It isn't which ones are going to make money, as you can tell from the extremes you mentioned. For me, I work all the time and I see a number of positions in my work that I'm advancing. And sometimes you see someone who within their own work, with its set of positions, covers some of yours as well. It's almost like I want to piggyback on their work. I find in the work the development of an idea which I'm already working on.

Now if that's printed that will sound like my work includes all of their work, and that isn't what I mean. What I mean is there is an area of overlap.

Also there's a historical thing at work. Sometimes something is going on which is in a very volatile condition, and you know it's not going to stay there for long. Somebody's got to capture this at this moment, just for history.

The 'No New York' album?

That was a good example of that. I thought, and it turned out I was right, that scene wasn't a tricky project to do, but it was one that you stood to lose money on, which was why nobody else was going to do it.

What about the effect you have on the people you work with. In the case of Talking Heads, Byrne has said you affected his ideas and other people said you affected his personality.

Those are imponderables.

Did you feel a resentment coming from other members of the group, that you were influencing their direction too much?

Yeah. Particularly on the last record, where this was especially true. But I also have a feeling that it's not a good idea to carry those feuds on, so I never comment on it. There was a situation, it's quite true. It's inevitable, I don't see how it could be otherwise.

Tina once said that you and David Byrne were like two 14 year old boys copying each other.

Well, I don't want to enter into it. I could reply to all these things and make a big fuss, but my feeling is it profits no one. I don't trust my emotional responses in charged situations like that enough to want to commit them to print. I'm not being political or diplomatic, it's just understanding the difference between the media of gossip or talk and the media of print, which fixes things. If we were just chatting here I'd probably be saying something different.

People are always urging me to take revenge, because of these things that have been said, but I don't think it's worth doing.

Do those comments hurt you?

Well, to say I wasn't hurt would not be true. But that doesn't mean I want to take revenge either, or that I feel like continuing it. I don't

I don't even feel that I have much connection with that world. Anything about it, its whole *modus operandi*, its values, its struggles. The whole accent on personality doesn't interest me. One of the characteristics of this record and some of the others I've been doing recently is of gradually trying to get myself out of the music. First of all not writing songs anymore, and then making music that is less clearly of some point of view.

My feeling is that I don't want to be there in my work in some obvious way. I don't want people listening to it and hearing some bloody personality struggle going on. That's practically all most pop music is about. That's why it's adolescent music. That's the time people are thinking about that. And the choices they are offered in the music are often quite intelligent choices. But at the moment that problem is not real to me. I don't feel my identity crisis at the moment. I feel pretty calm.

Yet you're stuck with being a pop personality, if only by association.

It's not all bad, it's a mixed blessing. The good part of it is that it accords me a certain amount of attention. And good attention in a way, because imagine where I would be classified with this new record if that were not the case. It would go into electronic avant-garde or some such category. And then it would come with a whole set of preconceptions.

High-culture baggage.

Exactly. Which would be stifling. The nice thing about being in the pop category is that there's a feeling of looseness, a kind of democratic response to things.

The disadvantage is being in a category where there is only one given way of listening. Or maybe two; the ballad and the non-ballad. There are very fixed categories of listening attention. It's a funny sort of edge to be on. You want people to be interested, not in an intellectual way, that well-I-ought-to-be-interested-in-this kind of way but in a way where they actually respond with their souls. But you want to say to them at the same time, This isn't like all the other things that you respond to in that way. So it's a tightrope.

A lot of the pieces on the new record seem to be playing with stasis.

I'm glad you said that. As I worked on this record I realised that stasis is a factor of human perception. It doesn't exist. There isn't such a thing as stillness. What happens is that we have a range, a spectrum of movement we see. At one end are things that are just perceptably moving, and at the other end are things moving so fast they approach stillness. Molecular movement is like that.

What happens in a lot of these places is you have two types of stasis rubbing against each other. You have drones, which move so slowly you don't notice the movement. They are actually harmonics of the same note, with the harmonics in constant shift. The other, higher frequency stasis, is like crickets or frogs. The idea was that your initial perception would be of the dark, apparently still underneath and the bright, apparently still air.

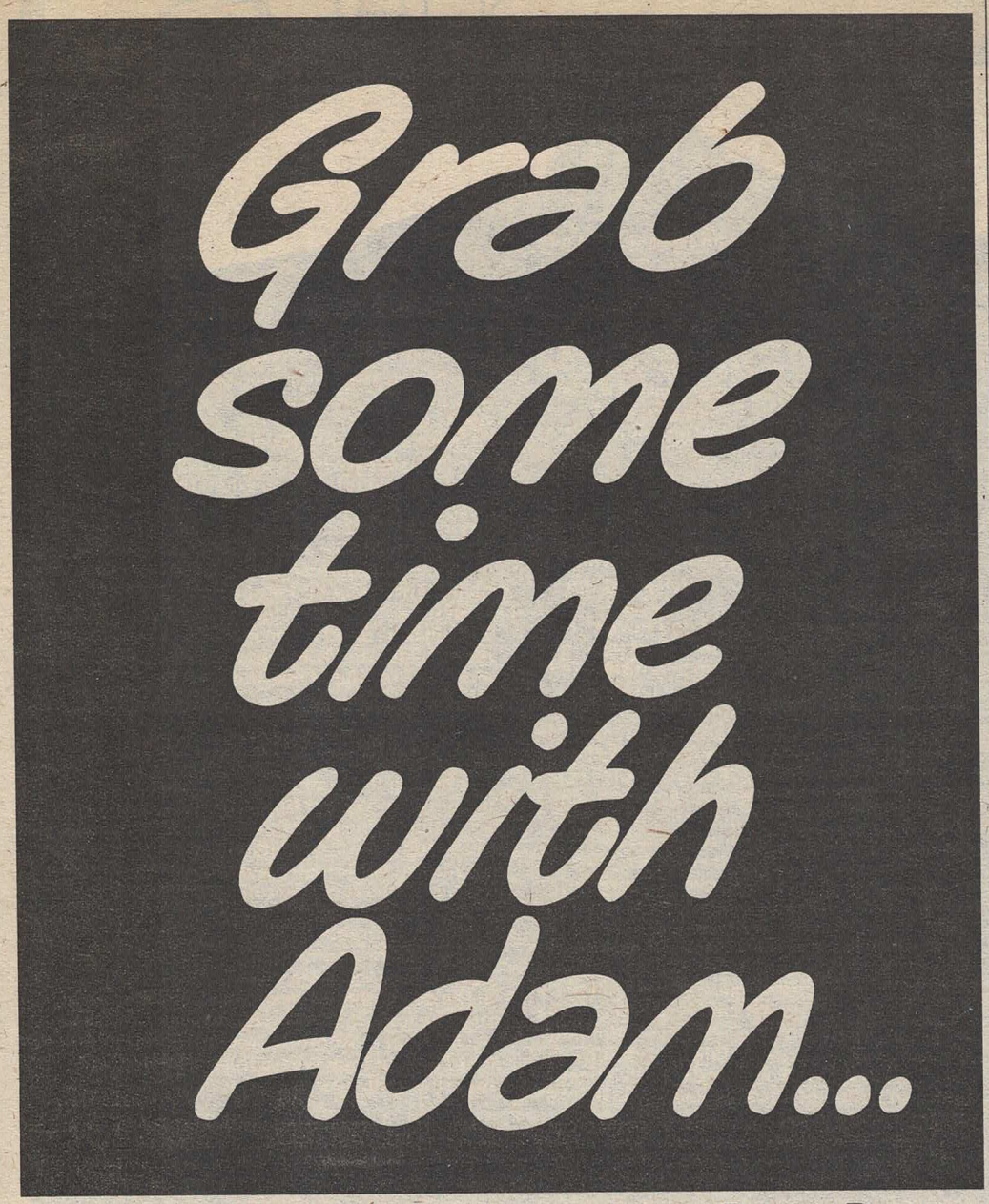
You have to realise that listening is not passive activity. You assume you're doing nothing, because the format is normally a given. Because what you are doing is so well practiced you don't notice it.

Doesn't talking about "ambient" music encourage passive listening?

Yeah well there is a kind of confusion in that term, I agree. When I was talking about ambient I meant it in two ways. In the way you're talking about, or having the potential to be that but not only that. And the other thing I meant was ambient in the sense of surrounding you, in the sense of being all around. The idea of you sitting inside of something.

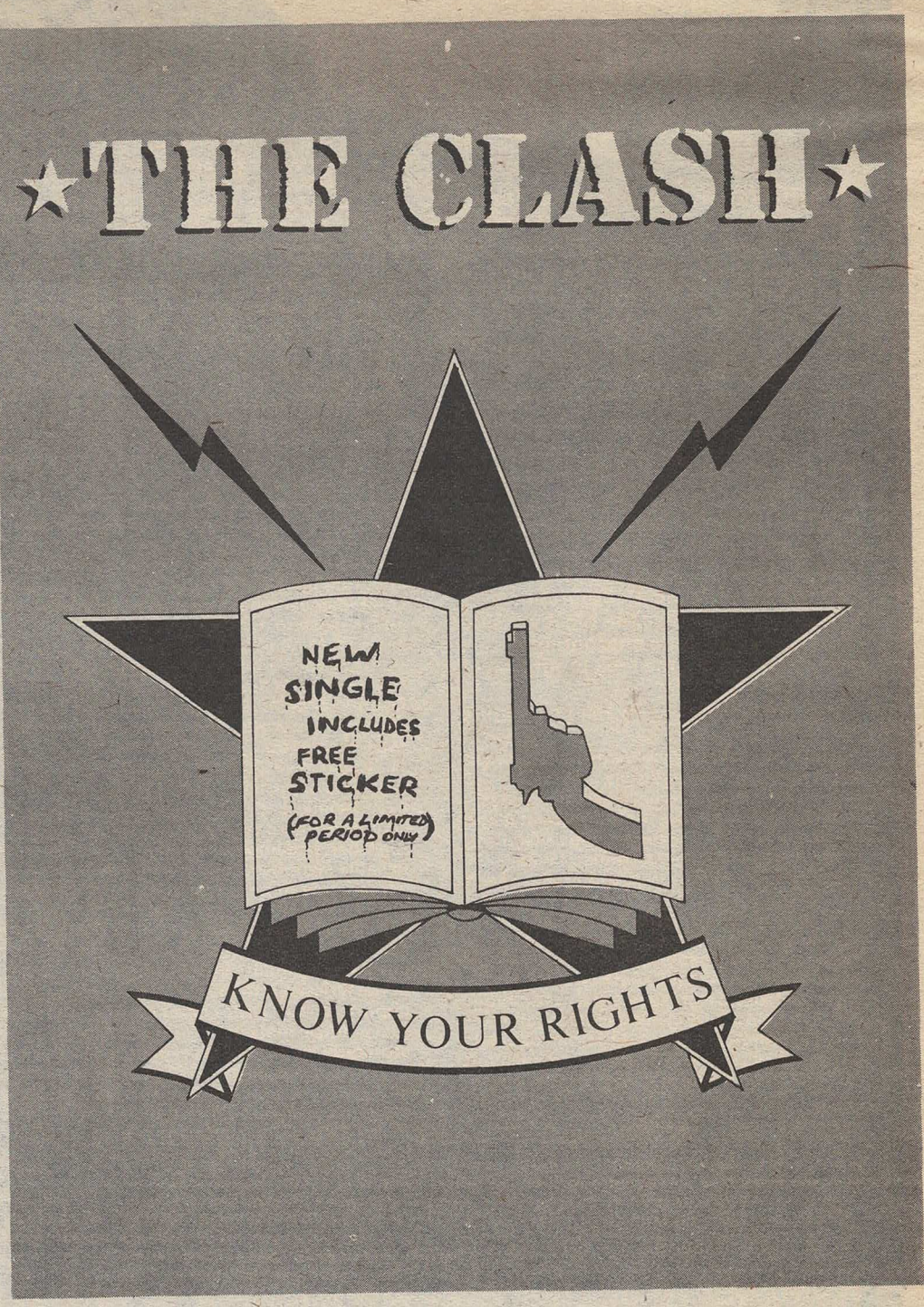
When you're not working, what do you do for fun?

In this town, I go to the Museum of Natural History quite a lot. And I go to the movies. I guess I see about two or three films a week. And I go to galleries, but I don't see much stuff there I like at the moment.



...and the Ants, The Stranglers, Japan, Duran Duran, Linx, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the dark and 8 other top bands.

Levi's



IN THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

"PROSERPINE!"

Desperate isn't in it. This isn't any mere cry from the heart: this *is* the heart itself. Listen!

"Prozzeeeeerpeeeeen!"

Does Proserpine listen? Is Proserpine aware of the awesome responsibility that is to be carried this day, the hopes and dreams that are the phantom companions of the man in the saddle? Does Prosperine even imagine that a small musician with a fake leopardskin cap and a chainstore for a pseudonym has invested money in this equine celebrity's fleetness of foot, intensity of purpose and level of self-discipline?

"PROZZAAAAAPEENN! Caaaaaaaaamon PROZZAAAAPEEEEEENNN!"

Here we are! It's a spring afternoon compounded of roughly equal proportions of sunshine and chill, Ascot is doing middling business and Nicky Tesco's got a fiver riding on Proserpine in the 4.40, which is why he's bellowing his guts out in a frenzied effort to let the animal know that *someone* cares.

It's strictly a forlorn hope job. Proserpine, who'd been hanging in second all the way, comes over a fence and ends up stuck in the middle of the pack from then on. Nicky Tesco spins on his heel and, flanked by Chris Payne and Adrian Lillywhite, heads back to the Members' Bar. At the end of the betting day, Adrian has won 88p and everybody else is down by some small sum or other with the exception of your reporter, who — bewildered by the complexity of the various options available and utterly ignorant of the criteria involved in making sense of what information there was to be gleaned — chucked a quid on some hapless nag called Silent Member, only to reclaim said quid later on when the beast failed to present itself at the starting post.

The three Members present seem wholly appropriate threading their way through a race-track crowd. Only Lillywhite's stubble and sneakers render him distinguishable from the Tweedy Young Men contingent, and Chris Payne's neat blue suit and granite features definitely make him look as if he has — shall we say — an Interest In The Proceedings. While Nicky Tesco . . .

Everything about Nicky Tesco spells out his unique combination of seediness and style. His gait blends swagger and limp — the latter derived from his recurrent bouts of arthritis, though you'd never associate that complaint with the way he moves onstage. His gold mohair suit seems like a holdover from Mod, the pointy buckled boots and spiked belt are evidence of a passage through punk. The oversized leopard-print cap, pulled jauntily over to one side, is pimpmobile soul flash, the sort of thing that someone from Kool And The Gang would have worn at the front end of the '70s.

Under the hat, Tesco's eyes are everywhere: they are warm, witty, alert and just a little bit suspicious, the eyes of someone always checking something out. Of course he fits in at the racetrack! Tesco is a good-natured spiv, and once again he's about to pull something off . . .

Charles Shaar Murray puts his shirt on The Members getting back into the running. Photos by Peter Anderson

UP AT ISLAND Records, they're very glad to see The Members walk in. Tesco saunters in to where J.C. — that's Jean-Marie Carroll, rhythm guitarist, co-writer and conceptualist — is already waiting, and the pair are presented with the promotional devices that accompany their new single 'Radio': surprisingly enough, these consist of a radio in the shape of the word radio.

The single is on Martin Rushent's Genetic label — the bearded rustic's first signing since Peter Shelley — and produced by that worthy as a chunk of fine, clamourous rhythmical noise. The song (written by the band's lead guitarist Nigel Bennett) is certainly never going to be the subject of any particularly lengthy or convoluted theses, but it's a programmer's delight and that never hurts.

The airwaves say that The Members are back, and the airways don't lie.

Of course, The Members have never been away. Really! Throughout hassles and votes of no confidence that would've washed most bands up and left them for dead, Tesco and J.C. have hung right in there, developing their music and hustling every which way for the continued expansion of the band. They responded to their separation from their label — Virgin — and their management — Robin Eggar and Buzz Carter — by moving up from a five-piece guitar band to a seven-piece featuring two saxophonists, and by growing musically from the reggaefied punk singalongs of their 'Sound Of The Suburbs' and 'Solitary Confinement' period to a tense, jumping rock-funk.

"The buck stops with me and Nick," J.C. explains.

This one-time pioneer of the non-sexist haircut now resembles the kind of cat who might have sold reefers to Jack Kerouac in 1949: he's got the pomp, he's got the goatee, he's got the sideboards carefully shaved into capital L's. This man is solid *gone*.

"We write the songs and we've got the publishing, and the songs have made enough for us to have bought a flat or a house each, if that was what we'd wanted, but we've ploughed almost every penny straight back into the band. Sometimes we've had to do odd jobs and all sorts of things, but we always managed to pay the sax players £50 a week."

Between mid-'80, when The Members were dumped by Virgin after the semi-bomb of their second album '1980 — The Choice Is Yours' and the present day, when we find them backed up by the combined muscle of The Stranglers' management, Rushent's production and Island's promotion, The Members were singularly inactive vinylwise. Their only release was one single on Albion Records and 'Working Girl', the song in question, met with a mixed reception, including a somewhat scathing review in these very pages from my good friend Vivien Goldman.

"WORKING GIRL" is one of only three songs in The Members' current set that were available on record prior to the release of their current single. 'Solitary Confinement' still goes down a storm, as does 'Offshore Banking Business' (Tesco notes with interest that 'House On Fire', the current Boomtown Rats single, is not the least bit dissimilar to J.C.'s '79 essay on corporate tax-dodging), but when The Members relaunched, they were more than a trifle concerned about how their repertoire would be received by the motley crew of punks, skins, mods and rockers that constitutes their audience.

They needn't have worried. The first time they tried it out, the punks and skins commenced to groove, and since they played a string of Venue gigs commencing last summer, a healthy contingent of funk fans have swelled the ranks.

In the age-old rockist manner, they've spent the last couple of (ostensibly) lean years gigging like maniacs in Europe, Australia, New Zealand and the States. Any Members record will sell 25,000 copies in the 'States, *easy*. Likewise elsewhere.

Their business is emphatically taken care of, as well. Tesco and J.C., like the pair of sharpies that they are, had taken the unprecedented step of tracking down every single penny that was owed them in order to keep the band going.

"That took a lot of detective work," announces J.C., tapping his nose with one finger. *"A lot."*

Like, for example, the cheques that Virgin Publishing could prove that they'd issued to Nick and J.C., cheques for a grand apiece which had never reached their intended destinations but which had nevertheless been cashed . . . where'd *that* money gone?

The answer tells you an awful lot about what happens to bands who don't keep their eyes open, but it's a bit convoluted to appear here.

AS THE VIDEO for the current single demonstrates, The Members' constituency and target audience is completely non-sectarian. Set against a variety of Ladbroke Grove backgrounds, the band are shown in the company of bikers, dreads, punks, skins, the odd hippy and just about anybody else who fits into the pattern of modern youth culture. This isn't just pretension: the same crew can be found ratcheting across the dance floor at any of their gigs.

The Members have held together and come out the other end for one simple reason: they like each other and they like playing music together. Right now, they've got an international audience, solid management, a hustling record company and the country's hottest producer in their corner.

As Adrian Lillywhite puts it, "If The Members don't crack it now, it's nobody's fault but ours."

Tesco — naturally enough — is delighted.

He's not a whiner or a quitter, Tesco, he believes in the art of the upful: he has no time for Serious Men like Paul Weller ("He's a loser no matter how successful The Jam are; he's a miserable fucking wally") despite his own keen interest in current national and international affairs. He did four years of politics at Liverpool University and he's still smiling, so there!

So hey, Nick — if The Members don't crack it even after all this time and effort, are you going to feel bitter?

"Nah, 'course not. I'm just cocky enough to believe that I'm gonna make it whether the band does or not."

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Director Petersen guides his submarine by remote control: "Wolfgang, the boat is sinking!" "Ja — but what is it sinking about?"

DasBoot was made for Balkans

— und zer Englisher swine like it, too

Neil Norman talks to Wolfgang Petersen, maker of the most successful film in Germany's history

WORLD WAR II movies are something of a rarity these days. Submarine combat movies are rarer still and, until *The Boat*, the number of German WWII U-boat movies could be counted on the fingers of one foot.

Apart from Bernhard Wicki's *The Bridge* (1959) and Schlondorff's *The Tin Drum* — neither of which are war films in the strictest sense, though set in the period — Wolfgang Petersen's movie about the crew of the U 96 is the first German film to depict Germans in action during the war.

A humanist treatment of men in combat, it is also the biggest budgeted German film to date, costing around 25 million marks ($13 million), financed by Bavaria Studios in the hope of a world market. Domestic success wouldn't have begun to recoup the investment and despite the lack of any star names *The Boat* has achieved critical and public acclain in Europe and America. Only in Germany has it raised any real media controversy.

"The liberal Left side say that it's too dangerous — it should have been more anti-war," claims Petersen. "It should have been much more involved with discussion of our guilt in the war and the Nazi background. This has to do with our special situation in Germany . . . with our guilt complex.

"The other side don't like it that it's so dirty and that they lose — because it's a film about losers, not winners. But we knew before we made the film that this would happen, especially in Germany."

BEFORE PETERSEN was given the job of filming Lothar-Gunther Buchheim's semi-autobiographical novel there had been several previous attempts to put *The Boat* on screen. Both Paul Newman and Robert Redford had been brushing up their German accents for John Sturges and Don Siegel respectively before the new German cinema achieved international viability with *The Tin Drum* and *Maria Braun*.

"It happened that the Americans made a terrible mistake. I read the scripts later and they had made out of this great book the typical American submarine war movie including all the cliches of ugly German killers and monsters. They also put in some nice flashbacks about the Commander with his love affair and all this conventional Hollywood stuff . . ."

Buchheim withdrew his novel and bided his time till Bavaria Studios decided to make it a home product, although he is unhappy with the resulting film.

Petersen, however, has plenty to smile about. A former television director, he has been catapulted, via *The Boat's* success, from a predominantly festival filmmaker (*The Consequence* and *Black And White As Days And Nights* are his most recent efforts) into the front line of commercial talent.

The importance of the film meant careful research and having no experience of war (he's 41) he decided to pursue an unorthodox pattern of filming. *The Boat* was shot in chronological sequence, unheard of these days, and his actors, many of whom are non-professionals, were signed on an exclusive contract for a year.

Possibly the most unusual aspect of the film was that Petersen shot it in a reconstructed U-boat set (the plans for which, ironically, were dug up in the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry) without the benefit of a removable wall to facilitate movement and filming.

As it was filmed entirely with a hand held camera the cinematographer had to devise a portable stabilisation unit to prevent wobble and was throughout garbed in protective clothing to prevent bruising of shins, breaking of pinkies, etc.

Although the film is a fairly straightforward account of submarine warfare, these details do heighten the awareness of what life must have been like for submariners: "It has nothing to do with all these heroic dreams and a life of adventure and all the shit they told people at the time through propaganda. It's a very dreadful, awful life to be in a submarine."

BUCHHEIM EVENTUALLY disassociated himself from the film for a variety of reasons. He was suspicious of 'kids' making an authentic statement about the war — although when Petersen showed the film to four members of the original U 96 crew they were, he claims, astonished by its accuracy. Buchheim has also written a book about the filming of *The Boat*, so any additional publicity he can garner would doubtless help sales in that direction.

"Not only that but he wrote his own script. It was awful. No chance to make a film out of that. The book is brilliant but the screenplay was terrible and so he was not too happy about that. All these things came together, you know? But . . ." he adds with a mischievous grin, "he has a percentage of the film so maybe he's quite happy right now."

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Silver Screen

Circle Of Deceit

Directed by Volker Schlondorff
Starring Bruno Ganz, Hannah Schygulla and Jerzy Skolimowski (UIP)

THE JOURNALIST Laschen finds deceit everywhere he turns: in the civility of the sectarian leaders he meets in war-ruptured Lebanon, in the whispers of the widowed lover he is reacquainted with in Beirut, in the reflection in his bathroom mirror. *Circle Of Deceit* depicts Laschen's stoic absorption of an avalanche of lies and violence — a hard man whose compensating tenderness is bled almost dry.

Or so Volker Schlondorff's essentially romantic war picture would have us believe. At the very beginning there is a disclaimer as to the film's 'documentary' status: the director insists that this is fiction, that we are to view it as an examination of a man standing up to a cycle of treacheries; but Schlondorff's own approach comes so close to elaborately stylised trust-seeking that the boundaries of reportage and

Up against it: Bruno Ganz

symbolism puddle together.

The film is, in fact, drawn from a novel — but one written by a German writer and based mostly on his own Lebanon experiences. Laschen leaves a strained marriage at home and is determined to discover a reality that transcends the glib precis of war offered by his colleagues. All he finds instead is a confusion where atrocities compete and there is no higher truth to be found.

In a sense, the central riddle of *Circle Of Deceit* is divorced from the film proper. Does Schlondorff seriously contend that his Lebanon is an appropriate theatre for a realistic study of the limitations of journalism? Or is it a deliberate simplification of the hopeless morass of politico-social issues that lie behind the fighting, a 'traditional' war setting for a character study to play off? In either case he strolls all too casually through a minefield of difficulties.

That doesn't mean the film misses out altogether. The director of *The Tin Drum*, whose baleful catalogue of grotesqueries struck so many eerie chords in the memory, uses his Beirut locations for images of disquieting resonance: rain soaking down dust in a precinct of shattered hotels, the journalist caught up in a babbling horde running for shelter in a cellar or flicking through snapshots of a family Christmas celebration while the bodies of the participants lie strewn before him.

Problematically, it is the way that Schlondorff becomes bewitched with these incidental cruelties and the mythic grandeur of the devastated city that undoes his intent. Inserting facile one-liners like "In Beirut, nobody is safe standing still" and allowing Bruno Ganz (actually very good as Laschen) to cast bloodhound eyes at a solitary child clutching a doll adds a suspect velvet lining to the story that forges the 'reality beyond facts' in a cast that is itself romantically untrue.

This is a battlefield where political and religious motives — all proffered to Laschen in varying states of earnestness by the natives — have been overridden by personal aggrandisement. In choosing it as a background for an investigation of a man's journalistic licence, Schlondorff has plunged into contradictions too difficult to hold inside a two-hour film.

It closes, as it began, with rain on a car windscreen: the deceit comes full circle. Despite its possession of a latent power, it is a circle the picture cannot seem to break out of. Maybe that's the point.

Richard Cook

Maeve

Directed by John Davies and Pat Murphy
Starring Mary Jackson, Mark Mulholland, Brid Brennan and Trudy Kelly (BFI)

MAEVE RETURNS from London to her republican Belfast home flogging a textbook tutored concept of 'feminism' and remembering injustices from her past.

A series of flashbacks show both republican and loyalist intimidation, British Army 'prostitute checks' (sic) and repressive lores and religion. But Maeve's linguistics and concepts never come within a country mile of the reality they are trying to comprehend.

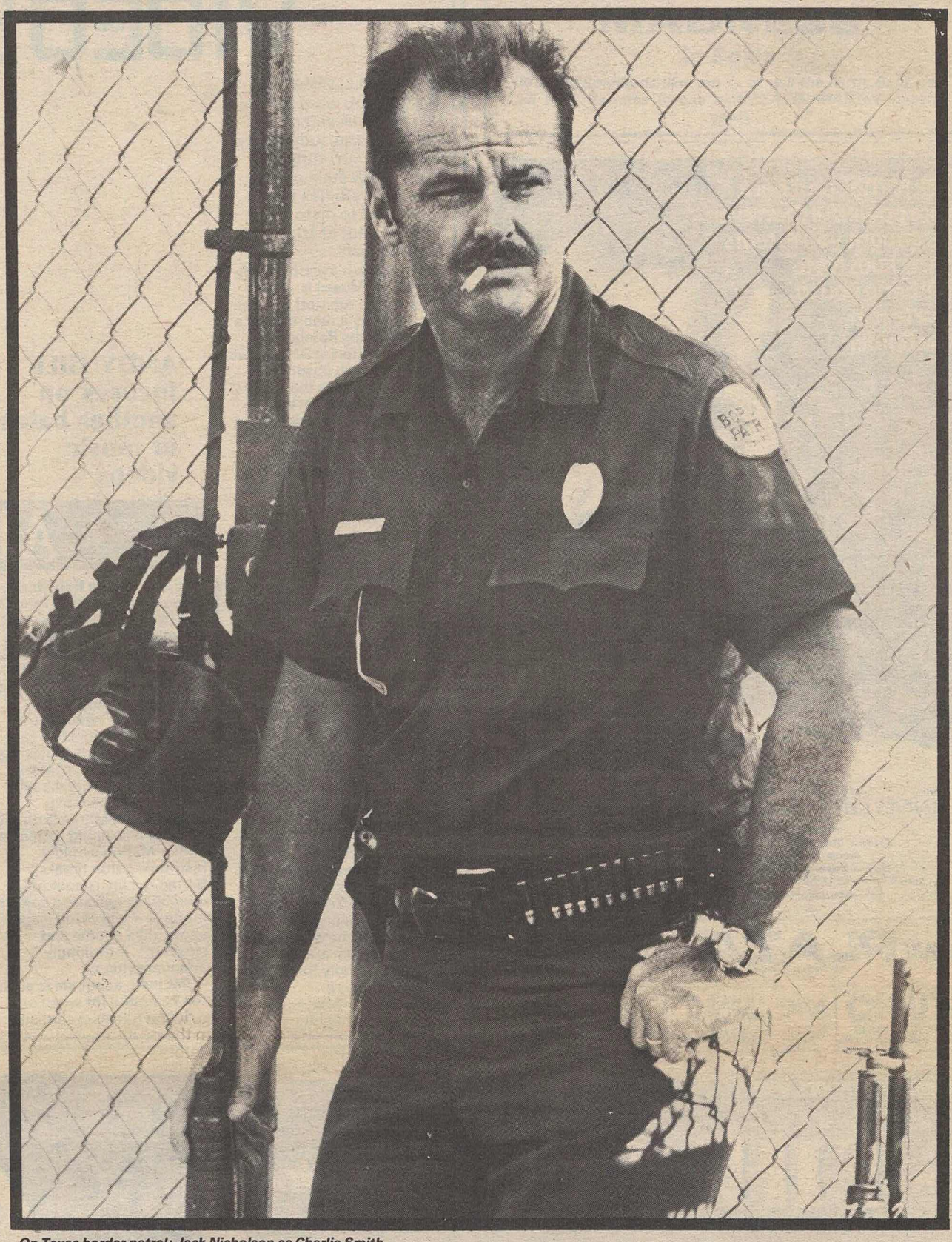
"Ach, it's hard enough finding someone to sleep with round here, never mind getting pregnant," says her younger sister in reply to one typically high-handed rhetorical outburst, thus providing us with the best line in the film before it once again slips into suffocating inscrutability.

Maeve doesn't really deal with Northern Ireland. It doesn't terrify, cajole or entertain like the two recent television plays about Ulster, *Too Late To Talk To Billy*, and *Nailed*. The ingrained humour and resolve that marked those excellent plays is forsaken for mealy-mouthed philosophy and lumpy polemic (the script is appallingly prententious, particularly when Maeve starts casting her idealistic tablets from the mount).

On the map: blue nun

In one scene, the boyfriend goes to London and finds Maeve in solitary confusion. He attempts to goad her into coming back home; she seethes against her would-be conscience and rises to a would-be climax. "I have the right not to know what I think," she blurts. And that's about as profound as it gets.

Gavin Martin



On Texas border patrol: Jack Nicholson as Charlie Smith

PAUNCH AND PREJUDICE

The Border

Directed by Tony Richardson
Starring Jack Nicholson, Warren Oates and Harvey Keitel (UIP)

THE LATEST Jack Nicholson is par for our coarse favourite — a surly, suffocated saviour amongst frauds, someone on whose broad shoulders all our humanistic hopes are riding. Charlie Smith — an archetype who obviously got the short straw in namechecks — wants out of his job, to jab his boot heel through what's mercenary and connect with a conscientuous action he's always been headed for.

He's a good guy, bordering on sour saint.

Spurred on by wife Marcy (an utterly vacuous doll, played rather too convincingly by Valerie Perrine) he switches jobs, and they leave behind California's orange juice sunshine for a plot yards away from the Mexico/USA border. Marcy's friend Savannah already lives in El Paso with husband Cat (Harvey Keitel) — the two men share a job as border guards, the two couples share a hideous duplex dream home and an equally plastic social circle.

Charlie's simmering revulsion for Marcy and their range of useless household extravagance edges skyward. He also settles uneasily into the pay role of his work, despite chummy help and hints from Cat; the man isn't about to become his job.

Whilst still fathoming the widescale corruption running through their official business (supposedly the prevention of illegal — "wetback" — immigration into the Yankee promised land) the bemused Smith comes over all Samaritan, sighting a beautiful young one-parent mother over the divide. Her gaze sparks against his higher intentions. She has to be saved, it's that simple.

Alienated from his own bloated culture into this Madonna image (rather than her culture) all his subsequent actions are determined by its — asexual — hold over him.

Tony Richardson classified *The Border* a "personal story set against an epic background," and where the film goes astray is not with the hero's predictable choice of comely angel over wider social salvation, but in the fact that neither epic nor personal half squares up to much.

It's an uneasy and unremarkable treatment of traumas the American cinema got out of — and got a lot out of — in the last two decades. There's something very muddled and dated about *The Border*, and precious little resonance in either its course or conclusion. The recurrent domestic scenes of tacky American materialism — Marcy's glassy wide-eyed incomprehension — belong back in the '60s, where they were done to death, more sharply.

The spivs and double-dealing guards are all scurvy enough — sweaty underarm gulf, contemptuous swagger — but no one seems to have too much room to manoeuvre with their character. Harvey Keitel's gimlet eyes imply an intelligent evil beyond Cat's reach, while Warren Oates — in his final film — steps slowly and surely through an untaxing role, playing himself halfway to parody.

Richardson's set pieces flounder, too. The opening disaster scene, for instance, promises a scale of things the rest of the film isn't about to engineer.

Otherwise, it's Nicholson who keeps you watching and it's a pity *The Border* is so ropey, because he's dropped the widescreen grins of his wideboy repertoire and plays it all off against little touches. His paunch and slouching walk suggest more about Smith's pained past of drudgery than the script can deliver — here's one avenger who gets his hand stuck in a car door.

The highlight for me came in the middle of a happy party scuffle: the repulsed Smith sends a sizzling barbecue table swimming into the sanitised backyard pool with a guttural two word epitaph — "Soup's on."

Richardson obviously aims to end *The Border* with a sunbeam, where Ivan Passer up ended *Cutter's Way* (a film that bears close comparison) in a black hole. It is not that *The Border* fails to get its multiplication right and politicise the malaise; trying too hard to induce mythic value out of a potentially revealing study in helplessness gets the actual *story* nowhere.

Crossing a border isn't simply a question of physical migration, a spoor of footprints or tyre tracks left behind; it's also the evacuation of routine securities, so that all your usual contracts mean little or less than that.

Nicholson's underplayed John Doe convinces us of this grey confusion, Richardson's unsteady hand doesn't.

Ian Penman

Next week in NME

MADNESS

in Spain

Will the Spaniards like 'em — or will the Nutty Boys put all their Basques in one exit? GAVIN MARTIN investigates

Jack Nicholson is back more powerful than ever. He brought you to tears in "Cuckoo's Nest." He'll bring you to your feet in "The Border."
JACK NICHOLSON IN
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Starring An EFER Production A TONY RICHARDSON Film "THE BORDER"
HARVEY KEITEL VALERIE PERRINE WARREN OATES
Introducing ELPIDIA CARRILLO
Written by DERIC WASHBURN and WALON GREEN and DAVID FREEMAN
Director of Photography RIC WAITE Music by RY COODER
Executive Producer NEIL HARTLEY Produced by EDGAR BRONFMAN, JR.
Directed by TONY RICHARDSON PANAVISION Original soundtrack on MCA Records and Tapes.
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VIDEO SYNCRASY

ANDY GILL focuses on another batch of music videos

Strummer and rude boy Ray Gange wax philosophical

WELL, WHAT do you want from a rock video? Precious little, judging by the wares currently on offer. A few stale promo clips from singles long consigned to history, another shot of false gods "in the flesh". . .

Iron Maiden's eponymous video (EMI Music) is — oh, imagination run riot! — a live affair, simply a recording of a 1980 gig at the Rainbow. Mercifully short at 30 minutes, it's replete with absent surprises, such as the astonishing fact that these drear HM galoots use about a million bucketfull's of dry ice. Amazing, eh? The least edifying use of video for the least edifying form of music. Appropriate, I suppose.

Even shorter, one would imagine, is **The Essential Mike Oldfield.** (Virgin). About ten minutes at the most, I figured, but Oldfield — never one to make a single when a double album would suffice — stretches things out to an absurd 70 minutes. Another live one, recorded at Knebworth with a cast of thousands (the audience was quite sizeable too), this features Oldfield and Co. riffing away madly at a funked-up 'Tubular Bells', 'Ommadawn' and 'Guilty', with the added "attraction" of introductions by the boy hisself at home and title credits featuring Ian Emes' animated Escher engravings. Truly far out stuff, but recorded on a German BASF tape, which means it rattles noisily on fast forward and rewind — which are, quite honestly, the only functions worth employing.

Just as worthless — unless you have a genre interest to declare — is the **Bob Marley** video (Thorn EMI) 60 minutes live before the world's most complacent audience at the Santa Barbara County Bowl (a kind of game played on the West Coast of America). The phrase "low-key performance" would be an understatement in this case, most of the songs achieving a state just this side of stasis (small wonder that the bits which glean the most applause are Marley's quaint hopskip'n'jumping dance and Junior Marvin's mildly histrionic guitar breaks). Sound quality is poor to fair, direction is typical 'in concert' mode — a mix of full stage shots, slow zooms and close-ups. A thrillingly *adequate* video.

But then, adequate is all that can be hoped for when one medium transfers clumsily into another without even the bare bones of an attempt to come to terms with the different sets of technical requirements and (more importantly) aesthetic possibilities.

THE TUBES and Devo both place great importance on their visual presentation, so it's no surprise that they're among the first — and, it must be said, the best — video rockers.

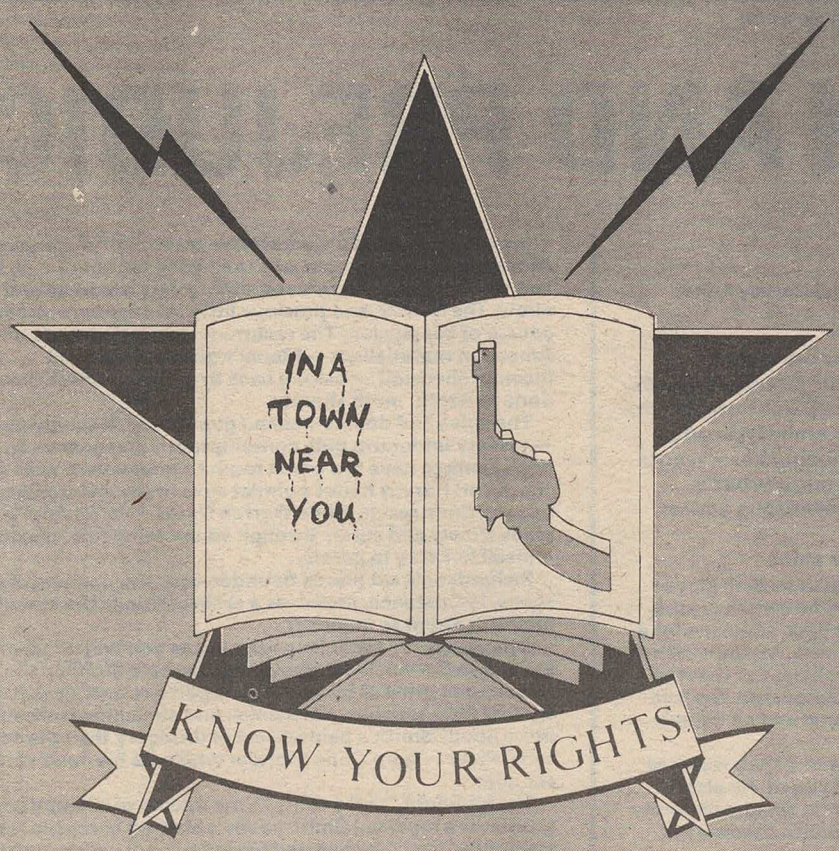
With **The Tubes Video** (EMI Music) and Devo's **The Men Who Make The Music** (Virgin) there's at least an attempt to use the medium for more than merely concert footage, and to link the separate song scenarios into a unified whole, a complete programme with a single aim.

The Tubes' offering clocking in at 53 minutes, is based on their 'Completion Backward Principle' album, a conceptual affair about the use of imagination, in which the disparate scenes are linked by *Open University*-style voice-overs. The actual content of the pieces is largely satiric (as is to be expected), occasionally rude and/or erotic, without exception well staged and choreographed, but for the most part far too literal to allow interpretation on the punter's part — which in view of their apparent didactic intentions regarding the use of imagination, seems rather strange.

Ultimately, there's too great a reliance on straightforward narrative format, too few oblique shifts of emphasis. Videos, like films, are only really worth watching more than once if there's something new to see each time. Oh, and

ARE WE NOT MEN?

★THE CLASH★



APRIL			
27	Inverness Ice Rink	9	Hanley Victoria Hall
28	Edinburgh Playhouse	10	Leeds University
29	Edinburgh Playhouse	11	Bradford St.. Georges Hall
		13	Stoke Manderville Stadium
MAY		14	Poole Arts Centre
		15	Portsmouth Guildhall
1	Irving Magnum Leisure Centre	17	Bristol Locarno
3	Leicester De Montfort Hall	18	Bristol Locarno
5	Newcastle City Hall	19	Brighton Centre
6	Newcastle City Hall	22	London Brixton Fair Deal
8	Birmingham Bingley Hall	23	London Brixton Fair Deal

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WHILE STOCKS LAST.

Devo wax works

WE ARE DEVO V-I-DE-O

the piecemeal inclusion of 'White Punks On Dope' after the final credits seems a little pointless; a businessman's idea, I'd imagine.

Devo's 55-minute potpourri of promo videos, live footage and explanatory (obscuratory?) links by General Boy (Mark's dad), all cemented together by a storyline of record-biz corruption, is definitely *not* the video they're capable of making, but still pisses all over the other tapes on offer here. On the debit side, it's far too ad hoc an assemblage — a clearing-out of old material like 'Jocko Homo', 'Satisfaction' and 'Come Back Jonee', rather than a full-blooded assault on the medium. Nonetheless, it's packed with wit and humour, *interesting* music and thought-provoking visual attacks; it entertains, in short. Face it, even the most average Devo live performance (if there is such a thing) is umpteen times as interesting as the most garish technoflash excesses Iron Maiden could dream up. . .

THOUGH RELEASED (on film) in 1980, The Clash's **Rude Boy** (Videospace) is more a time-capusle of '70s attitudes/mores which already has a nostalgic tinge to it.

As a predictive project, it fails to anticipate the subtler ironies of even the first 2½ years of this decade. There's a deep, resonant irony in its appearance on video, for instance: the social climate it portrays (and the audience it plays to) is wildly incongruent with the new leisure technology it utilises.

What you get is plenty so-so live footage of The Clash interspersed with documentary social realism and straight narrative dealing with the trials and tribulations of Ray Gange, one of the least prepossessing lunch-outs you could hope to encounter. Gange is the archetypal hopeless hanger-on, the one who drowns in egocentric nihilism whilst all around him gain strength through overcoming hardship. Or maybe I've got it wrong: "No one knows what the Rude Boy knows," trumpets the sleeve, as if he were party to some secret knowledge we lesser mortals have missed out on.

The truth, of course, is that no one knows what he knows because he's an inarticulate blob and quite content to remain that way. Sullen resignation is his way, not channelled rage. The result is mighty depressing viewing.

As a demonstration of the counter-productive pointlessness of nihilism, *Rude Boy* works quite well, and it does manage to capture the sheer robotic dreariness of life "on the road" — although at 127 minutes, that's an eternity of hotel rooms. Ultimately, though, its existence as a video is on exactly the same level as Iron Maiden's, as take-away live footage for the fans. The parts which I fast-scanned over will be the parts they (you?) fast-scan *to*.

VIDEO TOP 20

1	(4)	**Adam & The Ants**	Home Video Productions
2	(1)	**Siouxsie & The Banshees**	Spectrum
3	(2)	**Olivia Newton-John — Physical**	EMI
4	(3)	**Abba Music Show Vol II**	Intervision
5	(6)	**Deep Purple — Rock Flashback**	BBC/3M
6	(5)	**The Best Of Blondie**	Chrysalis
7	(7)	**Pink Floyd Live At Pompeii**	Spectrum
8	(8)	**Bob Marley & The Wailers**	EMI
9	(10)	**Abba Music Show Vol 1**	Intervision
10	(9)	**Queen — Greatest Flix**	EMI
11	(12)	**Videostars**	EMI
12	(11)	**Elvis — Comeback Special**	Mountain Video
13	(16)	**The Who — The Kids Are Alright**	Spectrum
14	(13)	**Elvis — King Of Rock 'n' Roll**	World of Video 2000
15	(17)	**E.L.O. — Live In Concert**	VCL
16	(14)	**James Last Live In London**	Spectrum
17	(18)	**Iron Maiden**	EMI
18	(—)	**Toni Basil — Word Of Mouth**	Radial Choice
19	(15)	**Jethro Tull — Slipstream**	Chrysalis
20	(20)	**Paul McCartney & Wings Rockshow**	EMI

Chart courtesy HMV

Next week in NME

MADNESS

in Spain

Will the Spaniards like 'em — or will the Nutty Boys put all their Basques in one exit? GAVIN MARTIN investigates

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THE SECRET LIFE OF THE ASSOCIATES

Adrian Thrills uncovers the inner thoughts of two "uncompromising maniacs". Photos: Anton Corbijn

ON A STRETCH of lush greenery in the heart of Edinburgh, a couple of men in white shirts and dark trousers are enjoying a spot of judicious exercise.

Taking great care not to exert themselves unduly, the pair gently tease and amuse a brace of whippet puppies, cutting a faintly ridiculous spectacle in the shadow of the haughty splendour of the city's castle high behind them.

The two men are Billy Mackenzie and Alan Rankine, singer and chief instrumentalist respectively in The Associates. The two dogs are Thor and Tonto, Billy's new pets and an excuse for him to devote a larger chunk of his daily routine to an outdoor life.

As we amble through St Cuthbert's Burial Ground in a blaze of spring sunshine, Billy warns his dogs not to go picking at any loose bones they might find under the marble headstones, while Alan wryly surveys the shoppers up on nearby Princes Street.

Mackenzie — who sings soul with a scope and grandeur that shames most of his contemporaries — is dressed impeccably in a navy mohair suit, the jacket draped casually over one shoulder and the trousers tapered to the knee to resemble a pair of jodhpurs. His unruly black hair flops over his craggy Celtic features, but there's a fire in his deep brown eyes, a sparkle that seems to gently ridicule everyone around him. His manner is casual to the point of being almost offhand, cleverly concealing an aura of quiet confidence.

This suave assurance is shared by Alan Rankine. The Associates' guitarist is younger — 23 to Mackenzie's 25 — and generally a little more prosaic, although this could be down to the hangover he is still nursing from the previous night. His face is dark and swarthy, his Latin looks accentuated by an open-necked shirt and a couple of days' growth on his face.

After spending most of last year based in London, the pair have now drifted back to Scotland; Billy back to his native Dundee and Alan to Linlithgow, a small town between Edinburgh and Glasgow. Despite Alan's hangover, they claim the move away from the capital means they lead a healthier, less hedonistic lifestyle — one which allows them to concentrate more on their work.

Billy: "The better shape I'm in physically, the better I feel I am musically. I've got to be dead straight to give my best. I don't need any drugs to influence my thoughts and I don't drink much these days. If I do, I just go off my head and get upset, start crying, walk about the house and start kicking things. It's basically down to the fact that I can't stand hangovers . . . the pain of feeling someone sticking sand in your eyes.

"As I've said before, I relate music and emotion to athleticism. Athleticism is really important. The cover of our first LP 'The Affectionate Punch' was a way of saying that, with the two of us hunched together at the start of a running track.

"That's one of the reasons I've got these two wee dogs. When I was living in London I was just drinking myself silly to try and relieve the boredom and ended up feeling rotten all the time. That's why I've moved back up to Scotland and started to exercise myself. I just hate feeling under the weather.

"Actually, sometimes I get this horrible feeling that I'm growing up. My voice is starting to lower and I'm starting to act more like an adult to people like this wee niece of mine. I keep her away from the puppies and little things like that. I'm getting a bit worried about myself."

THE ASSOCIATES are not a group to stick to the simple formulae beloved of the major record labels. As a legion of other bands theorised about subverting the numbing cycles of the music business while slipping languidly onto rock's eternal treadmill of albums and tours, The Associates let their actions speak louder than their words.

Last year the band released seven singles, most of them on the London independent Situation 2, a subsidiary of Beggar's Banquet. They refused to make an album or play live.

It was an oblique strategy but one which brought its dividends when — after signing to Warner Brothers at the end of last year — their stately single 'Party Fears Two' brought them the wider chart success that their persistence deserved.

Five of those seven singles — 'Tell Me Easter's On Friday', 'Q Quarters', 'Kitchen Person', 'Message Oblique Speech' and 'White Car In Germany' — are now available, with various B-sides, on a Situation 2 German import album 'Fourth Drawer Down'.

As a document of the quizzical, haunting pop music created last year by Mackenzie and Rankine, the LP is an essential compilation. It would have been even stronger if their other two '81 singles, 'Kites' and 'Bounceback', were also included. That, of course, would have been too simple and straightforward for The Associates: they release their records with a wonderfully spasmodic irregularity and the two remaining singles in fact surfaced on different labels, 'Kites', a cover of the Simon Dupree standard, under the guise of 39 Lyon Street on RSO and 'Bounceback' on Polydor.

Billy: "We just put a load of singles out for a laugh. We sometimes do all these daft things just for the sake of it, just to try out different approaches. The good thing is that we never have anyone on our backs, no record company to bother us. Even Warners leave us pretty much alone. They know we've got a lot of good pop songs, so they just leave us pretty much to our own devices and on a good day we let them hear what we've done.

"We've never really got on with anyone in the music *business*. I've yet to come across anyone in an influential position in a record company who has any idea. Basically they're all just stupid and their ideas are rotten, just completely tasteless. Just look at the work that they do! All those disgusting records and horrible artworks. Most of it is just horrendous.

"Basically, there was no one that we could trust, no one that we could put our faith in, so we just had to stop working their way. We had to just stop and put our faith in our wee selves."

Before moving to Situation 2, The Associates had been signed to Chris Parry's Polydor-affiliated Fiction label, but found the set-up too limited for their expansive aims. The flexibility they enjoyed on an independent label allowed them to nurture and refine their telling talents, so that they are now much better equipped, both musically and mentally, to handle the massive pop success that will surely come their way in the coming months.

So does signing to Warner Brothers signify a move towards a more populist, mainstream approach — a coming in off a limb?

Billy: "I think it's quite a natural way to go. Doing all those singles last year has given us the confidence, the ability to talk back to people and get our own way, even with someone like Warner Brothers. I suppose we are getting more mainstream musically, but not in a whacky way. Our next single 'Club Country' is still a real cross-polination of ideas. It's quite filmatic. I think quite a lot of our songs are quite filmatic, but with more of a steady dance beat and more of a storyline to them."

Would they consider using a 'name' producer — a Rushent or Horn — to sharpen further the sound? Their five Situation 2 singles were all self-produced, with the help of engineer Mike Hedges, but better production facilities are surely now also available to them.

Alan: "To tell you the truth, I think if we went for a Trevor Horn production, people would get fed up with seeing us in the charts. I know that we have the songs to achieve that sort of success. It probably will happen that we have a few more hit this year, but I wouldn't want it to happen too quickly. I don't want to slag off people like ABC, but it does seem that they are doing everything too quickly."

BILLY MACKENZIE has been singing for as long as he can remember — since about the age of four — entertaining aunties and uncles and ladies across the street with that dulcet, dignified voice. His childhood days were hard but happy; his home was on the Catholic side of Dundee, and his family is half-Scottish and half-Irish with a shot of gypsy blood.

Billy: "We always used to be very open about things in our family. I was always allowed to do what I wanted. I had all the freedom in the world from the age of five onwards. I'd get up to all these terrible things and never get touched for it. Then I might nick a biscuit or something and I'd get done in!

"I always knew that I could sing. I used to be in school choirs and everything and I got in the cub scouts when I was a wee boy just because I could sing 'The Sound Of Music' for their annual musical. On the Irish side of my family, the musical tradition has always been really strong, just as dancing always is, and I just absorbed it all up."

After leaving school at 15 and biding his time as an apprentice electrician, Mackenzie worked selling whiskey in a London Scotch House and travelled to America and New Zealand, before returning to Dundee to open his own second-hand clothes shop, an enterprise now run by his brother.

This interest in style is still reflected in his own quirkily original dress, assorted hats and berets being a speciality. In a recent *NME* Portrait Of The Artist, he had the impetuosity to list Italian Casual Wear 1952-59 as a fascinating fashion fetish.

Billy: "Up in Dundee, it's easy to get hold of good clothes quite cheaply. I just really like the feel of good materials. The Italians in the '50s were really good at that.

"It was all '50s suits and trousers, the sort of stuff that places like Robot are doing now. There was a big market for it in a place like Dundee because there were a lot of soulboy types who would be really into all those cuts. We used to be able to get £20 or £30 for a pair of trousers back in 1976.

"This all happened when I was about 19. It was just a great opportunity. I already knew that I was able to sing and this gave me the opportunity to do something else — design clothes and do window dressing. It gave me a chance to pursue those different angles. For me, it was a very similar thing to the songwriting. It's just the thing of making strong decisions, putting this here and that over there."

THE PARTNERSHIP between Mackenzie and Rankine dates back to 1976. Billy had been fronting a blue-eyed soul band in Dundee for two years — "a sort of cross between Harold Melvin and the Average White Band" — when he met Alan at an audition for a cabaret group in Edinburgh.

Alan: "We just clicked. Hit it off straightaway, partly because we shared an interest in film music. Musically, our partnership has always worked really well because we have the same interests. On a personal level, we haven't always seen eye to eye, but in the main things go okay."

Unhappy with what they were both doing at the time, the pair pooled resources and formed their own combo, playing the Scottish cabaret club circuit for 18 months and earning over £100 a week apiece for their dedication.

Alan: "It was great training because you could play basically what you wanted to play. It wasn't just a matter of re-hashing all the standards. We could play whatever we liked as long as it sounded classy and wasn't as loud as the club jukebox. We did a bossanova version of 'The Fool On The Hill', stuff like that!"

Billy: "We were dead naive about it all, and we started writing our own songs for the set, all these really stupid cabaret type songs. They were all dead humorous. The most famous one was 'The Shadow Of Your Lung', which was basically 'The Shadow Of Your Smile' with added corny lyrics and a saxophone. I would be playing that and the people would be going loony!"

On the horizon, meanwhile, a musical watershed that was to have a profound effect on their future direction was looming loudly.

Billy: "We were doing all these daft songs about the same time as punk was beginning to emerge and it seemed to fit in quite well with our ideas. One of the songs we were playing pre-punk was called '20,000 Years Of Mental Torture', which had punky lyrics and a real Batman type theme tune, all real ramalama stuff. So when punk came along, we could immediately relate to it. Musically, punk was based around Batman riffs.

"I don't think of our songs as being unusual, but I suppose they are to a lot of people because there are a lot of odd sounds in them. I'd hate anyone to think that our music was 'weird' because I just can't stand that sort of thing."

An Associates song picks an emotion and magnifies it, exaggerating and exploring every aspect, a real torch with the singer immersing himself in every aspect of a situation. On 'Tell Me Easter's On Friday', the emotion is abject pessimism, on 'Party Fears' it is schizophrenia.

Billy: " 'Party Fears' could be about a lot of things. It could be about a husband and wife arguing with each other. It could be about communism and conservatism, political party extremes. It could be about schizophrenics. The lyrics of a song like that go deliberately to the extremes to get something across, like an actor using a heavy hand gesture when he speaks a line."

A colleague, when I told him that I was to interview Mackenzie, told me to find out just what the hell he was on about in those vague, intuitive songs of his.

Billy (laughing): "I think people ask me things like that because they think I sound so convincing. They ask what I'm on about because they think that I mean it. And I do mean things, but not always in such a literal sense.

"The lyrics tick away at things rather than lay everything straight down the line. You get gists of this and gists of that. But if you listen to everyday conversation, people don't always talk in straight lines anyway. Conversation can sometimes get really abstract, so why can't a song be like that? People don't always talk facts. You have to have a wee bit of nonsense in your life.

"My lyrics are a bit like the kind of people I like. I can't stand down to earth, normal people all the time. I get nauseated after about an hour. I need to be around people who have strange personality quirks. Sometimes my lyrics start to nauseate me a bit too, so I start to slip in something a bit daft to keep myself interested.

"I don't really like doing interviews that much because there are no really strong tangents with this group, other than talking about the songs. And I'd rather just *do* the songs than just talk about them. It's up to other people to talk about them really. You either like them or dislike them.

"People like David Byrne really get up my nose, theorising about things all the time. As far as I'm concerned, you do it and people take it or leave it. With us, the songs either hit on the button or they don't."

SIGNING WITH Warners at the end of last year doesn't mean they'll break their ties with Situation 2, who are set to release the German 'Fourth Drawer Down' compilation and are also planning to make the band's early sessions for the John Peel Show available as another set of singles.

The band's next single for Warners, 'Club Country', is released next week, to be followed by an album of new songs, 'Sulk', on May 14. As if that is not enough, their debut album 'The Affectionate Punch' has been re-mixed and re-cut by Fiction, with the band's consent, and is to be re-issued shortly. Mackenzie and Rankine, meanwhile, are due back into the studios in June to begin work on songs for what will be their fourth LP!

Such proliferation seems to come naturally to the pair. They reckon to have at least 60 more songs down on demo tape, including two, '18 Carat Love Affair' and 'Waiting For The Lovebeat', that are already earmarked as future singles.

I wondered whether having such a library of songs on file took some of the spontaneity out of recording?

Billy: "I don't think so, because once we start work on them again, it all sounds fresh and we start to change them around. The riff of 'Party Fears' was five years old but we changed bits here and there to make it sound fresh. But we like to demo songs for future reference, just to have some basics to refer back to . . . or go back and laugh at!"

CONTINUES PAGE 47

Above: Billy: right, with Allan.

MORE HITS THAN AN ELEPHANT'S MEMORY

COMPLETE

MADNESS

EMBARRASSMENT · SHUT UP · MY GIRL · BAGGY TROUSERS · IT MUST BE LOVE
BED AND BREAKFAST MAN · THE PRINCE · NIGHT BOAT TO CAIRO · HOUSE OF FUN
ONE STEP BEYOND · CARDIAC ARREST · GREY DAY · TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT
IN THE CITY · MADNESS · THE RETURN OF THE LOS PALMAS SEVEN

SWEET AS A NUT AND SO'S THE PRICE

WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE SOUND BOOTH

And behind the camera, stage front, and in the editing room...

WOMEN IN entertainment began 2½ years ago as an organisation of female workers in all areas of entertainment. Now one of their very first ideas — a national showcase for such skills — is about to reach fruition.

This is 'Women Live', an all-UK celebration of female creativity in the arts which will infiltrate numerous screens, sites and stages for the whole month of May. 'Women Live' has been co-ordinated nationally by Paula Brown, with separate teams organising the two largest areas (music and film) and regional teams as well.

Musically, action in the capital will revolve around four main areas. The London Musician's Collective and the London Film-maker's Co-op, who share the same premises at 42 Goucester Ave, London NW1 (01-586-4806) have organised a joint programme which will include experimental musics, film, video, dance and 'mixed media' events. (Already booked are the Raincoats, the Soul Sisters, Tour de Force and Jam Today). Yoko Ono's 'Bottoms' and Chantal Akerman's 'News From Home' will be among the works.

The Drill Hall in Chenies St, London, will hold a 'Women in Jazz' festival of its own from May 4—May 15, evenings at 7.30, with an extensive roster of guests from Lindsay Cooper through the 'Lydia D'ustebyn Swing Orchestra'. And London's ICA is now organising 'Kitsch-in-Sync', a 'fortnight of women's bands and cabaret'' with Dolly Mixture and Margot Random already slated to participate. Other venues all over the UK are presently putting together their own music contributions.

"A lot of places have set up specific 'Women Live' groups just to plan the events," says Paula Brown, "But not all the women are professionals working in the arts, by any means.

"Some are just women interested in the Festival and others are promoting their own work. A lot are from young women's groups — the Royal Court Theatre Young Activists Group is doing something on young black women writers."

Sue Ralley is co-organising separate music events for 'Women Live' in London — at the Albany Empire, the University of London Union (May 21), Acklam Hall (22), and on May 3rd, a young bands' night at the London Musicians Collective.

"We're also trying," she explains, "To fill the Starlight Club with women every night during May. So any women interested in possibly performing there should contact me on 01-241-0061 as soon as possible."

The biggest venue commandeered by Women in Entertainment has been the capital's National Film Theatre, which has given over its May season entirely to the festivities through seven separate programmes which illustrate the ways women contribute to cinema.

'Working in the Industry: Behind the Scenes' reflects the accomplishments of female art directors (Toby Rafelson's 'Howard and Melvin'), producers (Debra Hill's 'The Fog', Editors (Thelma Schoolmaker's 'Raging Bull' and a chance to see 'REDS' DeDe Allen's superb early work on 'Bonnie and Clyde', scriptwriters, and designers.

Season 2 investigates how the writings of women have been translated to the silver screen, from Colette's 'Gigi' through Doris Lessing's 'Memoirs of a Survivor'. The 'Made in Britain' and 'Around the World' programmes explore a huge range of accomplishments, styles, and directions attempted by films from the UK's 'Maeve' to such outstanding esoterica from abroad as 'The Mafu Cage' with Carol Kane.

Also featured, in 'Changing Places', is women's cinema from the Third World and there are two programmes focusing on women as directors — actress-directress Ida Lupino and the young German Helma Sander-Brahm, whose latest film ('No Mercy No Future') won the BFI Film Award.

Many BFI regional theatres will participate in sections of the 'Women Live' month, including Bristol (who have scheduled a day-school on Women and Rock), Edinburgh, Canterbury, the Derby Metro, the Mold Film Theatre, the Leicester Phoenix, Newcastle Tyneside Cinema, and the Leeds Film Theatre.

Cynthia Rose

FILM:
The full National Film Theatre programme for the May 'Women Live' programme is available from the NFT, South Bank, London SE1 8XT. Postal bookings now open; phone bookings from April 23. For further info please phone the press office: 01-928-3842; for regional info phone specified theatres. NFT membership from 60p per day and £3 monthly.
MUSIC AND OTHER:
For the 'Women Live' events organiser in your region, phone Women in Entertainment on 01-969-2292. Full info on the Drill Hall's 'Women in Jazz' festival from Julie Parker on 01-631-1353, and info on 'Kitsch-in-Sync' at the ICA from their press office on 01-930-0493 (ICA membership is available for 40p per day).
For individual 'Women Live' events, watch *NME*'s gig guide.

Pic: Stevenson (Dolly Mixture)

Pic: NFT Programme (Ida)

Women Live — Come and get 'em! Faye, left; non-fey Dolly Mixture, top, and above, the lovely Ida Lupino.

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

Raincoats put together the pieces

RHYME IN OUR TIME

The Widening World of Performance Poetry

ALSO WORKING ITSELF up to festival level is the performance poetry scene. *NME* has been inundated with proof of poetry's new importance — from cassettes and demos to mags and organisations.

At the head of the crowd is New York's Poetry Project, still based at St Mark's-in-the-Bowery and more active than ever in almost every area. One Project handout passed on by *NY Rocker* Editor Andy Schwartz notes, in one week, three reading series, a reading/performance event, a lecture, and two free workshops.

Participants are intriguing — saxophonist Bayard Lancaster of Material fame, Avant Squares' drummer Barb Barg, Richard Hell, and Jessica Hegedorn — there are likeable lists of films ('Refrigerated Madness'), all plus the enticing slogan "and MORE". If you're in Manhattan, find them on 2nd Ave and 10th St, New York, New York 10003 USA — or for $5 sent to the same address, settle back and peruse their newsletter. It's full: events, post-mortems, poems, news, reviews, profiles, and the punk publishing of xerox and mimeo. Address enquiries to editor Greg Walters.

Closer to home, April 26-May 1 sees the National Poetry Association joining with a group of record stores to support a six-night poetry and music festival (The Write of Spring) in the West End Centre, Queens Rd, Aldershot, Hamps. (0252-21158). The roster is as follows: on Monday eve (£2.75), John Cooper Clarke, parodist Guy Jackson — the chap with the backing tape whose 'Radio One' single is currently BBC-Banned — playing with Roger Ruskin Spear (formerly of the Bonzo Dog Band), and Anne Clarke, who recently appeared at the Poetry Olympics.

Tuesday (£2.25) features Liverpudlian Brian Patten, Tom Waits' "hero" Fran Landesman — appearing to musical accompaniment, and Ruskin Spear's Kinetic Wardrobe. Wednesday (£2.75) stars Linton Kwesi Johnson and Jamaican James Berry, author of the poem which won last year's National Poetry Association National Prize. Female African percussionist Terri Naa Kostie Kuaye will back each of the men after their separate sets. Thursday (£1.50) is a more feminist evening, with *Spare Rib* collective member Michelene Wandor reading, Australian poet Judith Wright's poems read by her friend Irish 'poet and piper' Ronnie Wathen, and actress Anne Harvey reading from Virago Press' fascinating collection of female First World War poets, *Scars Upon My Heart*. Friday (£1.50) is 'New Departures' night, with Horowitz and chums (including Lol Coxhill) jamming and a local Aldershot poet, Pat Waites, reading his work.

Saturday (May Day) will be an all-day event, starting from 11.30 in the Centre's bar where anyone will be able to read. In the evening (£2.25), the excellent Adrian Mitchell will represent the day's socialist significance with his reading, while folk-rock music from Amity and feminist satire from Proper Little Madams represent "tradition". Another local poet, Chris Hughes, will end the event with his own epic anti-war ode. All evenings begin at 7.45pm and ticket prices are 50p cheaper if bought in advance.

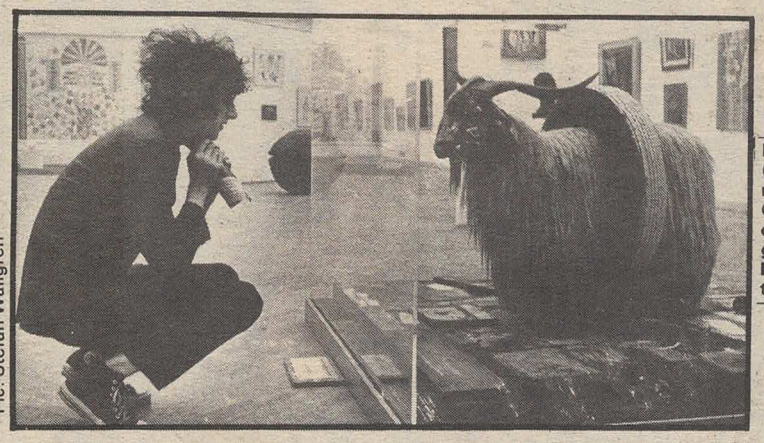
If you're after exposure for your own work there are several all-poetry fanzines which seem established on fairly stable footing. Bi-monthly arts and literature magazine *Stride* publishes poems and stapled 'collections' of individuals' work. *Smoke* 16 from Liverpool welcomes contributions as long as they come with an sae, and *Breakout*, Merseyside's most well-selling zine, pays attention to unsolicited poetry. Hipsters who feel little debt to the Beats are more likely to go with *Molotov Comics* (motto: Rant Against Relics), since it includes the likes of Lesley Woods, Alien Kulture and Seething Wells. But if you really want to make a start via stage rhythms, try contacting New Variety's Warren Lakin for an audition (01-487-3440, days.)

Almost all this keen new stuff strikes me just now as undisciplined, unpractised and overly isolated — more time, attention and connection with *good* experienced writers and performers would make a considerable difference. It's not terrifically easy, but in London the Frontline Poetry Forum operates regularly from the Brixton Community Arts Centre, the Chiswick Town Hall hosts readings and workshops and there are plans afoot for *Poetry News* — a London paper due for a June debut and willing to publish (if not pay for) previously un-published poetry. Its editor, Sue Hicks, is interested in writing with an urban flavour.

A final note: When sending unpublished poetry on spec, be sure to keep at least two copies of each poem, send an sae, and *always* sign and date each page.

Cynthia Rose

The National Poetry Centre is located at 21 Earls Court Square, London SW5 (01-373-7049). Stride Publications and *Stride* magazine: 45 Allan Way, Acton, London W3. *Smoke* 16 : c/o Windows, 23a Brent Way, Halewood, Liverpool L26 9XH. *Breakout:* 33 Bathurst Rd, Garston, Liverpool, L19 1QB. *Molotov Comics:* Flat 3b Bellevue House, Bellevue Rd, Leeds 3. Frontline Poetry Forum: Brixton Community Arts Centre, 57 Atlantic Rd, SW9; further info 01-733-2857. Chiswick Town Hall weekly readings/workshops: Information from William Lindsay (01-586-9593), location Heathfield Terrace, London W4.
Poetry News: Sue Hicks, 18 Johnson House, Cranleigh St, London NW1.



Pic: Stefan Wallgren

Poetry confronts Pop (Art) head on when rabid raconteur John Cooper Clarke goads on his muse with a gander at bigwig artist Robert Rauscheberg's tired goat.

ART FOR ALL

And Then Some...

TRADITIONALLY, the message of harder times has been adapt or face extinction — a particular challenge for inhabitants of the Art World proper. While they have seen popular culture become more and more intrinsic to their inspirations (and also watched their work wield more influence on it), many avenues of support for what they do are simply shutting down.

Cardiff collective The

FACTORY

WE HAVE TAKEN CONTROL OF THE AIRWAVES

Pioneers are a group who admit to these "difficulties" but share a determination to surmount them. An alliance of artist friends, they are involved in a myriad of cross-cultural endeavours — from painting, printmaking, video, films, poetry, music, sculpture and stage design to merchandising T-shirts, posters, postcards, badges and carrier bags.

"We are all willing," says their manifesto, *"to work within community centres, to produce murals, to offer whatever guidance and experience we've gained wherever it will help anyone else."*

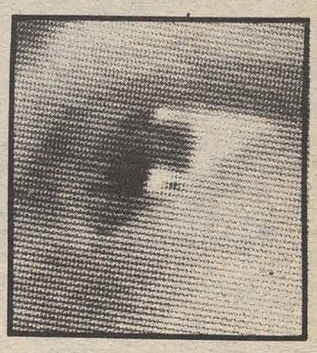
The Pioneers — originally founded in '80 as The Humourists — have an extensive bibliography of successful shows, exhibits and 'events' to their credit.

The collective (motto: 'Art For All') promise they can *"produce a show within* your *specifications . . . any form, any size, or any duration. We are infinitely adaptable to any environment . . . We can use a shop window, a foyer or an office — in fact, any vacant premises, walls or floor space."*

They also lend work in return for its free exhibition and possible sale.

Just finished with the 'Popular Imagery Show' about rock iconography, the collective are now at work on an "extravaganza evening's entertainment" called 'Civilisation — Bongo, Bongo, Bongo' to open at Cardiff's Chapter Arts Centre and then to be incorporated into their Travelling Art Circus of '82. On May 15, they'll also initiate a series of separate Saturday night art-music-performance events which will include three hours of the original Factory videos. For details of which evening the videos will be shown (May 15, 22, 29 and June 5th) or any other info about Pioneering at the Chapter Arts Gallery, phone 0222-495965.

Beverley Hills



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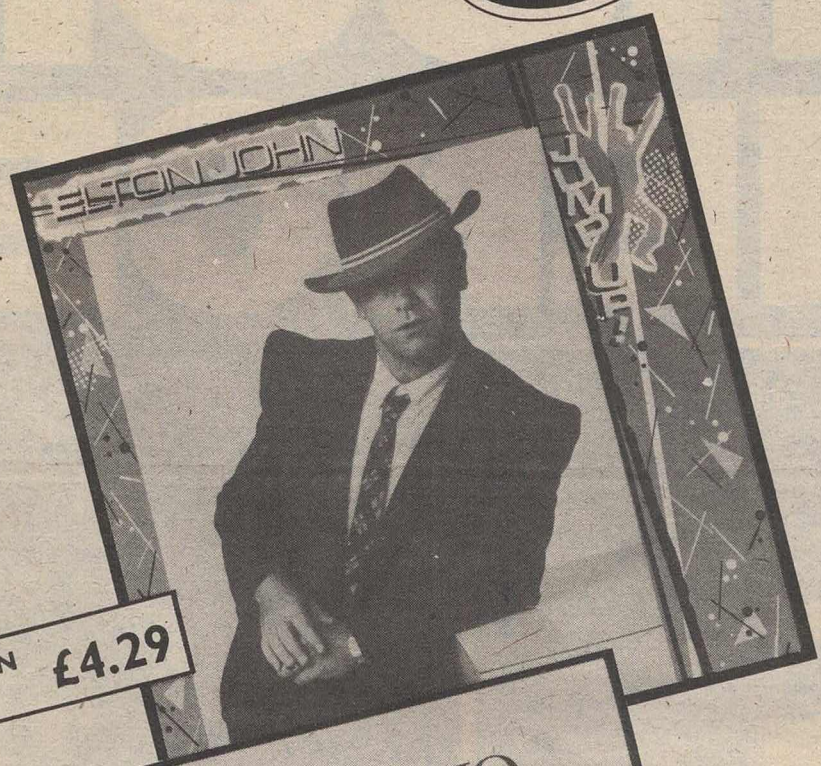

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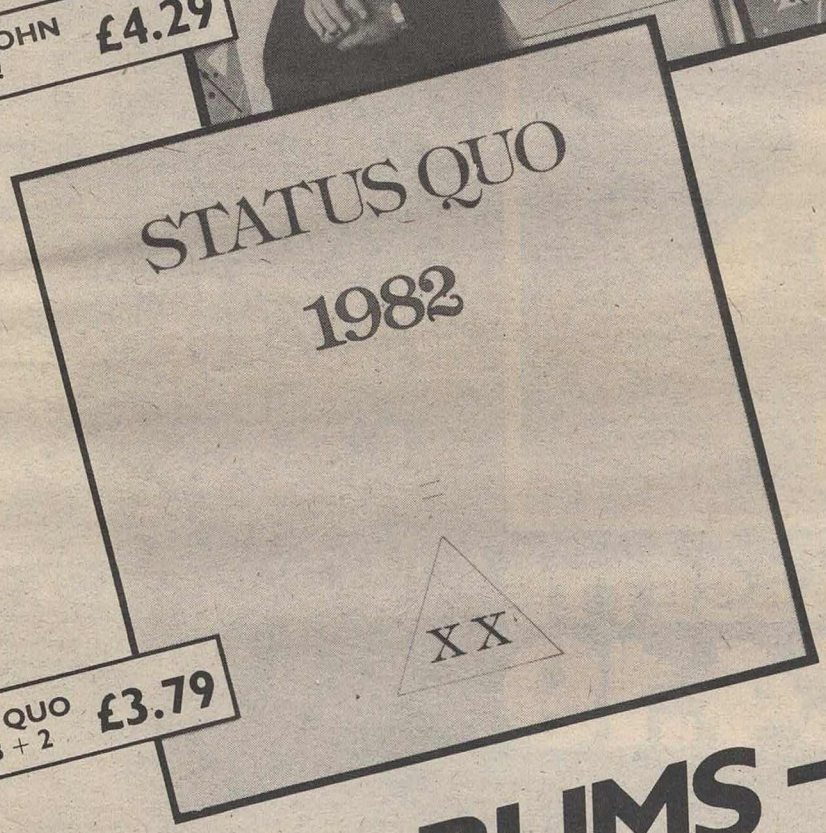

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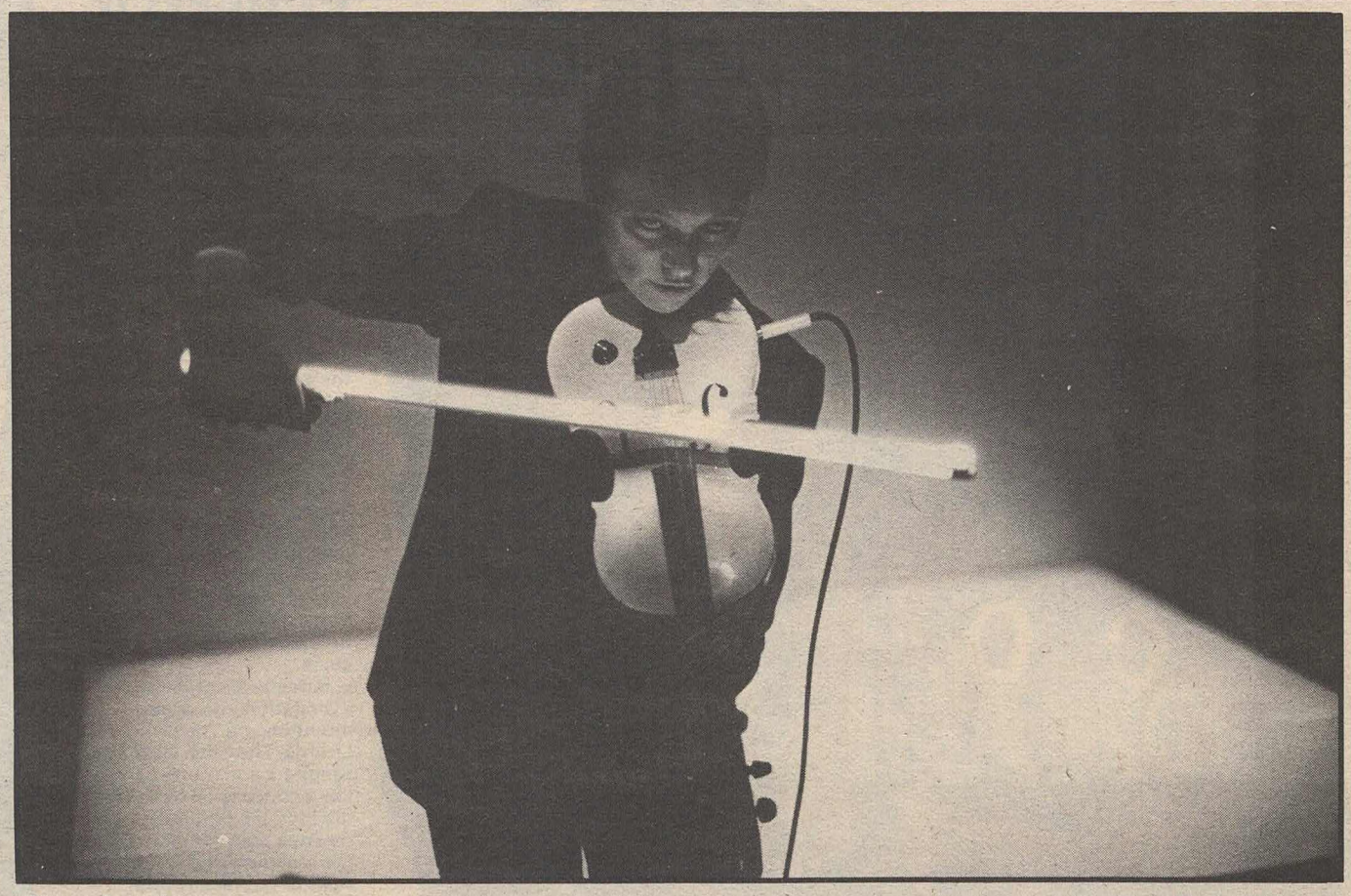
APOLOGIES FOR LOSS OF VISION



Take a bow, Laurie. *Pic: Chris Davies/Network.*

LAURIE ANDERSON

Big Science (Warner Brothers)

AS A performer, Laurie Anderson is little short of phenomenal: a slight Chaplinesque figure, she's as much vaudeville as she is artist, in that she's not above exploiting the novelty value of her extraordinary inventions — remember the violin with tapehead replacing strings and tape the horsehair of the bow? — while she works their unique noises into the songs and soundscapes that make up her mammoth patchwork 'United States I-IV'.

Live, the occasional preciousness — namely the too-pat punchlines completing some stories — is offset by the shadowplays, slide/film projections or, more simply, Anderson's bemused deadpan delivery. On her surprise hit 'O Superman' she overcame the restrictions of confining herself to sound by dropping a few clues to her broader art on the single sleeve. Explanations aren't always necessary, but for someone whose field is so multi-dimensional, some compensation for the sudden loss of vision helps.

None is forthcoming on 'Big Science' and it thereby feels incomplete. The songs, drawn from 'United States', don't always stand up to the narrowing of focus to words and sound. And because they're extracted from a work of epic proportions and title you're encouraged to go looking for greater significance in the record's minute observations, to treat them as representative of something larger than the person/people who inspired them, rather than the slight vignettes they sometimes are.

That's not to say they're without humour or affection. Anderson's lyrics are often composed from fragments of eavesdropped arguments, broadcasts over public address systems ('From The Air') and even from the air itself (paranormal voices cropping up from nowhere on tape, 'Example No 22').

Sounds fine doesn't it? Well, it does to me anyway, which is why it's disappointing when the songs don't always transcend the banality of their origins and the accompanying music is either too soothing to distract you from the fact or not full enough to complete the sketch.

Whatever, the mood is frequently right, and it's a disarmingly familiar one at that. An aura of pleasantness, usually achieved through layers of mellow farfisa, saxes and treated voices, is only surface deep. It doesn't so much disguise the emotional hollows pinpointed by the words as draw you in close enough to notice them. The closing segue of 'Let X Equal X' and 'It Tango' does this best. Lovers' empty, inadequate phrases — at first cooing, later dismissive — blur with the sinister, soft burr of sound in a way as to poignantly upset the stability they apparently represent.

Elsewhere songs fall for lack of focus. This isn't surprising taking into account the visually orientated aspect of Anderson's work.

As already stated, Anderson's invention is astonishing — she's way ahead of technology's ability to record or reproduce her art in a way that will do it justice. So I guess until technology catches up with her, 'Big Science' will have to do.

Chris Bohn

FEAR

The Record (Slash, import)

QUITE WHY Fear have created such a stir on the LA punk scene is not apparent from this 'Record'. Smarter they may be than your average apprentice dimestore mohican, but they only sound older. Joey Shithead's 'New Wave Sucks' may not be the most graceful or even the most eloquent punk anthem ever composed, but at least D.O.A. sound like they're *there* — somewhere, an energy is bouncing off into the atmosphere.

Humorous (sic) stalwarts of their chosen genre, Fear've been around a while, amassing, it would appear, some kind of following, but as yet they've only played the game for good times' sake. So what are they, part-time malcontents or closet anti-heroes? And with records like Black Flag's 'Damaged' around, does it really matter which?

As far as this elusive property of mind "humour" takes us, there is more wryness and fooling around in a single Black Flag bass part than in the whole of Lee Ving's lyric sheet (not supplied). Fear offer a heavy metal punk as timid in spirit as their lazy, accommodating satire. After the definitively sensual shock of 'Damaged', Fear's parodic exploitation of the HM powerhouse and of punk itself rings with a hollow, acrid smugness.

They seem concerned less to inject some long overdue craziness into hardcore than to continue the wearisome tradition of Frank Zappa and the Tubes. Glorified politico-pub rock comedians, they whip through a set itinerary of topics — TV, sex, New York, war — with an offhand, meretricious "militancy" only too transparently belied by the staid quality of their sound. They are too complacent to sense the darker troubles which underlie the social ills of their subject matter.

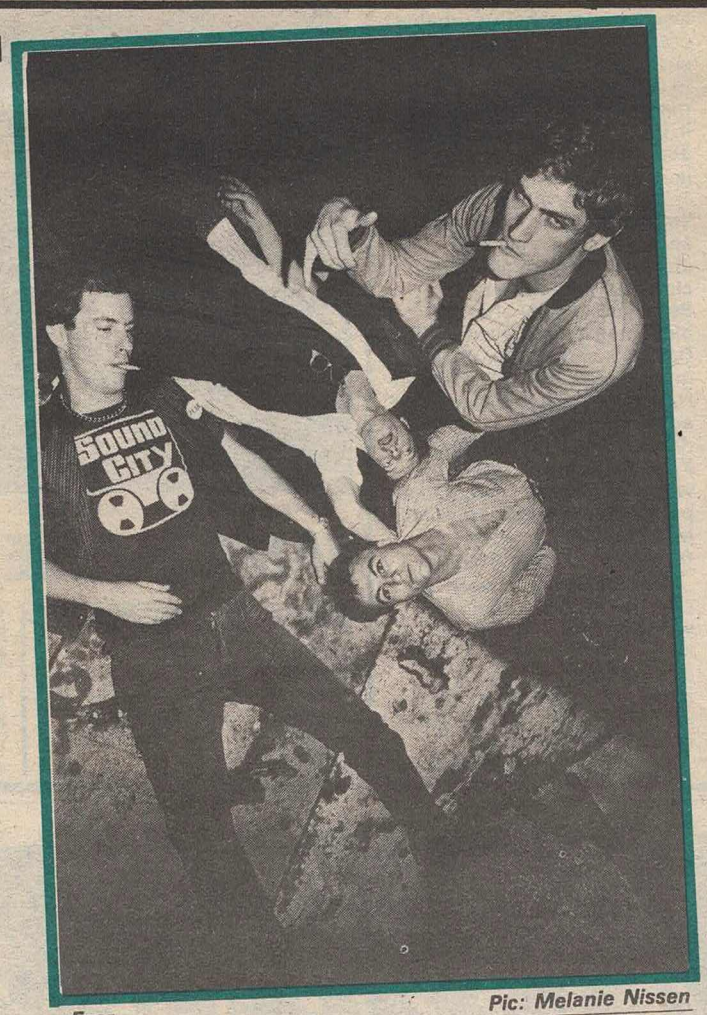
Everything about 'The Record' is sane and cosmetic; though sharing numerous drum patterns and hardcore signatures with the likes of Flag and D.O.A., they cannot disguise the soulless sheen of order and precision that characterises the principal features of their sound. Their outwardly stark, overloaded punk beat always burrows back into a decent, regular power. Fear's guitar (Philo Cramer) is as sliced and woolly as Mother's Pride — you have only to soak up a little Flipper or Flag feedback (or Gregg Turner's Ed Kuepper homage on the Angry Samoans EP) to get really pissed off with Fear — even if his metal pastiches *do* stand up.

Guitars apart, however, no sensitive person could reasonably be expected to get off on songs like 'I Don't Care About You' or (wittiest of the witty) 'New York's Alright If You Like Saxophones' (or if you're homosexual and like getting murdered.) The occasionally accurate mockery of the past — on 'Beef Boloney', Fillmore West-style Joplinese is catapulted into a rancid punk boogie — hardly compensates for lyrics neatly dotted with dull signposts and landmarks and a standard slugging, chugging backbeat. Side Two's opener, 'We Destroy The Family', shows moreover their *class* of musicianship — suspiciously high grade, like one gets the creepy feeling that maybe once upon a time these guys was *mainstream*, like they look kinda *old*. . .

No one is saying bring back the garages — such folklore is, after all, inhibiting — but just don't lay it on so *thick*. It is by no means curious that 'The Record's only worthwhile ('Getting The Brush') is a) neither written nor sung by Mr Ving, and b) like a New York art record (if you like saxophones, it doesn't feature one). Ving has the blandest heavy metal tonsils in the vicinity, and, to boot, a satirical sense of delinquent discontent so paltry and self-satisfied you wonder if he knows what the word "fear" means.

Just for the record, you have nothing to fear at all.

Barney Hoskyns



Fear *Pic: Melanie Nissen*

HOLLYWOOD BABYLOTION

LITTLE HATS, SHARP ATTACKS

MADNESS

Complete Madness (Stiff)

(LOVELY!) ALTHOUGH people are snobby about just about everything except disease, I can think of no one who is snobby about the great and not yet late Madness. Madness have few equals in the hard-headed pop world as regards their sheer likeability.

If this makes them sound boring, let's put it another way. Madness, with decent diffidence, have transcended the putrid vagaries of fashion and spurious favour, just got on with doing what they pleased, and invented a mixture of penetrating comment, pop accuracy, shabby fantasy, verbal magic, a certain kind of richness and elated mischievousness that is calculated to do nothing but refresh the spirits. Madness have combined the priceless enthusiasm of the freshest pop group with something of the heroic, melancholy insistence of the most alarming comedian. Madness have, in these complex times, struck upon a valuable purity. If this makes them sound boring, let's put it another way. You only have to look at Madness to see that they're startlingly SANE! (Ironic)

(Funny!) You only have to look at Madness — it's incredible how seven clowns with a touch of the hoodlum about them can blend so smoothly into a subtle but complex prankster act. Whatever it is that comes to Madness, wherever it comes from, it comes naturally and with a wonderful warmth. If this makes them sound boring, let's put it another way. Madness have proved that ingenuity need not be incompatible with buffoonery, and that kind words, sad tales, nonsense knees-up and anxious moments can somehow all be conveyed with aggressive charm. (Confident!)

There's nothing obviously angry or bitter or satirical or irascible about Madness, but there is something worth mentioning that the group — what with all the coloured balloons, the stripey underwear, the silly walks, the scrawny knee-caps and the zealous over-confidence — are not renowned for: a love for humanity. This and their indisputable friendliness, their ability to inspire happiness and relaxation, a quizzical attitude towards life in even its harshest aspects, and a sincere belief in the bizarre ingredients of showmanship accounts for their universal appeal. This could make them sound boring, so let's put it another way.

Madness are insolent, innocent, wise, weary and delighted to know you, and they blend a number of conservative musical components into something contagiously fresh. They sing of being a victim, of being tormented, against a seedy realist background. They locate the beauty and pathos of commonplace feelings even while they wreak havoc with fashionable or tiresome expressions of those feelings. Not everyone their age is capable of seeing the odd wonders and eccentricities that colour the human and social landscape of contemporary England. All this talk could make me sound boring, so let's just say that the songs of Madness are as independent and as incomparable as any written since mid-'60s Beatles. They can be delicate, unwashed, skilful, compassionate, sophisticated . . . Madness have just shown in their own brilliant way that it was as simple as covering a Labi Siffre song to exclaim that excitement need never leave pop music: music that makes you feel happy even while the words often tell you to feel sad. Nothing shocking: if there's anything radical it's Madness' revision of sentiment.

Madness: something for everyone — a little hat for the ten year old, sharp attack for the adult. If this makes them sound boring, let's put it another way.

Side One: Embarrassment/Shut Up/My Girl/Baggy Trousers/It Must Be Love/The Prince/Bed And Breakfast Man/Night Boat To Cairo.

Side Two: House Of Fun/One Step Beyond/Cardiac Arrest/Grey Day/Take It Or Leave It/In The City/Madness/The Return Of Los Palmas 7.

'Complete Madness' is one of the least boring records ever released.

Paul Morley

The Residents *Pic:Ian Wright*

GOING UNDERGROUND

THE RESIDENTS

Mark Of The Mole (Ralph)
The Tunes Of Two Cities (Ralph)

LIKE THE Grateful Dead, Evan Parker and Motorhead, The Residents operate in their own private space-time continuum. Residents culture is a self-sufficient entity: it has no parallels in popular music partly because it doesn't seem to be aware that other forms of pop exist. Their 'cover' album, 'Third Reich'n'Roll', presented pop artefacts from 'our' culture tormented into mutation almost beyond recognition — as if they had actually written all the songs in an alternative universe and theirs were the true versions.

The same applies to their horror-story rendition of 'Satisfaction' — the difference is that even there The Residents seem bereft of any sense of malice or cruelty that would be needed to propel it into the realms of gothic sludge-punk which it *pretends* to suggest. 'Satisfaction' is the only Residents record at all widely known and it has wrongly tagged a very serious group as a troupe of jesters to the grotesque.

The two 'Mole' records present a great conception in terms that are disarmingly understated. That's something The Residents have faultlessly maintained: their identities have always remained a mystery, their image has been permanently veiled in enigma. If 'The Residents' is no more than an extended foray into grand satire by a group of disaffected intellectuals then its very longevity (ten years!) is remarkable.

'Mark Of The Mole' (actually released last year and almost unnoticed) is the first episode of a fable, continuing their move towards representational rather than pure music. A race of hole-workers are driven from their environment by storms, move to an area overseen by man and machines and are eventually expelled in a confrontation — or are they? Who are the winners? The new 'Tunes Of Two Cities' sets out — in alternate tracks, although it is by no means simple to determine which is Mole and which Man music — the strains of the two cultures. The last part of the trilogy will cover the bastard offspring of the clash.

If it sounds comprehensible enough the records themselves confound glib symbolic interpretation. Remember, The Residents are using their own unique culture to describe or represent two other cultures — so there is a twice-removed distance from reality. 'Mark Of The Mole' does at least follow a coherent storyline, detailing the disastrous weather, migration, the uneasy mingling and the final war and retreat. The lyrics form a proper narrative, delivered in the customised croak and stagger of Residentspeak vocals. But the music?

The Residents play a lot of recognisable instruments: it is simply that they do not play them in recognisable ways. When a trumpet blares out of a Residents track it is clearly a trumpet — but it also seems to sound like something else. This isn't the deliberate experimentalism of improvising musicians because every track is rigorously arranged. It sounds instead like a genuinely *alien* music.

'Tunes Of Two Cities', because it is less tied to the storytelling, is the most successful of the two in evoking an other-worldliness. Tracks like 'Smack Your Lips (Clap Your Teeth)' and 'Song Of The Wild' throw out sounds that do not seem to belong to any Western music. Any mono-dimensional description is redundant, though I will say that in some ways the record resembles a series of ruptured marches.

The other thing it sounds like is a group of children playing at grown-up music. What may be most important about The Residents is their rediscovery of an innocence unblemished by cynicism, a quality that makes a tract like the 'Mole' trilogy sincere in a way that their 'weirdness' shouldn't be allowed to mask. By removing their own identifiable egos from the music and playing in a manner unique to themselves The Residents can make a message speak more clearly than most. Here it is . . . but you must listen yourselves.

Richard Cook

SCHEMER, IDIOT OR GENIUS?

STEVE BERESFORD
The Bath Of Surprise (Piano)
BERESFORD/KONDO/TOOP/HONSINGER
Imitation Of Life (Y)

STEVE BERESFORD's campaign of attrition against the accepted modes of music-making and packaging is, fittingly, a slow one. I remember his contributions to the first Company week in 1977: amidst the often excessive seriousness of his improvising peers Beresford's destructive snarling was an abstruse mirror for the 'anarchy' sited elsewhere in those heady days. I don't think he's played with Company since.

Beresford's gradual insinuation into wider attention, via The Flying Lizards, The Slits, New Age Steppers and more, comes on like a concession to periodic distractions rather than any devious plan of compromise. His real pursuit is still on the track of tyranically total improvised music. These two records are the latest (loud) reports.

'The Bath Of Surprise' is fourteen crazily paved tiles from Beresford's memory bathroom: recorded, once or twice in states of fidelity that suggest a microphone in a vat of porridge, between 1977 and 1980. It is all hideously Beresford, rattling and parping and clunking at whatever instruments were to hand, though most specifically at piano, trumpet and a tangled hamper of toys.

I could tell you that 'Cat Picture' is a bugler's crippled nightmare, that 'Schlussakord' is a schemer pretending to be an idiot pretending to be an improvising genius or that 'Mr And Mrs Wu' is an astute parodic fantasy on Lee Perry's insecurity, but that's probably pointless. It is a record of surprise and is not something to commit to even temporary memory. You have to fall over it, just once in a while. I fell about laughing over some of it.

Though the attitudes of 'Imitation Of Life' are more sombrely inclined it also cracks a few grins along its cluttered, panicky way. Beresford works here alongside longtime cohort David Toop on various wind instruments, the cellist Tristan Honsinger, perpetually on an edge of imagined derangement, and Toshinori Kondo on trumpet and mutes, who's taken horn playing to a point where speech, noise and notes blur into an alien triptych of rootless design.

All I can constructively criticise is the recording, which is boxy and dull. It's important to music in which every inflection *could* be important. Otherwise, it is more Beresford. What comes next, Steve?

Richard Cook

AVANT THERE, ME

Glenn Branca (right)

GLENN BRANCA
The Ascension (99)
JOEL CHADABE
Rhythms (Lovely Music)
MICHAEL NYMAN
Michael Nyman (Piano)

THE WORK of modern music marginalists —those avant-guardians of our music's future — is often maligned as having little relevance to WHAT GOES ON (whatever that 'what' is), as being far too ghettoised to effect changes in the marketplace of popular culture.

In many cases this is true (though no great sin at that), but it's only blinkered stupidity which fails to recognise that things happen at the edges which affect the centre, that innovations percolate through from the experimental to the mainstream.

Pop music needs a radical boot up the bum every now and then, be it technical (the synthesiser), gestural (The Sex Pistols), or otherwise. And it needs it most when previous changes ossify into mere stylistic forms — 'Real' Punk, electropop (already!), and so on.

So whither the big boot? Africa? China? The Residents? Ra? All these and more have positive roles to play. And you may not have noticed, but the minimalist concerns of Glass, Reich, Riley and their ilk are popping up all over the place . . .

The recent releases of Glenn Branca, Joel Chadabe and Michael Nyman — hardly household names, admittedly — all owe something to the minimalist brotherhood above, though in differing strengths and areas.

Like Reich, American avant-rocker Glenn Branca (a former member of the cryptic Theoretical Girls) deals in the encouragement of "detailed listening", here set in an overwhelming wall of massed guitars, as many as ten at times. There's no chink in this wall: just a solid mass of ringing chords, with harmonics and overtones providing the subtlest of melodic detail, like Wire's 'Pink Flag' taken to one logical conclusion.

It's this combination of the overwhelmingly obvious and the minutely subtle which makes Branca unique, though whether this uniqueness

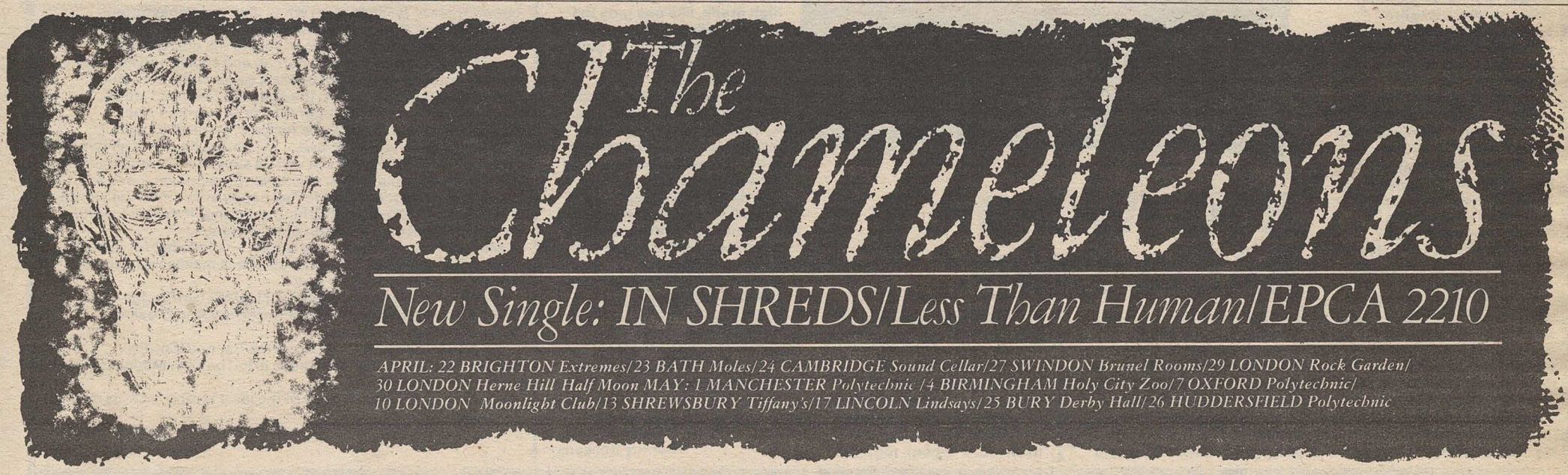
"Okay, Georgie, back in the box"

FAME FLAME BURNS ON

GEORGIE FAME

20 Beat Classics (RSO)

IN THE middle third of the '60s, Georgie Fame was a powerful and distinctive contributor to the sharper end of British pop. A contemporary of the better-known Chicago blues-style R&B bands like The Animals, The Yardbirds and the early Stones, he and his Blue Flames represented a cooler, soul-jazz style, emphasising — in place of the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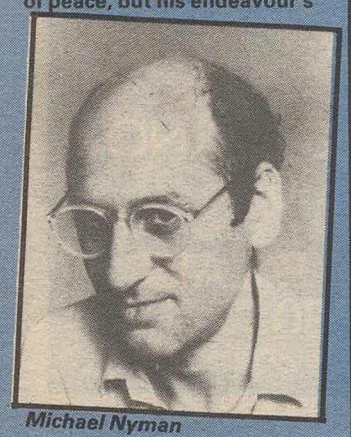
10 LONDON Moonlight Club/13 SHREWSBURY Tiffany's/17 LINCOLN Lindsays/25 BURY Derby Hall/26 HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic

GARDIES!

alone is reason enough to subject yourself to his enervating music too often is questionable. it's like using a sledgehammer to crack a walnut, except that Branca's made an aesthetic principle out of using the sledgehammer. His is a minimalist technique applied to an absolute behemoth of a canvas, like Rothko without the heart of peace.

Joel Chadabe has the heart of peace, but his endeavour's



Michael Nyman

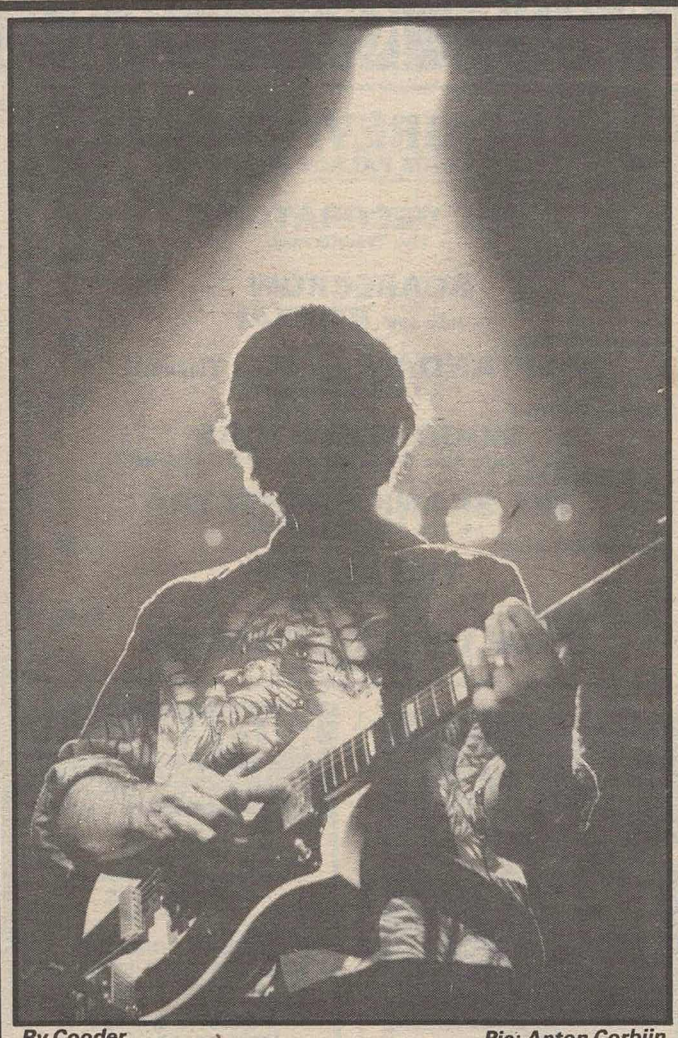
on a much smaller scale: the detailed quietude of computer-generated, gently metallic rhythm patterns with improvised additions on marimba, woodblock and associated "natural" percussion.

Chadabe's obviously influenced greatly by Gamelan music, but applies that influence in more sparing doses than, say, Steve Reich. These are calm, introspective investigations which, whatever their complexity, exude a massive sense of rest and well-being.

Michael Nyman has some similarities to Branca, but in a more reserved, eccentric British Manner, and with a more "classical" instrumentation. He builds his pieces in a layered Glass-like manner, a track like 'In Re Don Giovanni' featuring rude rounds of Blimpish horns and dainty piccolo and recorder over a pedestrian keyboard motif. Much of the album, such as the seductively logical 'Bird List Song' and 'Bird Anthem', appeared as the soundtrack to Peter Greenaway's odd, Borgesian film of last year, *The Falls*, which might account for the LP's somewhat piecemeal nature. On the other hand, when Nyman does stretch out to *opus magnum* length with the side-long 'M-Work', the result seems all too ponderous after side one's urbane frivolity.

It's doubtful whether any of these three will alter the face of pop music to any great degree (though I'm prepared to hedge my bets on Branca), but then that's hardly their intention; what they do signify is an increasing concentration, out there at the fringes, on one particular strain of avant-gardiana — and more importantly, one which is accessible enough to be easily assimilated into pop. If you buy Kraftwerk now, you're already halfway there. Watch out for it.

Andy Gill



Ry Cooder *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY

RY COOODER

The Slide Area (Warner Brothers)
The Border — Original Soundtrack (MCA/Backstreet)

THE MORE things remain the same, the more they change: after more than a decade of recording as a featured artist, Ry Cooder has finally forgotten himself sufficiently to record and release something which could only be described as Just Another Ry Cooder Album. 'The Slide Area' is a reduction of its predecessor 'On The Borderline' in a manner that 'Borderline' just avoided becoming a reduction of *its* predecessor, the justifiably illustrious 'Bop 'Til You Drop'.

The devices are all firmly in place: Cooder's slurred baritone, schleppy and clownish like some big playful dog that keeps knocking things over, bounds and slinks all over the usual sparkly guitars and lazily competent rhythm section, the backing singers switch from high sweet Impressions to deadpan *basso profundo* Coasters at the drop of a thumbpick and the bottleneck does not seem to have acquired even the faintest hint of rust or tarnish.

The material upon which all these noises have been lavished does not, however, seem to repay the effort. Most of it has been written by Cooder himself in collaboration with drummer Jim Keltner, though poet-hustler-producer Willie Dixon, longterm Chicago blues mainstay, helped out on one song and and two gentlemen improbly named Quinton Claunch and Dave Hall did likewise. Most of these songs are forgettable to the extent that I'm surprised that Cooder can sing them without a lyric sheet in front of him.

Three song are borrowed from other repertoires: Bob Dylan's 'I Need A Woman' is easily the worst song that old Religious Inc has ever written and reviving it virtually constitutes grave-robbing, while Curtis Mayfield's 'Gypsy Woman' and Carl Perkins' 'Blue Suede Shoes' are treated almost perfunctorily, despite the bumptious, carousing New Orleans beat that ends up behind the latter.

When Cooder cut 'Bop 'Till You Drop', it marked an exhilarating climax to a series of albums which had taken him through a dizzying variety of styles, settings and moods, not to mention a large dollop of Heritage (cue homespun metaphors, puns on the word curator', etc, etc.) and it seemed to make perfect sense that the quest should end with the discovery of Paradise in the back room of the local bar. However, Cooder's been in the bar for quite a while now, and if 'The Slide Area' is any indication, then he's sorely in need of some outside stimulation. Peel the old soak off his stool, take him somewhere he's never been before and don't let him back home until he's learned a few new tunes.

Meanwhile, over in soundtracksville, we find Cooder making assorted Tex-Mex noises in the same company as his regular studio albums (Keltner, bassie Tim Drummond, John Hiatt, and percussionist Ras Baboo) as part of the festivities for a movie called *The Border*, which — I am informed — constitutes director Tony Richardson's attempt to demonstrate that it isn't just anybody who can get Jack Nicholson, Harvey Keitel, Valerie Perrine and Warren Oates to appear in a terrible movie. The album contains a few acoustic guitar instrumentals in the portentious and the pastoral modes, and assorted songs, the most exciting of which are Hispanic numbers sung by Sam (The Sham) Samudio, and John Hiatt's intense if overlong 'Skin Game'.

There is something deadening in the spectacle of an artist performing at the lower ranges of his or her ability. These albums represent Ry Cooder doing exactly that.

Charles Shaar Murray

customary guitar and harmonica — horns, percussion and his own Booker T-meets-Jimmy Smith organ behind the vocals.

The result was unutterably poised and musicianly, relaxed but snappy. Following a pair of excellent ablums — the party classic 'Live At The Flamingo' album and the big-band pop-jazz of 'Fame At Last' — and an EP which investigated ska and calypso, Fame caught the upmarket end of mod perfectly with a number one single 'Yeh Yeh' which praised the delights of soft lights, sweet music and romance.

'20 Beat Classics' covers Fame's most creative period, though the inclusion of some of the live Flamingo material would have been appreciated. As well as a lot of lush, swinging items along the lines of 'Point Of No Return', 'I Love The Life I Live', 'Pink Champagne' and 'Get On The Right Track Baby', we also find his singles ('Yeh Yeh' and its immediate successors) and a few well-intentioned but ultimately inadequate covers of songs like 'Ride Your Pony' and 'Papa's Got A Brand New Bag', which simply require far more urgency and drive than Fame and his musicians were capable of supplying.

'20 Beat Classics' — not a particularly inspired title — probably represents the earliest stirrings of British jazz-funk. The fingers still snap to it, too.

Charles Shaar Murray

LAND OF HOPE AND THEORY

BRIAN ENO

On Land (EG/Ambient)

THIS IS the fourth album on Eno's Ambient label, Eno's third. According to Eno (who, one supposes, ought to know), the Ambient concept concerns music which occupies a space — which is really not such a new idea at all (the French composer Erik Satie was experimenting with what he called 'musique d'ameublement', or furnishing music, around the 1870s) and neither, on the evidence we have so far (and ideas must to some extent be judged by their results), does it seem to be all that interesting either.

The majority of Eno's experiments in Ambient music end up sounding little different from conventional piped muzak. Still, you can't complain when an experimentalist's experiments fail — it's just an occupational hazard. Eno takes the failure of his previous experiments fairly philosophically: "It hadn't risen above being just another idea — a diagram rather than a living and breathing music. Any way that I could think of approaching it would, it seemed, be of no more value than simply outlining the idea in words". In those two sentences, Eno shows that he has realised the falseness of Hilton Kramer's 'to lack a persuasive theory is to lack something crucial' dictum. It's a false dictum because even the persuasive theory itself must be evaluated on the strength of the art it produces. 'On Land' is the first Eno album since 'Music for Films' where the sleeve notes are not more interesting than the music. Has Eno given up the sung word?

'On Land' works and works well. Where most 'atmospheric' and 'evocative' music is anything but, this album succeeds in helping to recall what Eno calls 'false' landscapes and situations — places recalled by the imagination working on a few facts rather than a few facts telling the imagination what work to do. Eno puts it: "We feel connections not only with the past, but for futures that didn't materialize and for the other variations of the present that we suspect run parallel to the one we have agreed to live in". These are the most interesting ideas Eno's had for a long time and the fruits of them are tiny masterpieces of mood music, one of the avantgarde's best records since Steve Reich's "Music for 18 Musicians". Brian Eno has come of age.

Tom Baker

ROTA-RY CLUB REUNION

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Amarcord Nino Rota (Hannibal)

AS AN accompaniment to Federico Fellini's cinematic memoirs, Nino Rota's music was a *passacaglia* of brotherly accord. When Fellini glowingly painted his memories on-screen Rota would echo the sentiment with melodies that seemed to reawaken forgotten lullabies, country dances, simple piano tunes or children's street songs: a past reinvented with deceptive skill.

The enchantment of Rota's music is well served by 'Amarcord Nino Rota', a memorial (he died in 1979) and tribute set in a kind of conservatory jazz court — it also doubles as a fine sampler of some of the riches in the more civil quarters of the new jazz.

An immediate treat is the return of Jaki Byard, a shamefully neglected pianist whose loving sashay through the harmonic catacomb of 'Amarcord' — meditation, swirl and tango all in place — begins the record. The first side also has some sweet if slight variations by vibes and guitars on 'Dolce Vita' and

Nino Rota Pic: Frederico Fellini

'Juliet Of The Spirits'; but the centrepiece is Carla Bley's arrangement of the '8½' music. A heavenly match, surely: Bley's rumbustious, dyspeptic effrontery and Rota's rustic eloquence. Like a genteel belch in the recital.

A sombre arrangement of the European dreams of 'Dolce Vita' includes Deborah Harry wordlessly crooning the waltz melody, a cafe chanteuse glimpsed through a prism of recollective fantasy; 'Satyricon' is brilliantly recomposed by David Amram for Eastern acoustic sounds, softly booming percussion and frisky whistles; Steve Lacy scours 'Roma' with the rapt wisdom of his soprano sax.

A medley of themes from early films jerks free of reverie. A tough and fast sextet of stray cats including Wynton and Branford Marsalis and George Adams' grouchy tenor shake up the chart without losing sight of the storyboards. To close, Byard returns to play a solo version of 'La Strada' that shimmers in the realisation of its colours: a last dance, a final glance over the shoulder, a caress of proper tenderness. And a beautiful record.

Richard Cook

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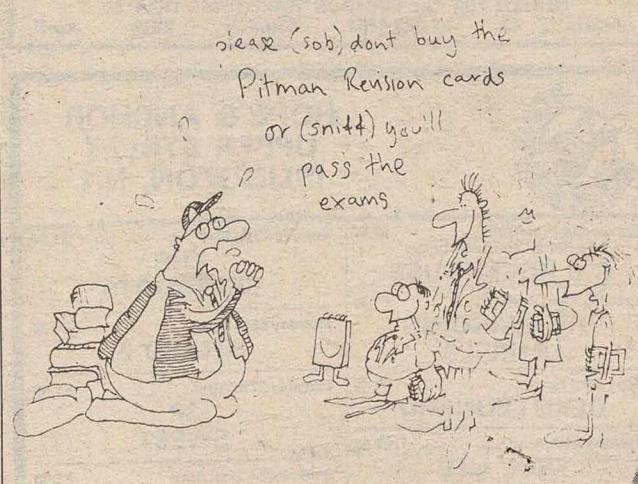

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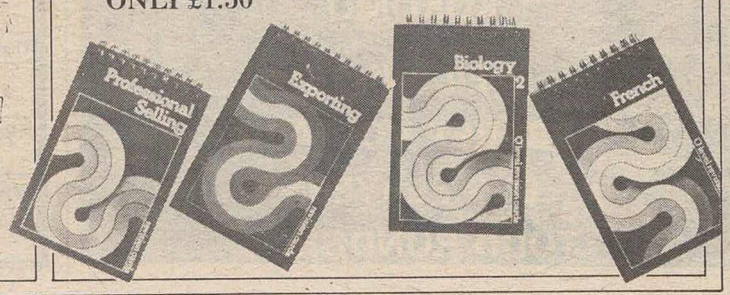

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27 Blackfoot
30 Meatloaf
20 23 B.B. King, John Hooker, etc
23 Au Pairs
24 Judie Tzuke
29 Mink De Ville
30 Level 42
30 Altered Images
30 David Soul
30 Mink De Ville

MAY
1 The Cure
2 Shakatak
3-9 Status Quo
4 Gladys Knight
5 Judy Collins
7 Don McLean
9 Foreigner
9 Discharge
11, 12 Third World
13 Girlschool
13 Jethro Tull
17 Nick Lowe
18, 19 Rose Royce

JUNE
1 Altered Images
2, 3, 4, 5 Diana Ross
3, 4 Camel
3, 4 Rory Gallagher
5 Queen
6 Anti-Nowhere League
8 Kid Creole
18, 19 Frank Zappa
25, 26 Toyah

JULY
12, 13, 14, 15 Jackson Browne
17, 18 Toyah

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MON 26th APRIL
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TUES 27th APRIL
MANCHESTER APOLLO
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WED 28th APRIL
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
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NEWS tour

Simon & Garfunkel confirm Wembley

SIMON & GARFUNKEL were this week confirmed officially for a major open-air concert at London's massive Wembley Stadium on Saturday, June 19. They will be re-creating the triumphs of their reunion show in New York's Central Park last autumn, which sparked their decision to resume working together on a permanent basis.

The date and venue have been widely tipped for some weeks, but it was left to S&G themselves to announce the concert officially, when they hosted a Press Conference in London on Monday afternoon. The show is presented by Harvey Goldsmith in association with MAM and Derek Block — gates open 4pm.

Tickets are available immediately by post priced £9.80, including booking fee — send cheque or PO made payable to "Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Limited," plus SAE, to S&G Promotions, P.O. Box 4NZ, London W1A 4NZ, and allow three weeks for delivery. Admission on the day will be £10.

MARI'S MARIONETTES

MARI WILSON and her band hit the road again at the end of this month for a 50-date tour, tied in with the release this weekend by the Compact Organization (through Decca) of their new single 'Baby It's True'/'You Look So Good' — of which there's also a 12-inch version including a free poster and an extra track. Now legally unable to use the name The Imaginations, the outfit's new title hasn't yet been announced officially — though they're being billed at some of their upcoming gigs as The Marionettes.

First confirmed dates are **Bristol** University (April 30), **Retford** Porterhouse (May 1), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (2), **Liverpool** Warehouse (3), **Aberystwyth** University (4), **Malvern** Winter Gardens (5), **Manchester** Polytechnic (6), **Bradford** University (7), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (8), **Edinburgh** Valentino's (9), **Dundee** University (10), **Aberdeen** The Venue (11), **Stirling** Avant Garde (12), **Durham** New College (13), **Sheffield** University (15), **Norwich** City College (20) and **Brighton** Jenkinsons (23).

UK Players playing UK

THE UK PLAYERS are back in the public eye, after several months out of the spotlight. Next month sees the British funk outfit setting out on a major tour, tied in with the release by A&M of a new single and their debut album. The single, out on April 30, couples 'No Way Out' and 'So Good To Be Alive' — and there's also a 12-inch version with an extra track 'Dancing In The Street'. The LP, also titled 'No Way Out', follows on May 28.

Tour dates are Southend Zero Six (May 7), Manchester University (8), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (9), Oxford Scamps (10), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Club (12), Hitchin Regal (13), Borehamwood Civic Hall (14), London Victoria The Venue (15), Margate Winter Gardens (19), Hastings Down Town (20), Brighton Cinderella's (21), Trowbridge Cascades (22), Colchester Embassy Club (23), Camberley Ragamuffins (24), Dunstable Queensway Hall (27), London Strand Lyceum (28) and Isle of Sheppey Leysdown Stage 3 (29).

Chron-Gen in package

CHRON-GEN have now been confirmed as special guests on the major punk package tour, headlined by the Anti-Nowhere League, announced last week. As reported, the four-act show also features Chelsea and new band The Defects. The official opening date is May 12 in Brighton, but the package will now play a warm-up date at Aylesbury Friars on May 8.

TANK ATTACK ON THE GIG CIRCUIT

TANK, who recently supported Motorhead on the road, are now starting a series of dates in their own right. The tour ties in with the April 30 release by Kamaflage Records of their new single 'Stormtrooper' / 'Blood, Guts And Beer' — taken from their 'Filth Hounds Of Hades' album, and available in a limited edition as a picture disc. With many more dates still to be finalised, those confirmed so far are **Nottingham** Boat Club (tonight, Thursday), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (Friday), **Retford** Porterhouse (Saturday), **Wigan** Pier (April 26), **Stoke** Mayfair (27), **Edinburgh** Nite Club (28), **Newcastle** Mayfair (30), **Colwyn Bay** Pier Pavilion (May 5), **Liverpool** Warehouse (6), **Preston** Guildhall (7) and an outdoor event at **Whitney** Rugby Club (16).

JAPAN REFUTE 'SPLIT' RUMOUR BY FIXING UK AUTUMN TOUR

JAPAN have been confirmed for a major British tour in the late autumn — and the reason it's been announced so far in advance is to counter rumours that they've split up. Speculation has been rife since Christmas, when the four members said they were going to involve themselves in individual projects for a while, and it was further sparked by stories of internal strife. So they hope that news of their 23 concerts will finally lay that ghost.

They play Portsmouth Guildhall (October 20 and 21), Brighton Dome (22), Glasgow Apollo (25), Edinburgh Playhouse (26), Newcastle City Hall (27 and 28), Sheffield City Hall (30 and 31), Leicester De Montfort Hall (November 1), Birmingham Odeon (2, 3 and 4), Liverpool Empire (7 and 8), Manchester Apollo (10, 11 and 12), Bristol Colston Hall (14 and 15) and London Hammersmith Odeon (17, 18 and 19).

Hammersmith tickets are priced £6.80 and £5.80 (including booking fee), and they are available by post only — with SAE — from 'Japan Concerts', PO Box 281, London N15 5LW. Ticket prices for all other shows are £6 and £5, and they'll be on sale at the venue box-offices, though it's advisable to enquire beforehand exactly when they'll be available.

Between now and October, Japan will continue their multifarious activities. David Sylvian has finished recording the single 'Bamboo Music'/'Bamboo Houses' with YMO's Riuichi Sakamoto, for release by Virgin soon, and he'll shortly be off to New York. On his return, he and his brother (drummer Steve Jansen) have plans to record an EP with a number of their musician friends.

In midsummer, keyboards man Richard Barbieri is going to Scandinavia to produce an album for top Swedish band Lustans Lakejer — while bassist Mick Karn plans a solo single, and has been invited to play on Robert Palmer's next album. But Japan get together again in August for their fifth tour of Japan — and meanwhile, a new Japan single is planned for Virgin release in late May.

And talking of October . . .

Still by-passing the summer and looking ahead to autumn, *NME* understands that JULIO IGLESIAS will be playing a string of five nights at London's Royal Albert Hall from October 24 to 28 inclusive. And DIONNE WARWICK will be in London the same month for five shows at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road (October 18-22.) Official announcement of both these engagements is still awaited, which means that tickets are not yet on sale.

'Hammersmith future assured'

THE FUTURE of Hammersmith Odeon as London's leading concert venue is assured, according to the Rank Organisation's official spokesman Alex Slatter. Answering widespread speculation about the theatre's possible closure, reported by *NME* last week, he admitted that he had also heard the rumours. But he insisted: "I can assure you that there's no intention of closing Hammersmith, which we regard as our flagship. And I can tell you that we already have pencilled bookings as far ahead as Christmas, 1983."

SAXON, UFO HEAD MIDLANDS EVENT

SAXON and UFO are to co-headline the first Peterborough Rock Festival to be staged on Saturday, June 12. The all-day event will take place at the Peterborough United football ground, with a capacity of 35,000. The rest of the bill is still being finalised by promoter Paul Siggers of Sigma Productions, and a spokesman told *NME* that six more bands have still to be announced.

This will be the biggest rock event ever held in Peterborough, and Sigma have every intention of making it a regular annual festival. Advance tickets are already available at the ground priced £8.50, and other ticket outlets around the country will be announced shortly.

New Fair Deal let-down

BRIXTON'S Fair Deal venue in South London has hardly been getting a fair deal itself over the last fortnight. Following the cancellation of the Wilson Pickett soul package two weeks ago, last Saturday's concert by The Mighty Diamonds was blown out at short notice. The gig had already been re-scheduled from April 4, but it seems the group flew back to the States last week after a dispute with their British promoter — and although this was subsequently resolved, they missed their flight back to London.

● Latest booking for the Fair Deal (which hopefully won't be cancelled) is Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee and Aleiz Korner on Saturday, June 5 — all tickets £2.50.

RUDI, the Belfast band who supported The Jam on a number of their recent dates, are now going out on their first-ever UK headlining tour. They play Yeovil Community Centre (April 27), Barnstaple Chequers (28), Brighton New Regent (29), Cambridge Sound Cellar (30), Guildford Royal (May 1), Wokingham Angie's (2), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (3), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (4), Norwich Jacquard's (6), York University (7), London Central Polytechnic (8), Liverpool Pyramid (11), Treforest Wales Polytechnic (12), Milton Keynes Compass Club (13), Portsmouth Pier (14) and Coventry General Wolfe (15).

Headline tour by Rudi

■ **RAS MICHAEL & The Sons Of Negus headline a Bob Marley Tribute concert at London Lewisham Riverdale Centre on Thursday, May 13. Also appearing are Eli Immanuel, DJ Papa Tiny and poets Mama Jah and Nyzinga Dotimjr, with sounds by Saxon. Tickets are £4 from Eden reggae shops.**

■ **MAXIMUM JOY return from a Dutch tour to play Huddersfield Star Bar (April 29) and Liverpool Warehouse (May 1). But their planned visit to the States has been postponed until late May, to enable them to finish work on their debut album for Y Records.**

■ **DEAD OR ALIVE are the headline attraction at the opening night of a new Manchester venue, the 666 Club, this Saturday (24). They also play London Strand King's College on May 7 with Carmel, and more dates are being lined up.**

■ **UK SUBS, just back from an American tour with the Anti-Nowhere League, headline at London Strand Lyceum this Sunday (25). Support acts are The Meteors, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, The Straps and Soldiers Of Destruction. Doors open at 6.30pm and admission is £3.**

■ **CRASS have been forced to cancel some of their tour dates, announced last week — at Haverfordwest (May 5), Exeter (6), Bristol (8), Yeovil (9) and Worthing (10) — for which they apologise, and say they'll rectify the situation as soon as possible. Gigs for the period April 28 — May 4 go ahead as planned, as do Reading (May 7) and Crayford (11). And they're now setting up two London dates for late May.**

ALARM BELLS RINGING

THE ALARM, who've already built a considerable reputation as support act to the likes of The Jam and U2, are now playing a series of headline gigs in their own right. In London they visit Herne Hill Half Moon (this Saturday), Fulham Greyhound (April 27), Southbank Polytechnic (30), Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (May 1), Islington Hope & Anchor (6) and Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (10) — and out of town, they're at Oxford Polytechnic (May 7), Coventry Warwick University (8), Exeter University (9), Dundee University (14), Glasgow Strathclyde University (15) and Edinburgh Valentino's (16). Other dates are to be added, and the band will be releasing their second single to coincide.

New Alternative Cabaret

SEETHING WELLS, Tony Allen, Tymon Dogg and soul outfit Akimbo comprise the bill of the New Alternative Cabaret, which begins its "Spring Offensive" tour this weekend — playing Bath Tiffany's (April 25), Birmingham Holy City Zoo (26), Liverpool Pyramid (27), Manchester Fagins (28), Huddersfield Trades Club (29), Glasgow Third Eye Centre (30 and May 1), Edinburgh Traverse Theatre (2), Birmingham Fighting Cocks (5), Bristol University (6), Windsor Arts Centre (7), London School of Economics (8) and London Fulham Greyhound (9). Seething Wells doesn't appear on the Scottish dates, but Mark Miwurdz replaces him on the two nights in Glasgow.

■ **AFRAID OF MICE headline their first hometown concert tomorrow (Friday), when they play Liverpool Empire. And because of their considerable following in that area, the show is a guaranteed sell-out, despite the vastness of the venue.**

■ **AFTER THE FIRE, who've just returned from their guest spot on ELO's European tour, are now supporting Meatloaf in his UK concerts which opened this week. And it's just been announced that extra tickets have now become available for all Meatloaf's London concerts.**

■ **THE WHISPERS have added another show to their debut UK appearances next month — an early evenings performance (6.30pm) at London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion on May 6. Tickets are on sale now priced £6, £5 and £4.**

■ **THE SWINGING LAURELS, soon to achieve widespread recognition through their guest appearance on the next Funboy Three single (see *Record News*), are going on the road — and they'll be giving away free flexi-discs, featuring their much - requested 'Swing The Cat' number, at all gigs. First half-dozen confirmed dates are London Islington Hope & Anchor (tonight, Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Friday), Leicester Coalville Social Club (Sunday), Coventry's Guy's (April 28), Hope & Anchor again (May 22) and Leicester Horsefair (31), with many more to come. A four track instrumental 12-incher titled 'A Taste Of The Swinging Laurels' is issued next week by Dining Out Records.**

LIVE ADS

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+ **MOTOR BOYS MOTOR**
FRIDAY 23rd APRIL 7.30-11.30
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Doors Open 8.00pm Adm £3
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All Killing Joke tickets can be refunded from point of purchase

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DOORS OPEN 7.30pm IN ALL CASES
NEW ALBUM-NEW TOUR 'you've got the power'
TICKETS ON SALE NOW CHECK BOX OFFICES FOR DETAILS

record NEWS

GEORDIE RE-EMERGE

GEORDIE — who've just celebrated their tenth anniversary, though their peak period was in 1973 when they had several hit singles, including 'All Because Of You' which reached No 6 — are now back in action in a big way. They've now acquired vocalist Rob Turnbull to replace Brian Johnson, who joined AC/DC — and they also have a new lead guitarist, Dave Stephenson. The rest of the line-up remains Brian Gibson (drums), Tom Hill (bass) and Vic Malcolm (guitar). They've just signed with Armageddon Records (through Pinnacle), and have their single 'Nutbush City Limits'/'No Sweat' out this weekend, with an album to follow. After their recent support spot with Edgar Winter, they'll be touring in the UK during May.

Return of The Lurkers

THE LURKERS are back after an absence of two years, with a new lead vocalist and a new record label. Their new singer is Mark Fincham, who joins Nigel Moore (bass), Peter Stride (guitar) and Pete Haynes (drums). They've just signed with Midlands label Clay Records, and their first single via this outlet will be 'This Dirty Town', scheduled for late May release.

● 'Body Electric'/'Adrenochrome' is a double A-side single by **The Sisters Of Mercy,** issued this week by CNT Productions of York, distributed through Pinnacle. There are singles due out shortly from the same source by **The Three Johns** and **The Redskins.**

● **Rheingold,** a German band from the same musical school as Kraftwerk, have their first UK single 'Fanfanfanatic'/'River' issued by EMI. There's also a 12-inch version with a bonus track titled 'Triad Dimensions'.

● Scheduled for late May release is an intriguing album by **Tuxedomoon,** featuring their score for the Maurice Bejart ballet *Divine,* based on the life of enigmatic film star Greta Garbo. It's the first release from the new Operation Twilight company, and it's followed in June by two singles — a seven-inch by French trio **Antena** titled 'The Boy From Ipanema' produced by John Foxx, and the 12-inch 'Justice' by **Paul Haig.** Also upcoming is a solo LP by **Virginia Astley,** a collection of piano pieces backed by "non-human voices".

● **Vice Squad** have their third EP issued through EMI this week, titled 'Stand Strong EP'. It features two tracks from their upcoming album 'Stand Strong Stand Proud' (due out in May), plus two new tracks unavailable elsewhere.

● Glass Records this week release two singles — 'Future Girl' by **Anti Establishment** (produced by Rat Scabies who also plays triangle!) and 'Terminus' by **The Cravats** — plus the 12-inch EP 'Tenderly Hurt Me' by **Native Hipsters.** Upcoming on May 1 is a double A-side 12-incher by **Religious Overdose** coupling 'The Girl With The Disappearing Head' and 'In This Century', and a 12-inch EP by **Where's Lisse?** titled 'Tutorial'.

● Editions EG is a label which enables musicians to operate outside the normal commercial confines of their careers. Already some 30 albums have been issued — featuring **Robert Fripp, Brian Eno, Phil Manzanera, Bill Bruford** and **The Lounge Lizards** among others — and now comes a sampler compilation album called '1st Editions', released (through Polydor) on April 30, and providing a taste of the diverse and unusual material available under this banner.

● **Vic Godard,** who'll shortly be guesting with Subway Sect on the Altered Images tour, will have a new album and single released on the London label (through Decca) to coincide. The LP is 'Songs For Sale', and the single is '(Hey Now) I'm In Love'/'Just In Time'.

● **Hambi & The Dance,** the outfit who describe themselves as a "Liverpudlian non-Liverpool band", release their third Virgin single on April 30. Titled 'Living In A Heartache', it's a foretaste of their first album 'Heartache', scheduled for late May. They'll be touring extensively in June.

● Oily Records of Aberdeen release the third single by top-rated local band **APB,** titled 'Palace Filled With Love' — it's the follow-up to 'Shoot You Down', which figured in the indie charts in January. Distribution is through Fast Products.

● On April 30, **Red Star Belgrade** release their first single for Stagecoach Records (through PRT), titled 'Mad Dogs And Englishmen'. From the same label on May 7 comes the single 'Lions And Tigers' by **Warren Bacall.**

● Four-piece London punk band **Charge** have their new single 'Fashion' issued by Kamera Records in early May, as the follow-up to their 'Destroy The Youth' EP.

Combative Clash album

THE CLASH, whose major UK tour opens next week (see *Gig Guide),* have their new self-prduced album released by CBS on May 14. Titled 'Combat Rock', it comprises 12 new songs written by the band — they are **Know Your Rights, Car Jamming, Should I Stay Or Should I Go, Rock The Casbah, Red Angel Dragnet, Street To Hell, Overpowered By Funk, Atom Tan, Sean Flynn, Ghetto Defendant, Inoculated City** and **Death Is A Star.** The track 'Sean Flynn' relates the story of film star Errol Flynn's son during the Vietnam war, while 'Ghetto Defendant' includes a poem written and read by Alan Ginsberg.

GANG OF FOUR have their single 'I Love A Man In Uniform'/'The World At Fault' issued by EMI on May 5 in both 7" and 12", with extended remixed versions featured on the latter — both titles are from their album 'Songs Of The Free', due out a week later. The promise of their tour dates for this week has not been fulfilled, and they are now expected next week.

HAZEL O'CONNOR releases her new single 'That's Life' on Albion Records this weekend. It's a re-cut version of a song from her last album 'Cover Plus', and it's been given Hazel's official approval — as opposed to 'Calls The Tune', which she didn't want A&M to lift from her 'Breaking Glass' LP.

THE FUNBOY THREE, having ended their flirtation with Bananarama for the time being, get together with Leicester four-piece The Swinging Laurels on their upcoming new single. Title is 'The Telephone Always Rings', and it's due out within the next two or three weeks.

HAIRCUT 100 have a picture disc released by Arista next Monday in a limited edition, featuring a live version of their current single 'Fantastic Day', coupled with 'Ski Club'. The disc has the Haircut stripes on one side, and a shot from their new video on the other.

DEPECHE MODE have their latest single 'Meaning Of Love' issued by Mute Records next Monday (26) — their second to be penned by Martin Gore, following his success with 'See You'. The B-side is titled 'Oberkon (It's A Small Town).' There's no immediate sign of any UK gigs by the band, as they're off to the U.S. and Canada next month.

ROD STEWART's most celebrated single 'Sailing' is reissued by Riva this weekend, in response to demand from dealers and the public, as the result of the Falklands crisis.

● **Mickey Dread** has signed to Do It Records for his own releases, though he'll still be operating his own Dread At The Controls label. His new single 'Rocky Road'/'Sweet Sixteen', recorded in London with various session musicians, is released on April 30 — and there's also a 12-incher, containing longer versions of both tracks with dubs. Dread's new self-produced solo album 'S.W.A.L.K.', recorded in Jamaica and London, follows on May 21.

● **Roberta Flack's** new single, written by Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager, is the title song from the film *Making Love* — due to open in Britain in the early summer. Roberta is currently working on a new studio album.

● Heavy rock specialists **Van Halen** release their fifth Warner Brothers album this weekend, titled 'Diver Down'. It's a mixture of original self-penned numbers and re-workings of classic rockers.

● A new version of the Erik Satie composition 'Gnossienne No. 1' appears this week as a Fresh Records single. It's by **Family Fodder,** the North London musicians collective based around songwriter and guitarist Alig.

SCOTLAND'S DREAM

THE SCOTTISH World Cup Squad have recorded their official anthem for the upcoming contest in Spain — titled 'We Have A Dream', it was written and produced by B. A. Robertson, and is out this week on WEA Records. Besides the entire Scottish soccer squad, several other personalities join in the chorus — including jockey Willie Carson, athlete Alan Wells, the current Miss Scotland and, of course, B. A. Robertson.

ALICE FOR BRITAIN

ALICE COOPER'S previously reported single 'For Britain Only', recorded solely for the UK market at the end of his recent tour here, is now set for April 30 release through WEA. It's coupled with a live version of 'Under My Wheels', recorded at Glasgow Apollo. And on the 12-inch version there are two extra live tracks, both from the Apollo show, 'Who Do You Think We Are' and 'Model Citizen'.

MAZE LIVE SINGLE

MAZE, who scored a big success in their debut concerts at Hammersmith Odeon last month, release a new Capitol single recorded live at those shows — it's a 12-incher featuring 'Before I Let Go' and 'Golden Time Of Day'. There's also a seven-inch version — but, on this, the recording of 'Before I Let Go' is a studio cut.

● Safari Records are releasing the compilation set 'The Very Best Of **Jayne County',** which traces the singer's career from his Wayne era to her present Jayne status — and it includes the previously unissued track 'What You've Got', produced by Martin Rushent. Musicians on the various items include David Cunningham of Flying Lizards, Jools Holland, Henri Padovani and Morgan Fisher.

Nelson back in command

BILL NELSON releases his first new recording for three years through Phonogram next weekend — a single titled 'Eros Arriving', co-produced with Ants producer Chris Hughes, and featuring ex-Ants drummer Merrick. B-side is 'Haunting In My Head', and there's a limited edition double pack (selling at the price of a normal single) with two extra new tracks, 'He And Sleep Were Brothers' and 'Flesh'. Neither is included on his upcoming album 'The Love That Whirls', due out in early June, which will also come as a double pack — incorporating the music Nelson wrote for the Yorkshire Actors company production of the play *Beauty And The Beast,* recently featured on BBC-2's *Riverside.* Nelson is currently working on YMO drummer Yukihiro Takahashi's solo album, and the roles will then be reversed when Takahashi guests on Nelson's next recordings.

● **The Insane** have a new EP issued by No Future Records on April 30, with distribution through Rough Trade and Red Rhino. The three tracks featured are 'El Salvador', 'Nuclear War' and a re-working of the Thunders-Ramone classic 'Chinese Rocks'.

● Following the chart success of 'Your Honour', Trojan are reissuing the 1976 **Pluto** recording of 'Ram Goat Liver'. The 12-incher features an extended dub version, never before released. The B-side of both 7" and 12" is 'Walk Away' by **Marie Pierre.**

● **Modern English,** whose extensive tour schedule was listed last week, now release a single to coincide. Titled 'Life In A Glad House', it's a remix of a track on their new album 'After The Snow', and it's out next week on 4.A.D. Records.

● The first 1982 single from Liverpool band **Afraid Of Mice** is 'Transparent', written by lead singer Phil Jones and produced by Tony Visconti. It's on Charisma, whose companion label Pre Records release the debut single by **Twenty Inches At The Knee,** titled 'Spy In The House Of Love'.

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thursday 22nd

Basildon Raquels: **Park Avenue**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Don McLean**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Criminal Fingers**
Bordon Robin Hood: **The Courgettes**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Class Type-Bee's/Bitter End**
Brighton New Regent: **The Chameleons/This Colour**
Bristol Bedminster Down Club: **Frod Wedlock**
Carlisle Hunting Lodge: **Chas & Dave**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Fast Eddie/As The Newt**
Cheltenham Copperfields: **Pendragon**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Wayne Fontana (until Saturday)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & the 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coleraine Riverside Theatre: **Neil Innes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Speech Majors/Whats Your Name**
Croydon The Star: **Exposure**
Derby Blue Note: **Modern English**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Mike Harding**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Inversions**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Spider**
Farnham The Maltings: **Lost Robert's Blues Band**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Junco Partners**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **007**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Birthday Party**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Official Secrets**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Wise/White Diamond/Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **English Dream/Worried Parachutes**
Inverness Ice Rink: **Marillion**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The Motivators**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Scorpions**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Wild Weekend**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Kristo Hughes**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The El Trains**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nick Garvey Band/The Wobbly Jellies**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flying Pigs**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Civilization/Language From Memory**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Cosmetics/Love Dance**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mose Allison Trio (until May 1, except Sunday)**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Chemical Alice**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Results/Sensible Jerseys**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Decorators/The Trawlermen**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Miles Davis**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Berlyn**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **Chime**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Rabid/Urban Dissdents/Criminal Class**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Swinging Laurels**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Xena Zerox**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Idle Flowers**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Jay McShann Trio (until April 30, except Sunday)**
London Marquee Club: **Crown Of Thorns**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.8 The Railway: **Chicago Sunset**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Wish**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Breakfast Band**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Terraplane**
London Putney Stars: **Avenue**
London Putney White Lion: **The Business**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Sky**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kathy Stobart Quintet with Lennie Best (until Saturday)**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/King Kurt**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Quilapayun (concert for Chile)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Johnny Thunders**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Earwigs/The Sines**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
Maidstone Dixies: **The Ferrets**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
Northampton Black Lion: **Religious Overdose/Bullets For Silver/Business In Asia**
Norwich Tudor Hall: **Mike Berry**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
Oxford Pennyfatrhing: **X-Dividend**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Riz Wah Wah**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Elkie Brooks**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Three Degrees (for three days)**
Rotherham Thurnscoe Hotel: **Saracen**
Shifnal Village Hall: **Roaring Jelly**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Cure**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Nashville Teens**
Worthing Assembly Hall: **Hot Gossip**
Yeovil Rainbows Club: **Club Whoopee**

friday 23rd

Alton College: **Shark Taboo**
Balloch Ben Lomond Hotel: **Spider**
Bangor (Co. Down) Furey's: **Dogmatic Element**
Bath Moles: **The Chameleons**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **The Flying Doctors**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Alternative Route/Amlak**
Birmingham Imperial Cinema: **Bauhaus**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Meatloaf**
Birmingham Odeon: **Thin Lizzy**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackburn The Regent: **Rockin Horse**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Surfing Dave/The Three Johns**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Siren/Screen Technique**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Robin Williamson**
Cambridge Graduate Centre: **Amyl Dukes/The Vampires**
Cardiff Nero's: **Moira & The Mice/The Slide**

Clash, bang, wallop on the road

Paul Simenon pic: Pennie Smith

THE CLASH, fresh from Far Eastern triumphs, and now with a new single and album to promote, start their travels in Scotland at Aberdeen (Monday), Inverness (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday) together with a new-look Pearl Harbour.
The THIN LIZZY concerts finally get under way this week, after being postponed from March due to illness — with shows in Oxford (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Sheffield (Monday) and Newcastle (Tuesday) . . . and STATUS QUO, having completed the first leg of their massive 20th anniversary tour in Ireland, move across to the UK to play Deeside (Friday) and Bridlington (Monday and Tuesday).
Other new tours see Gary Numan's former backing band DRAMATIS commencing a headlining trek in Reading on Saturday; guitar wizards BERT JANSCH and ALBERT LEE joining forces from Glasgow (Sunday) onwards; veteran campaigner FRANKIE LAINE opening another British outing in Portsmouth on Tuesday; and CRASS beginning a new gig series in Stoke on Wednesday, with the ever-faithful Dirt and Annie Anxiety in support.

MEATLOAF's bandwagon rolls on to play before sell-out houses at Birmingham NEC (Friday and Saturday) and Wembley Arena (Monday and Tuesday). And to provide further evidence that spring has finally sprung, among the many other acts currently in mid-tour — whose dates, of course, can be found in the accompanying listings — are THE BOOMTOWN RATS, CLASSIX NOUVEAUX, THE CURE, THE FALL, JUDIE TZUKE, ELKIE BROOKS, THE SCORPIONS, BLACKFOOT, GLADYS KNIGHT and DON McLEAN.

Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Jackie Lynton Band/Shift**
Cheltham M.I.C. Club: **Pulsaters**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Chas & Dave**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Sparta**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Wreckless Eric**
Coventry Polytechnic: **Eyeless In Gaza**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crewe and Alsager College: **Special 20**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Billy May Big Band**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Status Quo**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Don McLean**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Barnham & The Angels**
Dundee University: **Classix Nouveaux**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Birthday Party**
Exeter Tiffany's: **The Beatroots/Go!**
Fort William Milton Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Ray Stubbs R & B Allstars**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Talk Talk**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Pier Ballroom: **Budgie/Fokker Triplane**
Hertford The Wolpack: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Innerleithen Union Club: **Border Boogie Band**
Jersey Opera House: **Fred Wedlock**
Keith Longmore Hall: **Marillion**
Kirkcaidy Abbotshall Hotel: **Dizrhythmia**
Lancaster Ring O'Bells: **Two Blokes Who Like Curries**
Lancaster University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Cross Section**
London Brixton George Canning: **Come National**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Maggie Fox & Helen Rederer/Alan Gilbey/The Flying Pickets/Margot Random Band**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Carmel**
London Camden Dingwalls: **K. K. Khan/The Republic**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **24 hours/King Kurt**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **1-2-3/Household Names/Buddhist Hairdo's**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Robert Ellis Orrall**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Electrix**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Scarecrow/Bonzai**
London Fulham King's Head: **Salt**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Scorpions**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The Earwigs/Eight Miles High**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Screen 3/Civilization**
London Holloway North Polytechnic: **The Fall**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Deke Leonard**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **Rock Goddess**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Breakfast Band/Pizazz**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Combo Passe**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Jump Squad/The Instant Automatons**
London Putney Half Moon: **Drowsy Maggie**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Norman Lovett Show**
London Putney White Lion: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **East Side Stompers**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Sky**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Papers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Design For Living**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dennis Bovell's Dub Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blurt/Anonymous Sisters**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Lot 49**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
Luton College of Higher Education: **Stopband**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Kabbala**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Hot Gossip/Naughty Thoughts**
Norwich East Anglia University: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Vice Squad**
Oxford Blades: **Second Image**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Splash**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Redditch The Fox: **Blues Power**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Swinging Laurels**
Runcorn Granleway Centre: **Fireclown**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Cure**
Stirling University: **H20**
Stourbridge Art College: **The Nightingales**
Swansea Baron's Club: **Morrissey Mullen**
Swindon Prince Of Wales: **Roaring Jelly**
Taunton Community Centre: **The Headless Horsemen/Club Whoopee/Quazor/East Wall**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Weymouth Dorset Institute: **Modern English**

saturday 24th

Aldershot Cambridge Military Hospital: **Roaring Jelly**
Bedford College of Higher Education: **C-Saim**
Belfast Whitla Hall: **Blackfoot**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Fundamental Furniture**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **No Faith**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Meatloaf**
Birmingham Odeon: **Judie Tzuke**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **Ideal Husbands**
Blackburn The Regent: **Rockin Horse**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Muckram Wakes**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Katrina & The New Apocalypse Choir**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **The Headless Horsemen/Club Whoopee/Quazor/East Wall**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Pure Motivation**
Caerphilly Checkmates: **Fire Down Below**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Chameleons/The Great Divide**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Beggars Opera/Killer Wales**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colchester Essex University: **The Fall**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Modern English**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Pinkies/Gambit Of Shame/Ubangi Bros**
Dublin Statium: **Bert Jansch/Albert Lee**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Jealous Girl**
Dundee Tayside Bar: **Marillion**
Ebbw Vale The Level: **Shanghai**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Talk Talk/Epsilon**
Edinburgh Valentino's Coffee Club: **TV 21**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Pulsaters**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Classix Nouveaux**
Gloucester Roundabout: **Chas & Dave**
Guernsey Beausejour Theatre: **Fred Wedlock**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Howard Jones/The Signals**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Whammer Jammer**
Lancaster Ring O'Bells: **Two Blokes Who Like Curries**
Lasswade Sports Centre: **The R.B.'s**
Leeds Compton Arms: **Limelight**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Saracen**

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Leicester Phoenix Theatre (lunchtime): **Instrument Delicat**
Leicester University: **Bauhaus**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Don McLean**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Breakfast Band**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Behaviour Red**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Raymond Froggatt/24 Hours**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Hogman-Bradford Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Marines/Pillowhead**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Pookiesnackenburger/The Joeys**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Big Self/Anorexia**
London Forest Gate Freemasons Tavern: **Paragon**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mattandan Band/London Secret**
London Fulham King's Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Ron Rubin Trio**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Scorpions**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The Blue Cats/King Kurt**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Alarm/Airport & Dean**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Lee Kosmin**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **True Life Confessions**
London Islington Pied Bull: **No Longer Umpire/Sleek**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Marquee Club: **Wipeout**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **The Papers/The Managing Directors**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Root Jackson & The Tucker Finlayson Band/Sanity Clause**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Sam Mitchell**
London Putney White Lion: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Paul Metsers**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Wales: **New Era Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Dog Dog Dog**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **The Nashville Teens**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hi-Tension**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Guilt Edge/The Spies**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Eye Witness**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
Londonderry Newry & Mourne Arts Centre: **Neil Innes**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Kabbala**
Manchester Romeo's: **Nightwatchmen Face The Bears From Belle Vue Zoo**
Margate Kokomo Wine Bar: **Fokker Triplane**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Cure**
Northampton Old Black Lion: **Desolation Angels**
Oldham The Tommyfield: **The Relatives**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Pencils**
Penzance Demelzas: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mercedes**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Perfect Stranger**
Poole Arts Centre: **Hot Gossip**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Dramatis**
Redditch The Fox: **China Doll/Formula**
Retford Porterhouse: **Tank**
Rotherham Clifton Hall: **Strollers/Rebel Rousers/Chuch Fowler Band**
Shanklin IoW The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Shanklin IoW The Pier: **Budgie/Last Straw**
St Helens The Raven: **Fireclown**
Thetford Breckland Sports Centre: **International Heroes**
Whitley Bay Mingles: **Standard Issue**
Whitley Bay Rockcliffe Rugby Club: **the Eastside Torpedoes**
Wigston Stars & Bars: **The Swinging Laurels**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wishaw Heathery Bar: **Pallas**
York Alcuin College: **The Mood**

sunday 25th

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **The Eyes / Alone Again**
Bath Tiffany's: **Seething Wells / Akimbo / Tony Allen / Tymon Dogg**
Billingham Arms Hotel: **Roaring Jelly**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Mike Martin / Mart Smith**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **Morrissey Mullen**
Bristol Granary: **Dramatis**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance**
Coalville Hugglescote Club: **The Swinging Laurels**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Dolly Mixture / John Dowie / Anne Clark etc.**
Dublin Francis Xavier Pavilion: **Blackfoot**
Eccles Town Hall: **Fireclown**
Glasgow Maestro's: **H2O**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Bert Jansch / Albert Lee**
Glasgow Pavilion: **The Cure**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Irvine Armada's: **Pallas**
Kelso Cross Keys Hotel: **Marillion**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Short Stories**
Leeds Meanwood Park Hospital (afternoon): **Dodgy Tactics**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Leicester The Magazine: **Instrument Delicat**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Classix Nouveaux**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Chase**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Visa / No Comment**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Ime / Mirror Co / Ritual**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tres**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Mood Elevators / The Poetic Slav**
London Fulham King's Head: **La Verne Brown Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Boomtown Rats**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Auntie & The Men From Uncle / Eleni-V**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Beatroots**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Results**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Short Stories**
London Marquee Club: **Future Days**
London North London Polytechnic: **The Fall / Motor Boys Motor**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Unlimited Source**
London Putney Half Moon: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Putney White Lion: **Ivor Biggun**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Steve Lane's Southern Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Le Sage**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Robin Williamson**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Exposure**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Zoot Money**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Mike & Lizzie McKenzie**
Manchester (Whitefield) Masons Arms: **Rockin Horse**
Newcastle City Hall: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **The Eastside Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Judie Tzuke**
Nottingham Commodore Suite: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Nottingham Playhouse Theatre: **Neil Innes**
Nottingham Worksop College: **Buffalo**
Oakengates Town Hall: **Mike Berry**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon (lunchtime) / Night After Night (evening)**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Jake Thackray / Galadriel**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Chi-Lites**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Static**
Watford Palace Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**

monday 26th

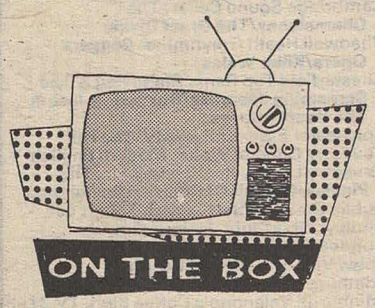
Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **The Clash / Pearl Harbour**
Aldershot West End Centre: **John Cooper Clarke / Guy Jackson / Anne Clarke**
Bathgate The Greentree Inn: **The Dolphins**
Belfast Queen's Hall: **Bert Jansch / Albert Lee**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Seething Wells / Tony Allen / Akimbo / Tymon Dogg**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Night Cut: **The Three Degrees (for a week)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Blairgowrie Jazz Club: **Highland Express**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Blackfoot**
Bridlington Spa Hall: **Status Quo**
Carshalton Cottage Of Contact: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Desolation Angels**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Neil Innes**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Cure**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Lone Wolf**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
Keighley Gory Details: **Radio 5 / Or Was He Pushed**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Short Stories**
Lincoln Lindsay's Disco Bar: **Child's Play**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mxyzptlk / Verba Verba / The Dalston Vampires**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **B-Movie / The Loved One / China Crisis**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Brave Face / Mutt 'n' Jeff**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Broo-Ha-Ha / The Coup / Not Exactly**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Jo-Anne Kelly Band / Tony McPhee and Dave Kelly**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Shank Orchestra / The Almost Brothers**
London Fulham King's Head: **Ginger**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **A Dark Design / Vitale Voice**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Studio Two**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Equator**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Vanishing Point**
London Marquee Club: **Stolen Pets**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Frames**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tony Richards Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Eddie Lockjaw Davis**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Betty Carter (until May 6)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bob Kerr's Blues Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Celadon Ceili Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Meatloaf**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Precious Little Idols**
London W.1 (Baker St.) The Barracuda: **Dislocation Dance**
London W.1 (Bond St.) Embassy Club: **Blood Poets / The The**
London W.1 (Maddox St.) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Earwigs / High Tide**
Manchester (Clifton) Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Manchester Ritz Ballroom: **Classix Nouveaux**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Preston Guildhall: **Don McLean**
Sheffield City Hall: **Thin Lizzy**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Scorpions**
Southend Zero Six: **Crossbow**

tuesday 27th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Brian Patten/Fran Landesman/Roger Ruskin Spear's Kinetic Wardrobe**
Batley Frontier Club: **Don McLean**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Don Rendell/Lennie Best Quartet**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Punx From Space/Friction Agitators**
Bridlington Spa Pavilion: **Status Quo**
Brighton Sherry's: **Dramatis**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Scorpions**
Bristol University Union: **Mr. Sprat's 21st Century Popular Motets/Eddie Martin**
Bury Derby Hall: **The Fall/Music For The Deaf**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Short Stories**
Derby Tiffany's: **Vardis**
Edinburgh University: **Marillion**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Urbs**
Gloucester Sinc Club: **X-Pupils**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Actifed /Urban Dissidents**
Grimsby Community Hall: **Zounds**
Harrogate Conference Centre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Ilford Room At The Top: **The Breakfast Band**
Inverness Ice Rink: **The Clash/Pearl Harbour**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Bert Jansch/Albert Lee**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **Seething Wells/Akimbo/Tony Allen/Tymon Dogg**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Come InN Tokio/Tunnel Users**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Johnny Thunders/The Cannibals**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Va Va Voom/Freefall**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **De Stijl/Channel 5**
London Covent Garden Tango: **Gillie McPherson**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Room For Humans**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Alarm/Fancy Goldfish**
London Fulham King's Head: **C.C. Rockhouse**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Blackfoot**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **3.P. Sweet**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Parisienne Swing**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **J.J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall: **Hank Wangford Band/The Box Brothers/The Greatest Show On Legs**
London Marquee Club: **Funhouse**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Stopband**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Reasons**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrisey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Deltas**
London Wembley Arena: **Meatloaf**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Streetwalker/Biz International**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda Club: **Pinski Zoo**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight's Thin Line**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Cure**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **John Taylor**
Manchester (Failsworth) Marlborough Club: **Fireclown**
Newcastle City Hall: **Thin Lizzy**
Olney Youth Club: **Religious Overdose/Syndromes**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Frankie Laine**
Potters Bar Korks Wine Bar: **Expandis**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Party**
St. Albans Adelaide Wine House: **The Nashville Teens**
Yeovil Preston Centre: **Rudi/The Blind Man's Holiday Act/Static Activity**

wednesday 28th

Aberdeen Valhallas Rock Club: **Waiter Waiter**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Batley New Frontier: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Cure**
Birmingham Quinton Puchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Dramatis**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton Centre: **Elkie Brooks**
Bristol (Broadmead) Malt Hops: **Artists And Lovers**
Bristol Cadbury Country Club: **Fred Wedlock**
Burnley The Centrespot: **Fluex Of Pink Indians/The System**
Carlisle Mick's: **Marillion**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice/Union Jackals**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Corby Strathclyde Hote: **Product**
Coventry Guy's: **The Swinging Laurels**
Derby Blue Note: **The Fall**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Clash/Pearl Harbour**
Glasgow Civic Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Gt. Yarmouths The Oakwood: **The Media**
Heckmondwike Craven Heifer: **Kirlian Lens**
Lancaster University: **Judie Tzuke**
Leeds Pack Hirse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Dodgy Tactics**
Liverpool Rotters: **The Breakfast Band**
Liverpool (Woolton) Coach & Horses: **The Chase**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Gerry & The Pacemakers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Creation Rebel**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Gillie McPherson**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Dad/False Pretences**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Weekend/Naughty Thoughts**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Wipeout**
London Fulham Greyhound: **True Life Confessions/The Dead Beats**
London Fulham King's Head: **Juvessance**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Ian Bellamy Quartet**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Robin Arrow**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Screen 3**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Volcanoes**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **The Hollywood Killers**
London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: **Syco & The New Yorkers**
London Plumstead The Ship: The Maek/Slaughterhouse Five
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Putney Stars: **Avenue**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dave Shepherd & Guests**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Chip-Shop Bar Show**
London University College: **Richard Digance**
London Victoria The Venue: **Moving Hearts with Christy Moore**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **3.P. Sweet**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **K.K. Khan**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Denny Laine**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Yessir**
Manchester Drifters: **Discharge**
Manchester Fagins: **Thomas Dolby/The Alternative Cabaret**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Don McLean**
Newcastle (Jesmond) The Lonsdale: **The Eastside Torpedoes**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Torpedoes**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Magma**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Headless Horsemen**
Southport Theatre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
Southsea Pleasurama: **Chas & Dave**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stafford Gatehouse Theatre: **Bruce Turner Quartet**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Mungo Jerry**
St. Austell Cornwall Colisseum: **The Scorpions**
Stirling Avant Garde: **Spider**
Stoke Tunstall Town Hall: **Crass/Dirt/Annie Anxiety**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Brands Hatch**
Worthing Pavilion: **Mike Berry**



Ian Penman goes through his latest 'gymnastic' routine on the box.

Friday April 23

The Phantom Of The Opera (Directed by Rupert Julian 1923). Original silent version of the much-loved cinema horror story — a perfect tension-building narrative where little is seen or known for just the right stretch of time (and imagination). With the Houdini of '20s scare roles — Lon Chaney. **(BBC2)**

Plaza Suite (Arthur Hiller 1971). Resiliently funny Neil Simon adaptation, helped no end by the plasticine physiognomy of Walter Matthau contorting itself in each of three separate skits set in one hotel: high flinging film producer, flustered father of the bride, and careworn second honeymooner. **(BBC1)**

Saturday April 24

Rollercoaster (James Goldstone 1977). A multi-million dollar crumb like this could probably just about work in a Sensurround Dolby widescreen cinema (if you'd taken mescaline, drunk youself silly and were afraid of heights to begin with) but on TV it's just the stupid sweaty melodrama it looked like on paper. **(ITV)**

Duel At Silver Creek (Don Siegel 1952). Audie Murphy as likely Western lad the "Silver Kid" (surely anyone with a name like that in the ol' West would've been blown — if not laughed — to pieces?) out to defend Good — and emerging capitalist relations of growth and prosperity — against Evil (as epitomised by a bunch of drunken numbskulls who can barely ride their horses). **(BBC1)**

The Great Waldo Pepper (George Roy Hill 1975). Stultifyingly boring Hollywood bet on whether Robert Redford and a fleet of WW1 fighter planes can pull the *Blue Max/Chariots Of Fire* audience in. (This last comment courtesy of Movie Snobs Inc. We're working on a follow up to the *Man of Iron/Up Pompeii* debate, don't worry!). **(BBC1)**

One More Time (Jerry Paris 1969). Sammy Davis Jnr. and Peter Lawford in (first British TV showing of) silly comedy about nighclub owners in smuggling scandal. Howabout a follow up, Sammy? See, there's this well respected nightclub entertainer gets involved in the *seedy* world of porn and vice, where NO HOLDS are barred . . . **(BBC2)**

Journey Into Fear (Norman Foster 1942). Echoes of *The Third Man* (an echo writes: "danga danga dang gadang, danga danga dang GAdang GAdangadang ga dang . . .") in this 1942 war/espionage thriller set in Istanbul, which Joseph Cotten and that man Orson Welles both scripted and starred in. Welles is said to have lent an ample hand in direction, but goes uncredited on that front. With Dolores del Rio, Agnes Moorehead, and enough expressionistic Welles to keep cineastes up till morn'. **(BBC2)**

The Twist (Claude Charbrol 1976). Not, as you might expect, a McCarthyite expose on the perils of Chubby Checker's last stand, but an oddity in LWT's new 'Adult Continental' movie slot for late night Saturday. Last week's was, well, phew, a STINKER, LWT, so I hope you can do better for us weirdo insomniacs. This New York based 'comedy' (from Chabrol?) with Bruce Dern, Ann Margaret, Sydne Rome and Curt Jurgens looks interesting (is it doomed: 'interesting'?). Hope it isn't dubbed. **(ITV LWT)**

Sunday April 25

Flame Of The Barbary Coast (Joseph Kane 1944). An earthquake, a John Wayne cattle thug and a femme fatale known by the name of Flaxen Tarry. A piece of bar room brawling fluff, directed by Joseph Kane (NO RELATION). **(BBC1)**

The Stranger (Orson Welles 1945). Duff story about Nazi crim wooing all American gal in wartime Connetticut village, enlivened by Welles as the baddie (and auteur) and Edward G. Robinson as the Fed. on his Teutonic tail. I'm sure we can read what we want into it though, eh? **(BBC2)**

Monday April 26

Hustle (Robert Aldrich 1975). Put together good ol' bellicose Burt Reynolds as a struggling cop, Catherine Deneuve as his call girl co-habitee and slightly less than camp direction from Robert Aldrich . . . and you've got something you'll either find irresistibly dirty or spitefully narrow. I go for the former — and it'll be especially interesting in the light of Burt's latest, *Sharky's Machine* (don't listen to the caterwauling of the crabby cranks — it's smart) which juggles with a similar set up. **(BBC1)**

Tuesday April 27

How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying (David Swift 1967) Big hitting bountiful Broadway musical, with well controlled farce and Frank *(Guys And Dolls)* Loesser songs. Not the tops, but nowhere near the pits. **(BBC2)**

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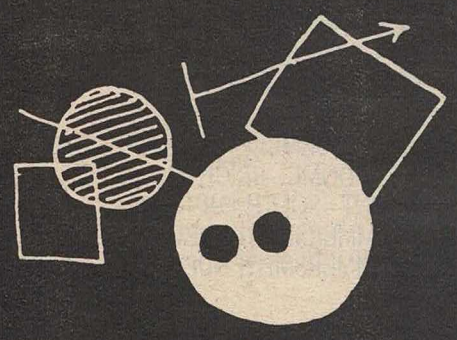

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30th CITY HALL - NEWCASTLE
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2nd KINGS THEATRE - GLASGOW
3rd CAPITOL - ABERDEEN
4th PLAYHOUSE - EDINBURGH
6th HEXAGON - READING
7th NEW THEATRE - OXFORD
8th OASIS LEISURE CENTRE - SWINDON
9th COLLISEUM - ST. AUSTELL
10th EXETER UNIVERSITY
21st TUNBRIDGE WELLS - ASSEMBLY ROOMS
22nd DOME - BRIGHTON
23rd GAUMONT - SOUTHAMPTON
24th HAMMERSMITH ODEON
25th HAMMERSMITH ODEON

ALBUM ALSO ON CHROM
HIGH QUALITY CASSETTE

Chrysalis

LIVE!

NEW YORK, NEW YORK!

CHIC
D-TRAIN
T-CONNECTION

Palladium

FUNK ALWAYS has its conventions, routines and common signals. The difference between great funk and bad is in how they are applied. Funk needs a warmth of shared motion, a flash of humour, satire, wit. It needs both a hard cutting edge and a soft smile. That relentless, mindless, must-party-now determination many funk-soul groups purvey usually turns against itself and becomes grimly unpleasurable.

So it was with tonight's support groups, T-Connection and D-Train. The latter have their one disco hit, 'You're The One For Me', the former are looking for theirs, but neither knows what to do with a hit on stage to bring it to life.

The mastery of funk showmanship that Chic showed in their first minutes on stage made the long night of waiting for them worth the bother.

You can't be ordered to have fun. At best you can be seduced into it, led there by a gentle touch. Sometimes you can be tricked into it. Chic sort of dazzle you into it, rubbing so much sparkle into your eyes and pouring so much honey into your ears that you just have to warm up and smile.

Chic haven't had the greatest time of it lately. Their productions for Sister Sledge and Debbie Harry especially were a lot less exciting then their own stuff, and while they fiddled, Nile and Bernard waited too long to put something out under the Chic name. I love the new album. Its best tunes rank with Chic's best work. But it hasn't hit hard with the public, as the empty seats in the Palladium's upper level testified. But the bouncing bodies on the floor testified that they are still rightly loved.

They have an abundance of glamour. Singers Alfa and Luci are so beautiful, so beautifully dressed (in white dresses with lots of criss-crossing folds, like black-skinned Grecian Goddesses). Nile looks a paradigm of cool, in fringe-lined trousers so over-the-top ridiculous they're hip.

Chic solve the problem of reviewing their career by alternating new stuff with old. The old hits have a slight edge over some of the new songs, but as performances they are all one long flowing celebration.

And the band can play. Oh, can they play. Bernard's bass isn't the exaggerated boom that some funk bassists resort to to prove they are heavy, but a moving, bubbling stream of rhythm. Nile's guitar sound should have a patent on it, it's that distinctive. Among a cluster of instruments it sings through with a rhythm-lead combination punch. The whole Chic band offered exemplary musicianship.

But that's not what makes Chic a world-class act. The guys in D-Train also know how to play their things, but they could never make me move that way. What makes Chic such an easy band to enjoy is that they don't make it look like work. Their professionalism is a machinery working strictly behind the scenes. What we see and hear is their looseness, the fun and laughter and abandon that moves from the stage in ripples and waves. What we feel is an irrestible movement into fun. Not a command but something subtle and tingly, like a tickle that makes you shift over just so, that makes it easy to give in.

Richard Grabel

FLINGING THE FUNK IN YOUR FACE!

JAMES WHITE AND THE BLACKS

Danceteria

I BREAK OUT
of a way of hearing which demands that each element of rhythm, harmony and tune fit in with each other element *just so*, in a balanced symmetry, a perfectly melodious line. I move into this sound instead, right into the middle of it. I forget rational construction and the easy, sugary confections of the dances' easier pleasure principles.

This sound surrounds me, and the discord doesn't bother me. It makes sense as perfect as any melody. Guitars jab at my sides. Saxophones tug at my hips and shoulders. Dancing girls, so wild and out of it, move my fever up.

The horns, guitars, the rhythm sex-tion, that voice, don't just mesh and complement each other. They also collide, bump around, but there's no loss of motion in that. It's a jumble, a jangle, nearly a cacophany sometimes. It bends and shakes me in all the right places, spins me around.

James White screams and glowers and shouts and bends just like he's making me do. He's not James Chance anymore because now he leaves very little to chance. He must be a bitch to work for. All that discord and counter-melody leave little place to hide. And James pushes hard. He barks his orders. *"Guitars/Let me hear you scratch/Like you got a herpes rash/Horns/Now play like you never been born."*

And they do. Everything pushes and pushes with manic heat and perfect control. Perfect! There's room for accident and deviation. There's room to be surprised and shocked. There's room to move.

Totally fascinated. I ogle the Discolitas, two black girls well on the wrong side of sleaziness. I stare at the black saxophone player, the sharpest man on the stage in Grace Jones crop, white suit and bow tie. I move to the sides and James moves to the extremes. 'Money To Burn' he sings and burns some money. *"Spend it or it'll spend you."*

It gets hot. It gets brutal and fast and hard and moving. A song called 'Disco Jaded' obviously isn't designed to set us at ease. A couple next to me whine "It's much better on the second floor" and leave for Danceteria's other spaces. But down here the committed, the crazed and the curious get fanned by famous flames.
IN A COLD
light of reason it's easy to see why this edition of James White And The Blacks works when so many others have'nt.

What a James White band needs is bravery, audacity. His process is an expression of faith. It needs the confidence to step out and risk things falling apart.

James White is using the same formula he's been working variations on since the early Contortions, that hard James Brown funk taken apart, injected with a large dose of aggressive dementia and then beaten into a new shape. It's now that formula refined and, especially, practised.

It's not about inspired amateurism. It could never work with a pick-up band. That cheap trick of a gig White played last in London was a disaster I'm sure.

But James has finally put together a band of excellent musicians and kept them together long enough for them to coalesce into a working unit. White's formula is an extremely deliberate creation, and this band has worked out the steps.

The sax section, Robert Arron and Luther Thomas, should be especially credited. Arron plays with Chic and produces Haitian rhythm bands like Cole Cole which are very hot in Port-Au-Prince and Brooklyn. Thomas is a well-known baritone on the New York new jazz circuit. But really everyone on stage is pulling and pushing just as hard.

The Discolitas, Cherie and Rob, are the perfect visual accompaniment to this hot-house of sound, and a show unto themselves. They complement James White's music as the Chic singers complement Chic's music, each reflecting the music's hidden agenda. The Chic girls project Chic's upwardly-mobile star-tripping, the creation of a glamour fantasy. The Discolitas reflect James White's downwardly-mobile fascination with the deviant and the forbidden.

James White is an assault, not a seduction. He flings the funk in your face. You better dance or duck.

To move with it you move to the extremes of hearing and push yourself as hard as the music is pushing you. No passive surrender, but an active reshaping of the funk habit. I do it, and I break out in a cold
SWEAT!

Richard Grabel

The New York dance craze that's setting London spinning? See* Hotfoot *over . . . Poetry in motion pics: Peter Anderson.

FUTURE FORCE

Peppermint Lounge

I WAS JUST passing through and the best thing to do when you're just passing through is sample the sights: that is sample all kinds of forbidden examples, or something or other. This is the ideal.

Suddenly, I'm eating sandwiches in this dark and crowded lounge thinking that I need to see just one unknown undiscovered unloved New York group so that I can get to know them, and be around to discover them, and then fall in love . . .

And I walk into a part of this minty place not really knowing where I'm going and there on the stage is the group I've been looking for. They're half-way through their set. They play one song and I know them, I've discovered them and I love them. Future Force have a funny kind of name. In truth they should be called FF — f for fierce, f for frantic, f for yknuf, f for fan those flames. Future Force have a funny kind of name but the soul they play is not funny: it's sunny, I suppose, and clear and fast and joyful. Four neat blokes preparing this sound, and an energetic, not synthetic, and in some ways elastic black girl singer . . . did someone say T. Turner? Get out of this lounge!

They say to me that they've been slogging for a rock hard year now and no one's glanced their way and spread them with attention. It may have been just that I was a little giddy because I was passing through, but it still seems like Future Force are definitely not one of the cons of the century: I would say, trusting my memory, that they're an absolute delight. I get out my critical knife and carefully spread them with attention. Discovered, known, loved, they're so good it doesn't even matter about their funny name.

Paul Morley

CLUB JIVE

WHAT WITH *Yanks* coming every Friday night on TV, it was just a matter of time before the **Club Jive** opened up to relieve them of their dollars. *Yanks* might deserve this sort of thing, Americans don't and neither do we. *Yanks*, we're told, has received the '40s jive all over New York. I haven't been there so I'll take their word for it.

But so what? '40s jive, '50s rockabilly, '60s mod, medieval banquets — they all smack of the same nostalgic mentality. This is fine, if looking back is your idea of fun, but these things are always presented with the fake promise of being the new thing, even though the spirit or idea obviously must die long before it can be disinterred.

The Club Jive is not only stillborn but also clumsily delivered. It makes its *Yank* brothers welcome with a star spangled banner crossing poles with a Union Jack behind the bandstand. The Ghost of the Glenn Miller orchestra plays forces favourites and jive dancers are hired to teach the steps. Except the real jive dancers can't make it, so they've got some London debutantes depping at a dime a dance. This paying for partners is another imported habit and a sad one at that. No-one takes them up on it, except for a few drag queens probably brought in to add colour. The rest of us sit it out until the bar closes. At 12.30am. Probably a wartime curfew.

Ceroc Turn

Pic: Peter Anderson

Mud, mud, glorious mud. She Sheriff and the boys wallow in the hillbilly blues

SHE SHERIFF

Barracuda

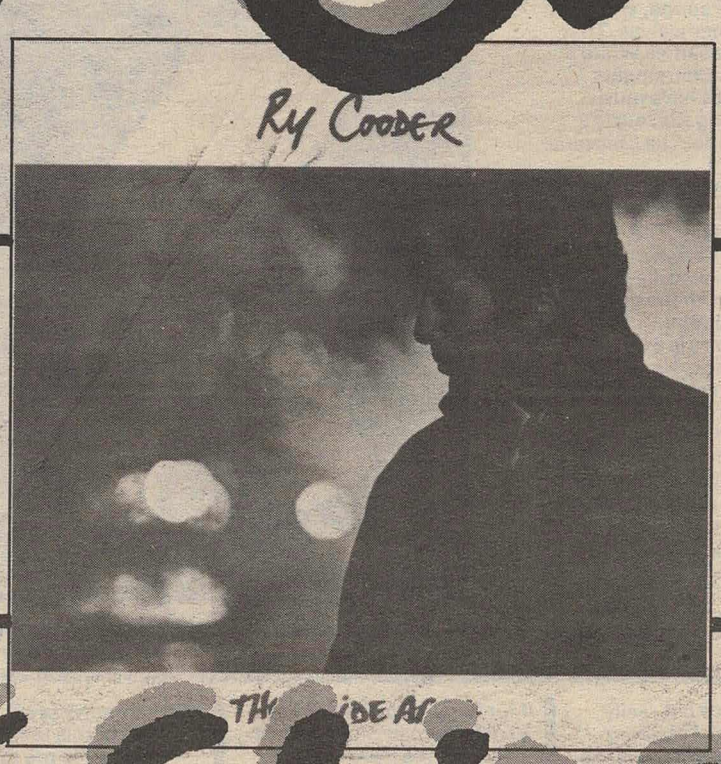
LIVE!

THE PUNTERS were thin on the ground and the music was flat in the air. The group of unshaven boys in sadrags looked like early Bolsheviks, but they sounded definitely pre-November 1917. Their harmless hoedowns may make a hit single or two — sooner rather than later, this time! — but I'd say Malcolm's lost his touch, if not his marbles; she didn't touch me at all where Peggy Lee once or twice wiped my brow. I wasn't dazzled, I wasn't covered in muck.

I'd spread a red and white checked tablecloth over this lot.

Mark Cordery

Ry Cooder



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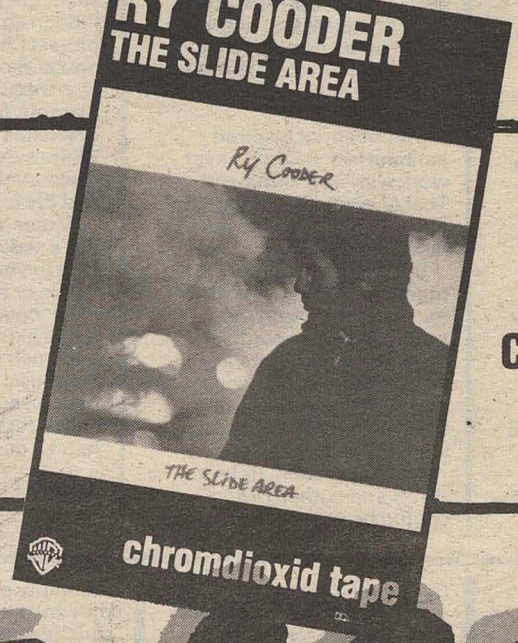

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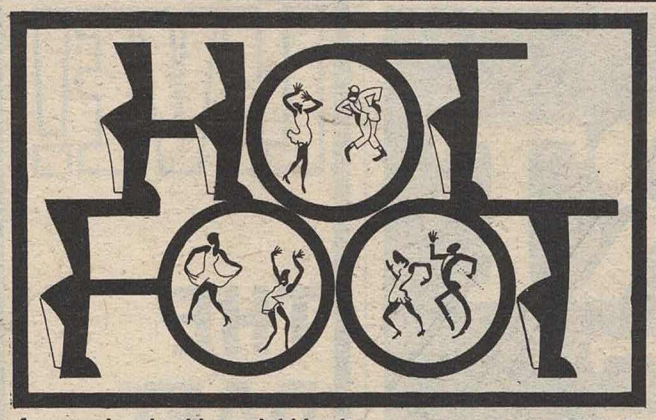

An occasional guide to clubbing it **BRISTOL**

BRISTOL is a hilly city and a guide to nightclubbing could become a topographical tour.

Stroll down Whiteladies Road heading into the city centre and from the top of Park Street the influence of the University and the student community generally becomes apparent. **The Dug Out** on Park Row has for years been a focus for student frolics, the clash of sub-cultures where musicians, artists and freaky friendly people mix together. The subterranean interior has opened out and extended and considerably smartened up, with bigger and better bars and a pizzaburger point. It's a place to hang out or see a lot of acquaintances in a relatively short space of time, and with a 50p entry charge on weekdays and reasonable bar prices, it's the best value club in town.

On Park Street itself within close proximity of each other are **Misty's** and **Cinderellas.** Misty's has changed its name and owner so often it becomes confusing, but perhaps with its more up-market orientation it may settle. It still retains the cosy tables, confining dance floor and upstairs toilets and is popular with students. Cinderellas, on the other hand, is the only thing approaching a city centre black club: non-stop funk/disco/rapping and reggae in an environment dominated by the spiral staircase leading down into the heart of the club, and the pentagon-shaped mirrors which are over-worked dealing with some of the more flamboyant poseurs. Stares shoot out from the patrons perched on the bar stools if a new face descends the stairs but the overall atmosphere is dance the night away.

Raffles nestles under the bridge at the bottom of Park Street and is another example of the strange sound and vision mixed in cramped surroundings. Fountains merge with fops fuelled by the easy funk disco in the far room. It's in marked contrast to the breeze-block mentality and structures of the **Locarno** and **Mayfair Suite**, to be found in the new Bristol Centre 'entertainment complex'.

Steamers in Princes Street is a Mod '60s club with its young conformist clientele at odds with any image as young soul rebels. Whereas that hardy perennial **The Old Granary** — the oldest swinger in town — has roots from its origins as a banana warehouse, through its adaptation in the '60s as Bristol's most important club, to its recent concentration at the heavy metal/hardcore punk crossover audiences. The Granary is proud of its record and the place inspires affection in spite of its restricted viewing space and the low stage that makes it possible not to see the group playing at all! A special award too for the Worse Club Toilets, edging the Dug Out in to a close second place.

Before we leave the immediate vicinity of the city centre a mention must be made for the recently opened **Spencers** on Colston Street, a few doors up from the concert dinosaur the Colston Hall. The organisers have plenty of plans for using videos, performance artists and all-star music sessions, promises which club-goers hope will not fall into the usual tendency of non-fulfillment. Time will tell.

Finally there are two haunts which are set in less salubrious surroundings but provide some of the best quality socialising and music. **The Dockland Settlement** hosts live music most Saturdays which can be of a Saturday night 'good time' variety, or something a little more off-the-wall, for example Blurt and Scream And Dance. With a formidable sound system in one of the other downstairs rooms it's easy to spend the whole evening flitting from the main hall to this room, vibrating with king sounds.

The only problem arriving at and leaving the club is that it necessitates walking through the 'red light' sections of St Pauls — The Dockland is half-way along the prime drag, City Road — which can be a hassle for women, but the place is worth visiting.

Trinity is a renovated church sitting on a corner opposite Trinity Road police station and is technically a club as they have to be sharp for licensing purposes. The seats are no longer pews, but some grave-stones still stand outside. The refurbishing and repainting of the interior has given more natural brightness, unlike the newly installed swirling lighting system which has taken regular punters a long time to appreciate. Nevertheless promoter Mark Simpson has always kept one step ahead of the pack with his adventurous booking policy and there's no doubt that it's the best live venue in Bristol.

Nocturne

THE BOOMTOWN RATS

Derby

THE OVERDUE RETURN of the once fresh faced pop-town hook merchants from an exhausting world tour is news enough to sell out the expansive Assembly Rooms. The multi-million pound complex hovers above a tiny market place, a screaming reminder of the glass and concrete monumental junk crowding out YOUR city centre.

Before we go in I should point out the Assembly Rooms' useful guide to an evening of refined entertainment. No drinking in the Great Hall, no smoking in the Great Hall and all children must be kept on a leash. Latecomers will not be admitted until a convenient break in the programme. Once acquainted with this officious but invaluable etiquette you are quite at liberty to enjoy yourself . . . but quietly please.

Inside, old ladies in orange smocks sell ice cream to surrogate punks in denim blue. Ageing trendies and teenyboppers pass the time blending tastelessly into the stripey blue - brown - black carpeting.

Towering shroud-white curtained pillars, lifted straight out of an *Up Pompeii* set, surround the performing arena in a semi-circle of classical gimmickry. The far-from-Roman amplifiers form a garish contrast with the stately props. Caesar's palace never had a PA system like this. The motif is further extended when an Irish accent clad only in toga and laurels introduces the band: "Friends, Romans and countrymen . . . The Boomtown Rats."

The deified genius of Bob Geldof and his vermin ('ere missis, don't titter) runs the gamut of musical styles in an endless search for progression. A Rat race process of side-stepping the beaten track, emerging from the worn down rut and still progressing no further than a groove-stuck trench of indecision. Banana-flavoured milky reggae gives way to hard-edged stark straight rock. The Rats are trying so very hard to find a flavour to suit.

'V Deep', the new album, receives the official showcase tonight. Spacey 1980's drum tracks echo behind a confused amalgamation of bruising horns and wayward synthesizers. The occasional sparingly constructed composite rock song invariably falls from favour via the obligatory extended live mix into a cluttered hard rock groove.

'Skin on Skin'. A flickering slap bass rapping beat is overwhelmed by keyboard showmanship and Geldof trashes Billy Mackenzie and the rest with a vocal parade of fractured falsetto beauty belying the violent sentiment behind the song.

Unfortunately this suave capability manifests itself in too brief glimpses to disguise completely the Visconti trademark firmly tattooed on Bob Geldof's lower lip. The vocal line of 'Charmed Life', a gross riot of pomposity, owes far more than passing inspiration to Bowie's 'Beauty and the Beast'. Scattered amongst the rhetorical rhapsodies, fleeting glimpses of epileptic inspiration shatter the pomp illusion with a twisted reality. 'A Storm Breaks' dances on hot tiles, littered with funky furious horn intrusions punching out a frenzied beat.

'House On Fire' registers as the first indication of the band actually enjoying themselves on stage. Fingers affects the keyboard stroll and Geldof, the method actor in black leather waistcoat, duck-walks across stage in a live mix with swing. The painstaking polish of the vinyl version is discarded for a corrosive pro-plus beat with GO!!

"Number One? Can't remember looking after that one."

No matter where The Boomtown Rats tread . . . Bob Geldof will always be looking after Number One. The Boomtown Rats have returned from conquering the world only to find the greener postures of home-town charts governed by the white-hot electro-funk nuances of nervous mellow blue eyes in yellow shirts. And the 'V Deep' recipe, with its varying shades of lacklustre insipidity, is dutifully greeted by an equally colourless enthusiasm from the bleat-town sheep in Rats' tour clothing.

Ironically enough the biggest cheer of the evening was for an embarrassingly over-dramatic rendition of 'I Don't Like Mondays': quite possibly the worst song The Boomtown Rats have ever recorded . . .

Amrik Rai

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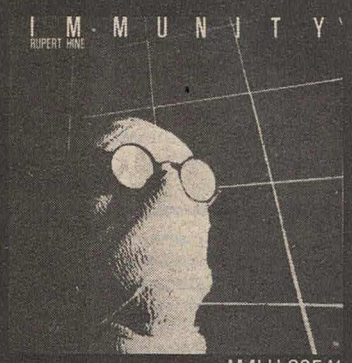


AMLH 68541

"I have a feeling in five years time 'Immunity' by Rupert Hine will be looked back upon as one of the seminal rock albums of the early eighties."
MICK BROWN – PENTHOUSE

"Immunity can't have been an easy album to record. It smacks of someone taking apart his every musical notion and re-arranging the pieces to fit his new intention. Thank Christ he did, this stands head, shoulders and several foot of torso above previous efforts. It intrigues and it challenges, without ever stretching the nerves or hi-fi beyond comfort."
PAUL COLBERT – MELODY MAKER

"A most impressive solo album... not yet in the Peter Gabriel class but the record's combination of accessibility and stylistic innovation makes comparison irresistible... he believes in surprise and contrast, especially the trick of counterpointing sweetly flowing melodies with spiky rhythms."
DEREK JEWEL – SUNDAY TIMES

"Wherever possible, Hine's tried to avoid using 'musical instruments' as such, and the result is an endlessly inventive album, with more unique textures and deftly-handled techniques in a single song than most musicians manage to muster in a career."
ANDY GILL – N.M.E.

"Rupert sings with sombre delicacy, providing himself with multi-layers of electronics and processed instrumentation. There are overtones of David Sylvian and even Tom Robinson in the vocal inflections, but Rupert is a master of subtle effects and a deep sincerity shines through... there is a wealth of ideas here which deserve intense listening over long periods."
CHRIS WELCH – TRAX

RUPERT HINE
waving not drowning

AMLH 68519

With 'IMMUNITY' he established himself as one of the great survivors... Now with this brave new music he is

waving not drowning

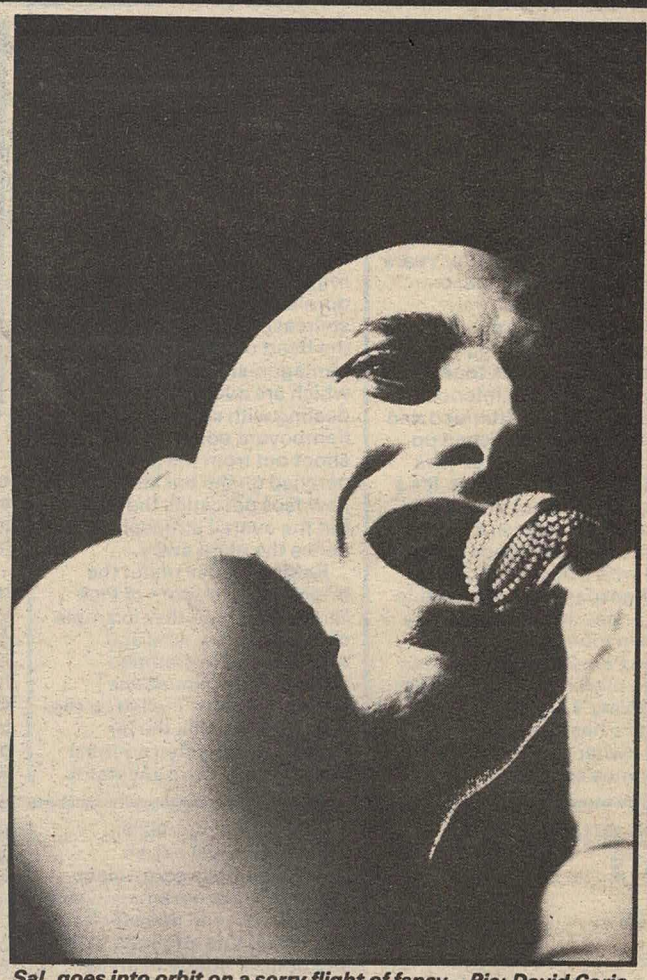
AM RECORDS

LIVE!

THE DAFT AIR RAID SIREN

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX

Dominion



Sal goes into orbit on a sorry flight of fancy Pic: David Corio

DESPITE the sweet, sweaty efforts of fans, fanzines and record company employees alike, the hollow truth is that most pop groups can have their work, their career, all their details, all their antics and all their ranting summed up in one small and perhaps handsome sentence.

Sympathy or softness or sloppiness cannot interfere with the ultimate: nothing can block this satisfying inevitability. Most pop groups don't deserve to be remembered even as nostalgic droplets — their records cannot be collected, their faces will not be remembered, it will never be known if they ever had hearts and their lifespan can be comfortably condensed into a single sentence. As this is bound to happen we should not feel sorry. Indeed most of us will not be remembered by as much as one sentence! We might get a word . . .

Classix Nouveaux for reasons that include their name are destined for one brief line in the ultimate pop archives: the line will not be 'why scrape up the past' as this is too obvious. I never heard Uriah Heep but this group made me think of them: wafer thin, easily recognised melodies laid ever so coyly over grumpy stumpy riff things; songs grossly exaggerated rather than arranged, and then there are words that are sung as if they are fantastic and uncanny but that are little more than solemn gibberish.

A Classix Nouveaux song is as aesthetically exciting as a bursting sausage: as sensational as warm beer. Their lead singer chews the sausage and gulps the beer as if the stuff is a sumptuous banquet. He strains to appear harsh and larger than life, strives to attain an operatic type articulation of the fullness of his needs and perceptions . . .

It looks silly: the singer just appears to be exausting himself for no good reason, strangling himself in the pursuit of momentary glory, kicking invisible stones over the heads of the mis-directed audience, waving his arms about as if frantically begging for a few pennies, flashing a frighteningly unattractive bald head as if the head alone has a pulsating integrity. The singer 'performs' and it appears that he fears for his heart, that he's suffering from cramp, that he's being attacked by indigestion, that he's allergic to the pitifully expensive light show that gravely illuminates the pale, bouyant boys in the group.

The look on the singer's face suggest that he seriously believes that he is parading some kind of excellence. He's not, believe me. He's making a great deal of fuss about a packet of emptiness.

He communicates nothing, except that it takes a lot of fussy seriousness and extravagant prancing to disguise a dull and sober life. Classix Nouveaux pretend 'pretentious trivia' is really something of 'marvellous vitality' and their communication requires a good deal of 'enchanting' decoration, gullibility and record company money. Tear away all the ribbons and lights and screams and routine muted hysteria and there is . . . such daft air. No more!

Paul Morley

SOL Y SOMBRA

CROWDED INTO the intimate, tacky atmospheric surroundings of a restaurant on Charlotte Street — electric fans working overtime, the Sol Y Sombra club makes Le Beat Route seem wide, spacious and gracious. It's an energising venture which aims to connect directly with your endocrine glands (don't neglect your endocrines) if you time it right; a rendesvous influenced by a visit to *Blood Wedding* — Flamenco, Catholicism and Flick-knives — from a play by Lorca, the most erotic film of the year. The club's alright for an hour, coming from somewhere on your way to somewhere else.

Mark Cordery

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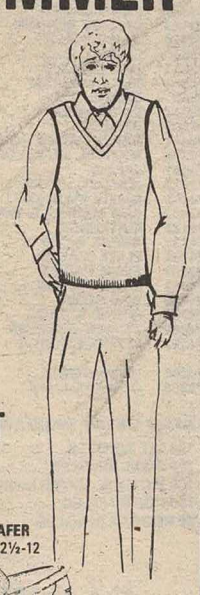

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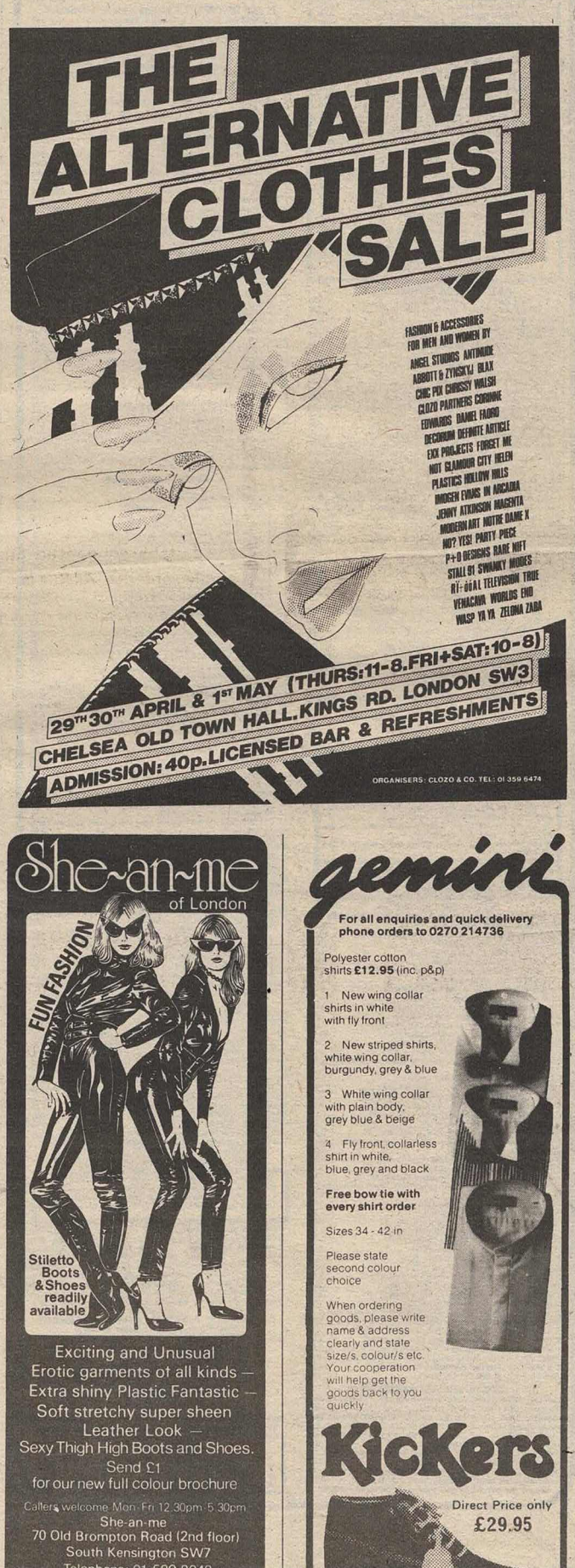
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TODD & GOD

From page 13

like helping other people?

"It's partly that . . . I like the association with other musicians, and sometimes it's purely mercenary. There is a material reality in my personal philosophy. I do not deny that the material world is there. There is no point in pretending that I'm a realised master and that I can de-materialise myself and suck piranhas and stuff like that. It's not as if I don't have to eat or anything. There's a reality and it would be self-imposed ignorance for not to deal with it. In order for me to have mobility as an artist that I desire I have to make sure that material things are taken care of. And as long as people want to buy the skill that I've acquired then I will sell them that by-product."

How do you view your acquiring of this skill?

"Whatever and whenever I was living I would want to have used to the greatest of my ability whatever tools were available at the time and see whether they had any application in my objective. My objective and the tools are two different things. I get involved in a lot of different things. I get involved in computers and of course I'm involved in video. But all of these are not the end in themselves, those are all different ways to express the same idea or the same collection of ideas."

KNOWING THAT it would be impossible to relay accurately the extent of Todd's delight in contrast, symmetry, beauty and intricacy in today's suspicious, intolerant climate I'd gone to America specifically to report on Todd's brand new Utopia Video Studio. The studio is in Bearsville a mile away from Utopia Sound Studio: it cost two million dollars, and was largely financed with royalities Todd earned from 'Bat Out Of Hell'. Americans like to term such an operation as 'state-of-the art'.

"I prefer to look at video as an art form in itself. It's not inextricably linked to rock or pop. I'm not concerned with making videos just as a way to increase record sales. I don't want them to be extended commercials for albums. I want to accomplish something substantial rather than just diddle around."

Unfortunately when we arrive at Todd's video studio there is a large, fierce dog sniffing and licking and being generally mobile. As I'm scared stiff of dogs I don't get a chance to look around the studio. (This is not the punchline.)

The way you talk about your music and your philosophy regarding the music and your general position, there is a nonchalance, a quiet but complete rejection of the standards and demands and limitations that most people involved in such a thing are very grateful to accept. You slip through the gritty problems of contradiction effortlessly and abstract your processes almost to the point of invisibility. You also sometimes float through the clouds.

Do you think some people feel that you are a complete nut?

"Oh Yeah . . . expecially in England! But to me it's a totally stylistic thing, because I remember in the '60s my favourite bands were like The Who and Cream and stuff like that, and San Francisco bands were talking about this stuff, all of that acid talk and everything, and I thought, Well what a bunch of shit, what are these guys talking about. . .

"It's almost just a manifestiation of style. Some people might listen to the stuff that I'm saying and think that it's cranky, some people might think that it's emanations from God which is just as ridiculous. Y'know, words are words . . ."

Your attitude and your actions indicate you find words slightly uncomfortable . . . your delight in pure sound, in sound collage, your releuctance to devalue the meanings of 'love', and the furtherest reaches of your faith can obviously be related to the philosophic temper of the new mathematics and to physics: that yearning for consistency and the majestic certitude of result. You see 'sound' as the purest way to communicate you ideas and impressions: words are obstacles.

"Oh definitely. When I write lyrics for instance the sound of the lyrics are as important as anything . . . And I think that can be an important factor in what is considered to be commercial music, and that's why I consider my music patently commercial.

"I always consider the sound of it to be of that certain type of vibration that people can tune into if they're exposed to it. Whether they get into the lyrical idea is completely unimportant. The whole of the second side of 'Healing' was an experiment in that concept. The subject matter was of complete secondary importance, the whole idea was to create as the hippies say 'a vibration'. I don't know how to say it in other terms . . . but to look at it in a way that is purely physics."

So you're not embarrassed by the way you discuss your work: a way that this context does not generally want to make comfortable.

"I guess not. Not anymore . . . at one point I used to think, Well, what do I want people to think that will sell me? But then I realised that wasn't the idea of me saying it. Somebody asked me what I think and I can only say what I think . . . If I am going to be honest I can only say in whatever words are within my grasp what I think. What people think about what I think is their problem."

The only question Todd asks me during the time I spend with him is, "What time is it?"

I don't know, I haven't got a watch on. (This isn't the punchline either.) Todd acts dead lazy, as if he's sealed off from the world, but really he has the energy you associate with genius. He's the kind of artist that makes parading facts particularly feeble. He skips lightly but evasively over any kind of categorising, trivialising, abbreviating and steps aside from the circus of pop to chuckle at its hysteria. Most of all, he's very funny.

Al and I know enough to laugh.

Todd is a comedian . . .

"Well ultimately I am an absurdist and I'll probably be prepared to laugh at anything that I do because it is only an attempt, something that goes into the archives of time. My ideas, even my confusion, makes perfect sense to me! Cos I live with it everyday . . . and when someone asks you to explain it it's like you say some people will laugh at you. They'll say, what a dork, how can he say that kind of stuff? It makes sense to me! In a way that I can life with.

"I do realise that any of these manifestations I'm involved in are not going to cause anyone to understand perfectly what my position is. I don't think that's possible and things that aren't possible I don't guess should bother you. Without trying to sound like an egotist, though, well, whether I do sound like an egotist I don't give a fuck . . . I think that the things I'm involved in, the kind of things that I do, and the ideas that I have, are as accessible and as fascinating as anyone's in music. It's not my loss if no one discovers it. I'm living it all the time. I have more important priorities in my life. By the time people discover where I am, if they ever do, I'll be some place else any way. So it's more important to me that I evolve rather than crystalise to the point where everyone goes, oh yes, I understand now. If I crystalise so that they understand I will have lost something that is of prime importance to me."

. . . sometimes he even tells jokes. "What does it mean if your feet smell and your nose runs? It means that you were made upside down."

This isn't the punchline: but it'll do for now.

ASSOCIATES

FROM PAGE 24

There is also Billy's involvement with the British Electric Foundation project 'Music Of Quality And Distinction', an album on which he covers two songs, Bowie's 'Secret Life Of Arabia' and Roy Orbison's 'It's Over'.

Billy: "They asked me to do those two. I don't think I would have chosen to do 'It's Over', but I was able to bend the melody to find my own way of singing it. It was the same with 'Secret Life'. I twisted the song to suit myself."

'Sulk', the forthcoming Warner Brothers LP, should be a fair indication of whether the group are able to maintain and build on the momentum of their five Situation 2 singles of last year. In addition to Mackenzie and Rankine, the album features Michael Dempsey, the former Cure bassman who has played on most Associates recordings since 'The Affectionate Punch', Canadian keyboard player Martha Ladly, once of Martha And The Muffins, and Steve Goulding, the one-time Rumour drummer and a recent replacement for the departed Australian percussionist John Murphy.

Rankine describes the three extras as "more than just floating members", although the creative core of The Associates is still very much him and Mackenzie.

So what are we to expect from 'Sulk'?

Billy: "The themes on it start off quite moody but end up very elated. I don't want it to sound like some great concept but that's the way it progresses. But, to be honest, I think that there's only one really great song on it, which is one called 'Skipping'. That's the only song that we've ever recorded that I can just sit back and go *aaaaah* and really relax to. It's got a really good vocal sound . . . not just my usual screeching hysterics!

"I just feel that I'm using my voice in a much more suave manner."

And at that he bursts into a fit of mocking laughter and lolls back onto the lawn beneath the castle and starts to chide Tonto and Thor, as if negating any pompous statements he may have made in the interview, leaving me to ponder just what precisely drives this singularly odd couple in their pursuit of pop class and excellence.

Alan Rankine best sums it up in what I take to be a reference to Chris Parry, their former producer and label manager at Fiction Records.

"Let me tell you," smiles Alan. "There's this inane little New Zealander who once came out with the line, What we're dealing with here is a couple of talented and uncompromising megalomaniacs!"

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REGGAE RUNNINGS

TWO NEW albums in current circulation from toaster **Nicodemus** comprise a UK issue on Starlight of Harlesden entitled 'Dance Hall Style' (DHLP 2003) and an import from the States on Hit Bound claiming 'She Love It In The Morning' (JJ 064).

The Starlight set is a 10-track Prince Jammy production linked by live sound system introductions and making comment on a number of familiar themes, including 'Life In A Jail House', 'Model With Me', 'Spar With Me' and utilising 'Shank I Sheck' for 'Mad Over Me', whilst the Hit Bound release contains eight tracks produced and arranged by Morwell personnel M Wellington and E Lamont to the conclusion of such as 'Willie Red', 'Scorpion Sting Me Granny' and 'Mother In Law'.

A further toast set is the debut LP from **Captain Sinbad** exploring 'The Seven Voyages Of . . .' (GREL 34) produced by Henry "Junjo" Lawes and issued on Greensleeves in lieu of 10 original titles dealing with 'Bam Salute', 'Sugar Ray', 'Mary Moore', 'Sinbad And The Eye Of The Tiger', 'Construction Plan' and others.

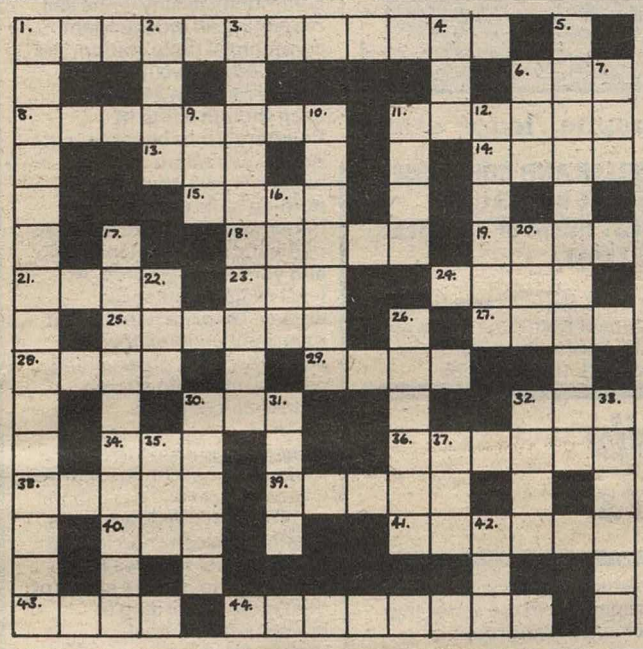
An LP soundtrack from the Lennie Little-White film 'Children Of Babylon' (RPL 79001) is released in the States on the Rainbow label. Featuring music composed and arranged by Harold Butler, the set offers contributions from **Delroy Wilson, The Mighty Diamonds, Beres Hammond, Cynthia Schloss** and **Pam Hall,** plus a large host of contributing musicians. Starring in the film *Children Of Babylon* is singer Bob Andy.

Radio DJ, producer and recording artist **Mikey Dread** has reactivated his Dread At The Controls discomix label with two new releases: a solo effort from himself toasting 'Roots And Culture' c/w 'Jungle Dread' (DATCD 008); and **Watty Burnett** with 'Dancing Shoes' c/w 'Congo Dubba' (DATC 007). A various artists album entitled 'Rockers Vibration' is upcoming from the label.

New 7" pre include: **C Booker,** 'Stay Alive' c/w 'Redemption Song' (Tuff Gong); **Ras Karbi,** 'Longing For Your Touch' (Rockstone); **Ranking Toyan,** 'Ghetto Man Skank' c/w **Jah Thomas,** 'Poor Man Skank' (Grimm Ben); and **Ringo,** 'Radication Operation' (Bent Vibes).

Upcoming on Saturday, May 1 is a bank holiday sportswear Dance at the Riverdale Hall, Lewisham, SE13 — from 9pm until late — with sounds by **Tiffany International** and **TWJ.** Suggested dress: track suits and trainers.

Penny Reel



ACROSS

1 Altered Images point out the optics (3,5,4)
6 Shakey's house. (3)
8 **and 12+31 Down** Showaddywaddy express the delights of moonlight. (5,3,4,2,4)
11 The fortunates who don't cry. (6)
13 Bugs Bunny and Steisand ask him what's up. (3)
14 Pigbag drop their w's as well as their h's. (4)
15 Department of Lumpy Employment?. (4)
18 Half of B.E.F. hailing from the bogs. (5)
19 The Damned were three times as tidy as anyone else. (4)
21 Animal film found initially on most tickets. (4) or (1,1,1,1)
22 Marl and Jol have the same bit missing. (3)
24 A star is rarely begotten free. (4)
25 A.C.R. times six. (6)
27 The Stones' hand.
28 Johnny from chaos. (4)
29 The Maytals boss goes single. (4)
30 Mr. Shannon. (3)
32 Add a T and these Deutcher boys go wild under water. (1,1,1)
34 Poison plant girl c/o Coasters. (3)
35 Nina enjoying revival. (6)
38 **and 44** Ubu's ultimate answer. (5,8)
39 It'll kill more than the radio star in its time. (5)
40 U.S. band wearing genes. (1,1,1)
41 Andy's got more than Donna. (6)
43 Blue Rondo's foreigner. (4)
44 See 38 Across.

DOWN

1 Drink, band, film. In that order. (8,7)
2 What Dawn did with the Yellow Ribbon. (4)
3 Was(Not Was) watch the freaks emerge. (3,4,3)
4 Ms.Perone. (3)
5 Did it hurt Bowie to play the mammoth guy? (8,3)
6 Add a letter and this lady will be even less in stereo. (3)
7 Lots of Neil Spencers. (3)
9 Emu's fellow idiot or one of Eddie's hot pieces. (3)
10 He leapt from ITV to the Beeb having been at the latter to start with but lost the good scripts somewhere along the way. (7)
11 Part of Wire's morse message. (4)
12 See 8 Across.
16 Ronnie still hanging around the memory one. (4)
17 *Lola's* creator, but wait, it's not kinky Ray. (10)
20 Rather nostalgic sounding word for a pocket of time. (3)
22 After Lee Dorsey's 'Doh', or anyone's for that matter. (3)
26 Patti Smith goes riding. (6)
30 Tangled up in New Born Christianity. (5)
31 See 8 Across.
32 The Only Ones' gloomy creature. (4)
33 Bryan travels from Dover to Calais. (6)
35 Morrison/Der Graaf. (3)
37 Jimmy Dean is indebted to you. (1,1,1)
42 Doubtless this is David Sylvian's favourite chairman. (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Teardrop Explodes, 10 Gun, 11 'The Angle', 13 Airport, 14 Harry Webb, 15 Sly Stone, 17 'I'm A Tiger', 19 Kid, 21 'Dancin', 22 Soft (Cell), 23 Crimson, 25 'Respect', 26 Sherbet, 28 Only Ones, 30 'Go West', 31 Clout, 32 Lowe, 36 'Lay (Down)', 37 Player, 39 Errol (Brown), 41 (Lay) Down', 43 'F.B.I.', 44 Eno, 45 'Lucille', 46 Acid, 47 Klein.

DOWN: 1 Titch Anderson, 2 'Are Friends Electric?', 3 Denny Laine, 4 Oil, 5 X-Ray, 6 Lora Logic, 7 Doors, 8 'Sgt Rock', 9 Angie, 12 El Bimbo, 16 Status Quo, 18 Rainbow, 20 'Daniel', 22 'Street Life', 24 'Satisfy', 27 Edge, 29 Ono, 32 'Lydia', 33 'Wow', 34 (Errol) Brown, 35 (Soft) Cell, 38 Look, 40 Lol, 42 Ned.

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I go through phases of buying records and then suddenly thinking, what the hell do I need them for?
Dominic Stiles, Chichester, West Sussex.
Know exactly what you mean, Dominic. So let's ditch the music awhile . . . — RC

CENTREFOLD CYANIDE

I have been growing increasingly tired of the *NME* carrying token references to feminism while, in general, showing a lack of true understanding of sexism. I am tired of flippant references to sado-masochism. In January you told us SM was this year's thing — funny, I thought it was every year's thing since sexism began.

The final straw was Ian Penman's review of the *Newsweek* programme on porn. In the snidest sentence of his review he pours scorn on one of the 'girls' from WAVAW for saying that SM is about violence against women. Why does he find this so amusing — because he thought she was stating the obvious? It evidently wasn't obvious to a lot of people. Or is it because he thinks SM isn't about violence? It is and it's also about hate and disgust for others (or oneself) and sex itself. I was pressurised by a boyfriend into taking part in SM activities against my will. He wanted to do these after reading about them in porn. I felt totally degraded and disgusted and my experience is far from unique.

So forgive me if I fail to appreciate the slick glamourised SM that has become so fashionable, if I fail to smile at *NME*'s 'clever' references to SM or if I fail to laugh at Ian Penman's cheap jokes at the expense of WAVAW, and hence all women who suffer through male sexuality.
An Angry Woman.

The review of the *Newsweek* programme on pornography totally missed the point. However, the reviewer Ian Penman inadvertently hit the nail on the head when he declared that porn 'demystifies' the 'female corpus'. It matters not whether pornography is cause or symptom of sexual crime. Pornography is in itself violence against woman.

In an article supposedly discussing this issue Ian Penman never actually mentions what the content of porn consists of nor who the real victims of sexual crime are. Pornography is not mere 'cheesecake' carnality: it includes films, videos, mags, photos of women being bound, beaten, whipped, tortured, humiliated. Children too are used to pose in a degrading manner. Women and children are depicted enjoying this treatment. The fact the porn industry is more lucrative than both music and film industries and enough magazines are produced in this country for every man to buy two a week shows that most 'normal' men read it, not just the inadequate pervert or dribbling maniac.

It is no wonder men do not know that if a woman says no, she means no. The message from pornography, advertising and the media in general is clear — women are begging for sex and forceful macho man all the time. No wonder women and children get raped, abused and mistreated when they are portrayed as available, willing victims.
Ellen Singer, Birmingham.

To Ian Penman: Re your review of *Newsweek's* item on pornography — don't masturbate to your fantasies in print, WANK IN PRIVATE.
Nicola & Nicole, two 'bull elephant' feminists, Scotland.
It seemed to me that Ian's piece was primarily concerned with pointing up the generalisations and simplifications which both the *Newsweek* programme and these letters seem so willing to embrace. I mistrust any television 'investigation' of pornography and its attendant offspring because of the inevitable element of hypocritical voyeurism involved: what do you think they think makes 'good television'? — RC

First great naval battle of the war: H.M.S. "Warspite" leads attack

RICHARD COOK sails through your letters

And can I just add that what makes 'good' SM is precisely *not* being a "pressurised" participant: as a sex sub-culture t'aint about 'violence against' anyone. — IP.

THE KERNEL OF THE CARNAL

Dear emotional cripples, I have been ruminating on the meaning of sex; I conclude that it is no longer an act of love or lust, but merely an affirmation of the new social dream. It now appears that the one essential prerequisite of functional humanity is to desire re-entry to the White Hotel on grounds of its social value: love is not dead, just transfusing. The role of pop music in this re-evaluation is to provide new sexual aspirations: those looking even remotely like Kim Wilde, Clare Grogan or Nicholas Haircut get the best unlove fucks. Should one be in possession of acne (cf. Martin ABC) then the future is pretty bleak.

The essential problem is the reduction of human beings to mere gynaecology: tits, ass and cock take precedence over organs of function (lungs, heart, brain etc), and any hope of spiritual fulfillment is lost to considerations like when her next period occurs

I realise we are all subject to sexual politics: most believe that women are the only sufferers of stereotype, but I think that both men and women are now pressured by newly established definitions of their sexual role and, as previously, the majority succumb to social/sexual leprosy. These values are as insidious as their predecessors, cause as much harm, are as subjective and will reinforce as strongly 'accepted' sexual stereotypes; the only difference is the complete rejection of love, or even lust; all passion is eliminated.

As the *NME* has supported feminist ventures such as *Spare Rib*, it might support the ideals of those among us who would eradicate all the propagandising of relative sexuality in favour of love, compassion, and humanity: without life there is no sex, without sex there is no life; love is free, so one wonders at its rejection; or are we all to accept a 'lay is a lay' attitude, and keep our legs crossed for a solution?
The Non-Aligned Sexualist of Arimathea, Lytham St Annes, Lancs.
No, you're a feminist. If the penis is part of 'gynaecology' then it must be a 'disease of women' — Literalist RC.

AMERICAN INTELLECTS

I was so inspired with your Burroughs/Devo conversation I decided to cut up a section of Graham Lock's Talking Heads review:

Light; the presumably components were had exhausted wall-of-sound not without that, on 'Memories Can't a light, sense the feel that was to convey more live, the means to that lightness of in African recover, and possibilities of what worries me shifted the and four of Heads' music.

Isn't that better?
Simon Bodger, San Francisco, California.

May I just take this opportunity to thank you for printing the discussion between Bill Burroughs and the two gentlemen from Devo. It was a pleasure to read some intelligent talk. As for Mr Burroughs wanting to see the manager, who is responsible for this mess, I can only suggest that we claim responsibility for everything we say and do. It's no good blaming it on other people even if it is their fault.
A. Manager
Why not? Find a scapegoat! — RC

WELLER AND BOHN: THE DEBATE RAGES ON (BEST POEM OF THE WEEK, ANYWAY)

Re Chris Bohn's reply to the letters of Katherine Pryce and John Fennessy (*NME* 10/4/82): the notion of pleasure + politics is comparable in the sense that each provokes groups of people collecting together in mutually agreeable behavioural patterns — rollerskaters rollerskating together; a Labour Party branch meeting (some areas of dissent noticed); a game of football; a Motorhead concert.

'Political pleasure' — what is political pleasure, the notion of your opinions being accepted by the mass of the masses? If so then Paul Weller has failed to some degree in his cunning packaging of 'acceptable' ideals and attitudes — his recent championing of left-wing causes and CND caused a lot of dissatisfaction among many of my fellow Jam concertgoers and his recent lashings at the cocktail set of your editorial staff sent a few old ties to the wind.

"Caring for one's fans doesn't mean assuming to know what they want — but trusting them enough to take greater risks." This seems to imply that in Mr Bohn's acceptable world, the artist is free to do anything he likes with the full knowledge that whatever he does, his fans will follow — off into the sunset of Hamlyn, no doubt.
Geoffrey Lee Armstrong-Perry, Brixton.
Nothing of the sort. The point is that — as Weller is probably painfully discovering — The Jam have grown so enormously popular here that the slightest tic they make is seized on by thousands as a policy statement. No wonder he's afraid to talk to the press. — RC

MEDIA FUN ONE: THE STREET

What's all this about the Fairclough's foster kid being into modern music? I heard Sabbath's 'Never Say Die' being played at her birthday party.
Eddie Yates, Coronation Street, Weatherfield.
Sounds a bit rum. I haven't seen it for a while — is Ray Langton still in it? — RC

MEDIA FUN TWO: RADIO RADIO

In reply to Jim Hawkins, rock show presenter for Mercia Sounds. So, I don't know what good radio sounds like — after all I'm only a bloody listener. This is the type of argument that's constantly shovelled out when we complain about the lack of versatility and variety on the radio.

The main reason for independent commercial radio stations was to offer a variety of programmes which accommodated for local musical tastes. Yet we find commercial radio has fallen into the same pit as Radio One. Maybe you've forgotten what your job is: to entertain the listener with a refreshing, interesting and stimulating programme. But all you do is push your egotistical personality and its mundane musical taste at us. Isn't it about time you served the community, rather than the moneymongers that own the station?

Mercia Sounds was to be a community facility while still remaining an independent commercial radio station. Yet it only offers two hours of Asiatic music in 216 hours, even though a fifth of Coventry's inhabitants are of Asiatic extraction. As for national radio, they offer nothing to its enthnic minorities. One in 20 of us are of Asiatic extraction in Britain and yet we are ignored. At least reggae gets some airplay. Give the public what they want and free the airwaves for an entertaining community radio station.
Hannibal, Coventry.

After extinguishing the pirate radio stations with the Marine Offences Act 1967 the Labour government put down plans creating the commercial and BBC regional services that have not attained the status of 'real radio' according to raving Jim Hawkins' reactionary banter.

Pirate radio — or Open Access Radio as it is now being called — built up in three years an audience of 25 million listeners who found it anything but unlistenable. Y'see, Mr Hawkins, it's the 'existing forms of radio in the UK" which allows for the situation where John Peel is the only blotch on Lord Reith's guidelines for smooth, unlumpy broadcasting and the regional stations play cack 24 hours a day with a little redeeming reggae on Sundays.
"Freedom of the air means the right of people to listen to any broadcast of their choice, free from government dictation. To refuse people such freedom simply because unlicensed radio has knocked a hole in the fabric of state protectionism seems an abject denial of consumer wants and voters' choice" — from *Competition In Radio*, Institute Of Economic Affairs, 1966.

OK, pirates, cutlass-throwing practice begins here. FREE THE AIRWAVES.
Fudge.
Who actually listens to the radio anymore? With the rise of Walkman/funkbox freedom, the onset of the video generation, the return of the jukebox ethic and the fossilisation of the transistor age, are the airwaves soon to be consigned to being mere chattermouth appendages to the assembly line, the hypermarket and the teasmaid? — RC

DASH IT ALL!

Open letter to England: I see Black Flag's LP 'Damaged' isn't in your independent charts. It's confirmed then: you're all the lame assholes we always suspected you were.
S. Diver, Hardcore USA.
Asshole yourself — it's hard to get over here. Have you bought 'God'? — RC

BRING BACK MY ANATOMY

Whilst I realise that Maul Poorly is trying to eradicate what have been until recently the very limited boundaries of 'rock' music criticism he should understand and appreciate that when dealing with an artist of the status of Tina Turner, he quite simply cannot apply the same criteria he would when reviewing Haircut 100, Theatre Of Hate, Bauhaus *et al.* To call Tina Turner "an embarrassment" is a disgracefully thoughtless insult to one of the greatest live music performers of the past 25 years. Tina Turner has been a truly innovative, influential stage performer and for whatever reasons she sees fit to say and sing what she does now, at least Morley should afford her the respect she deserves as a great artist.

The power and passion she produces in her performances still transfer effortlessly to the audience. It is entertainment, pure and simple. Not 'serious entertainment' — what the hell's that? (Entertainment = amusement. You can't be 'seriously amused'). Paul Morley's comments come from a person who obviously has little regard or understanding for the situation in which Tina and those of her era now find themselves. He has a limited background knowledge about music past and no real heart for the subject unlike, say, Ian Penman or Julie Burchill who are both younger than Morley and much, much wiser than he will ever be.
Chairperson, The 'Bring Back Maurice Kinn' Movement, London W2.
Your letter 'seriously amused' me. First you say TT is a great artist, then she's just a one-dimensional entertainer. I wonder if Ms Burchill would have been kinder to her, as you imply? — RC

HERE COME THE WEIRDOS

Portrait of a consumer. Nick Cave. Birthday Party. Best Things. Ed 'Big Daddy' Roth.

Somebody else in the whole world knows who he is. Do you know what that means to me? Much obliged.
Clive J.
You're lucky. *Nobody* except me knows about Dingbod Kesterson (bassist on Parker's 'Be-Bop') — RC

So Motorhead and Iron Maiden get *reviews*, never mind good reviews! Next we'll be getting interviews on Rainbow and Black Sabbath.
Headbanging Vincent, Sheffield.
Don't count on it. If nothing else, the Irons have proved that a Monty Smith review is a passport to instant success. — RC

Sal Solo is to show us where Otis Redding went wrong, Penman writes one whole page of entirely intelligible prose and The Fall/Birthday Party review advertised in the *Mirror* is a breathtaking exercise in minimalist journalism. Have you not gone too far with the April fool jokes this year?

Hugs and kisses.
Hexan Fishsmell, Whitby.

I have this theory on the *Sun*-sponsored Grand National War. The only way England are going to get their hands on the World Cup is to swop it with Argentina for the Falkland Islands.
Chris, somewhere in the North Sea.
This ain't no party! This ain't no disco! Of course — it's a football match! — RC

t-zers

The Career or A Ham Gets Cured. (A Short Playlet In One Act)

"Phhhh . . . Phhh . . 1,2 . . 1 . . 1,2 . . . H-Hello — (off) I don't think it's working — H-Hello. Can you hear me alright at t'back? Oh good. Now then. I would like to welcome everybodeh to The Saltley Majestic Club and Social Review Halls. We've got some excellent turns for you all tonight, nice young folk so gi'em a chance eh? First a couple of announcements. Er, can you still here me alright (Mass cries of 'Gerronwi'it', 'Where's t' pies'n'peas?'). Now then everybodeh. Commiteh has asked me to tell all members that as from Thursday next the kidees and ladies annexe room will have a new colour telee in. (Cheers). This time we're gonna get a red one. Also . . . also . . . please let's have the very best of order, also the infra-red has broken down so those as wants their pies hot will have to go to gentlemen's toilets and pop 'em under the hand drier for a couple of minutes. Now then . . . our first act tonight — aw come now lads let's not start throwin' glasses before nine — the first turn is er, er (consults miserable scrap of paper) is A.J. And The Miraculous Weight Loss. Now this lad's a tryer so give 'im a decent crack o' the whip, and if you must throw food at him, he's asked could you please aim for the head cos the suit's not his and has to be back on't hanger in t' shop tomorrow morning. Ok then . . . so hands together for A.J. And His Disappearing Chins." (There is loud and noticeable indifference).

A.J.: Thank you very much, thank you. You know I turned to my wife this morning and said (piano arpeggio) "Looove Is Wonderful . . . The Second Tiime Harround . . . It's So Wonderful . . ." (Calls of 'rubbish' and 'gather a lynch mob together our Brian'). ". . . With a-both feet On The agroundAH . . ."

***A sleek Tony Stewart replaces Kid Creole for the launch of Cool Cats* in New York.**

INDEPENDENT RADIO News at Four, this is **Sam Deskbound** reading it. In the *Teazers-Gasbag* dispute reports speak of heavy fighting last night on the slopes of page 51. The outcome of the battle is believed to be yet another resounding advance for the letters page with *T-Zer* casualties mounting to over eighty lies destroyed with more than fifty silly names taken prisoner.

Witnesses also speak of dozens of ridiculous rumours, along with truckloads of rickety old jokes, being bogged down on later sections of the paper. Authorities say this is normal. The question now being widely asked is: How much longer can the *T-Zer* forces hold their own. *(Possible early gag here? — Ed)* The following column was broadcast on a ham radio received by an enthusiast in Whitstable. There is every sign that it will be the last *T-Zer* column of its kind for a long time to come. . .

(There follow several seconds of crackle and odd electrical whining as signal is fixed. Odd electrical whining now available on extended EP called "Orchestral Manoeuvres: A Bastard To Spell"). H-Hello? Can you hear us England? Listen we may not have much time. Get this. The lead singer in **Tight Fit** is dead. He drowned. Seems he couldn't Wimoweh. Isn't that a tremendous joke? (Nation re-tunes to Radio Two's all-new music show "Kings Singers Trash Robert Goulet with David Jacobs). . .

Y'know we got a corporal in our platoon whose dad was black, mom was Japanese and listens to nothing but jazz. Yeah, every May 16th he has this terrible urge to bomb **Pearl Bailey.** But rook! Tellific terry in noble Nippon. For just £6,000 return fare Air Luftwaffe will fry you to Japan where, in comfort of hotel loom, you can watch all your favelit pop stars humiliating themselves selling tat. Cullently doing so are **Kim Wilde** (tonic water), **Madness** (Honda cars), **Ry Cooder** (car cassettes). **Michael Jackson** (scooters) and **Pigbag's** single used similarly! Now you know why the said acts are too busy to actually make any records these days. This was the story of brave people who agreed to sell these things . . . for money alone. . .

SOME PEOPLE Achieve Greatness Section: Former punk idle and one-time richest single parent family in Lytham, **Mark Perry** would seem to have disappeared from the frock scene. But no! Mark, a former *NME* cover artist, was tracked down to Waterloo Station where he was to be found selling newspapers behind the radical counter of a threatening **W. H. Smith.** It turns out that the big P is training to be a male nurse — were there any other kind — and this is the sort of job that pays you through it. Sad? Not so, sirrah. How much better 'artists' should realise futility when it P's on them and retire honestly and discreetly from public life. Funny? You bet! Hahahahaha. . .

One time star **David Crosby** tends to still exploit these hard pro pages to claw his way back. And the lengths he goes to! (Phrase copyright **Gus Mackinnon** Embarrassing Mentions Co.) After being nicked for possession of an offensive weapon (phrase ditto) last week he was similarly rounded up after being pounced upon while free-basing cocaine in Texas. Free-basing consists of roasting cocaine with a mixture of human hair and Telfer's Steak And Kidney Pie filling. The occurring gas is then bottled up and inhaled underwater whilst the recipient is blindfold. As a final guarantee of a perfect 'high' the user throws an effigy of *NME's* **Derek Johnson** off Beachy Head. Says our resident pharmisuitist: For a start you don't spell my profession like that. And secondly I don't believe the last part of your free-basing explanation. I know a lot of people argue *for* the Johnson effigy high, but I believe it just has something to do with Catholic guilt. Crosby's OK, y'know?". . .

Nervous Breakdown: Ever since she recorded the health-hazardous 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina' **Julie Covington** has been keeping both beadyboozy eyes on its progress. It seems it's Julie's aim to sell one million copies of the violined din and figures up until March showed she was but 25,000 copies off the mark. Then Floom! The *T-Zers-Gasbag* War has brought sales grinding to a complete halt and MCA are refusing to push the thing any more. "No," say MCA, "We've pushed it since 1977 and it's about time she put an engine in the thing and let us go home." Julie, a crushed wet waif of a Covington, told us: "By Georgia but I'm close. Frigate. My beef is that I believe I'm the only Galtieri my views on this one. Huh! Pass the Port, Stanley". . .

Business: The Common Market has banned the use of 'Ltd' by all companies within the EEC membership. This leaves **Public Image** in a humiliating state. Worse! What will the 20th Century Fox studios call themselves in eighteen years?. . .

Some people called **Tom Verlaine, Fred Smith** and **Jay Dee Dougherty** are threatening something called

Those readers unfortunate enough to live within the boundaries of our seedy metropolis can seek solace, this Wednesday evening at 9pm, on 103.8mHz when **The Clash** take over the airwaves for a noisy live 'entertainment'. **Mr J. Strummer** of 1968 Boho Zone Lane, Clashville, Mondo Trasho, was moved to remark: "Thank **Christ** *Minder* has been moved to Mondays. . ."
'a tour' soon. Britain is negotiating a settlement at the moment with **Kurt Valdheim** as mediator. Sources say that an agreement may be reached and the tour avoided. . .

Defunkt — the New York band who have made the **Glen Miller** sound popular once again — are completing their dubious new LP-style disc. It will be called 'Thermo Nuclear Sweat'. . .

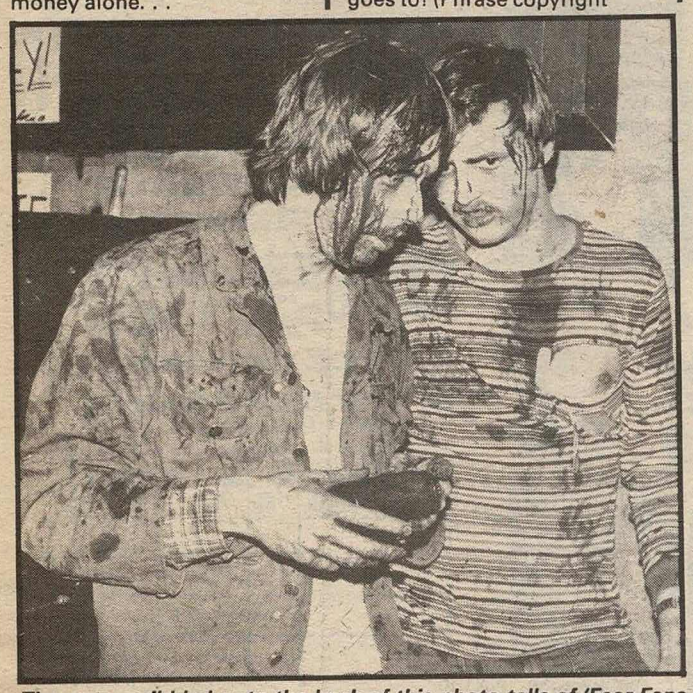
Illiterate punk rock outfit **Squeeze** are reputedly lined up to headline at Madison Square Gardens. The band will be matched in a bout with **Gerry** 'Odd Name For A Huge Irishman' **Cooney.** Fight fans will recall **Squeeze** got a shot at the title by KO'ing our **Lynn Hanna** in eight rounds at Wembley last May. The man already at the box office with a primus stove and three and sixpenny box of wild adjectives is none other than **Phil** 'Hairpins' **Macneal** (sick). . .

The *Daily Mail* points out that one person buys a **Barry Manilow** record every fifteen seconds. Fact, **Hercule!** This compares to one British death every 54 seconds. The one person, incidentally, is **Mrs Iren Fat** of Blackheath. The one death is **Constance Trubshaw** of Leeds who finds dying each minute a handy way to make new friends. . .

When a caller rang EMI last week and asked to put through to the Parlophone promotions office a voice mumbled back, "Parlophone? Is that one of our labels? You sure?" An EMI spokesman said later that excessive exposure to free Thorn videotapes was responsible for the staff's inability to remember facts. Moreover, science has proved that Parlophone's latest release, **McCartney and Wonder's** wretched 'Ebony & Ivory', was a deliberate attempt by the last surviving **Beatle** to bring attention to the ailing label by way of national outrage and disgrace. . .

AND LASTLY we wave happy goodbyes to our long standing 'receptionist' **Julia** 'Just One More Potato Pie Please Seamus' **Murphy.** Ms Murphy — a strapping six foot amazon who can break a swan's wing with one blow of her tongue — is off to the Falklands to 'do her bit'. The news was greeted with quiet pleasure by the GPO who told us: "We wish Ms Murphy all the best. For years she has kept the Carnaby Street phone lines flowing with her ready charm and quaint Irish wit. Nobody was kept waiting when Julia was at the wheel!" How true. Said a wild-eyed Murph: "Ah bejasus, bedad, begorrah. Sure, Jesus Mary and Joseph oill be off now sir. Oi have the eighteen kids to be feeding before six y'see sir. Top of the switchboard ta ya sir. How are things in Glocha-Gloch-in-Kilburn sir?"

That Julia decides to quit suddenly and so soon before her 30th birthday should not be linked with the concurrent departure of ad-supremo **Percy** 'What The' **Dickens.** Mr Dickens, it is true, hired Julia. Moreover, Ms Murphy is no stranger to Percy's elegant Tudor-style mansion that revolves on the twentieth floor of IPC Towers. But to label the whole business 'Dickens Disgusting Doings' as some have done is to deny a gracious retirement to Britain's oldest man. Mr Dickens will now end his days quietly amongst his peanut empire leaving *NME*'s spotless advertising ship in the capable hands of **Peter** "All Roamers Lead To' **Rhodes,** the 16-year-old skinhead and one-time horse fancier. For our part we will draw a veil over the fourteen bicycle saddles found in Mr Dickens' loft. Incestuous? Us?. . .



The note scribbled onto the back of this photo tells of 'Fear Fans Leaving New York's Peppermint Lounge After A Night Of Slam Dancing'. Slam dancing is just like headbanging but the choice of nut to be banged is left up to the individual. Our own sources report that nothing of the sort is happening in the snap. We had it that the pair pictured are the last two Tottenham supporters in the country listening to their team's Old Trafford progress last Saturday. Our duo are seen in the shameful act of actually sweating blood as they see the last shreds of their pride and bankbalance dribble away. Pic: Joe Stevens

NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
Monty Smith
Paul Du Noyer
Production Editor
Tim Greenhalgh
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr
Contributing Editor
Charles Shaar Murray

Staff
Adrian Thrills
Chris Bohn
Gavin Martin
Lynn Hanna
Ian Penman
Paul Morley

Art & Design
Richard Krzyzak

Photography
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn
Peter Anderson

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Paul Rambali
Danny Baker
Bob Edmands
Penny Reel
Andrew Tyler
Andy Gill
Graham Lock
Cynthia Rose
Vivien Goldman
Serge Clerc
Richard Cook
Paul Tickell
Barney Hoskyns
Lloyd Bradley
Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry
New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Grabel
Research
Fiona Foulgar

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2535
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.

Ad Director
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122
Live Ads
(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
Lee McDonald
(01) 261 6207

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